

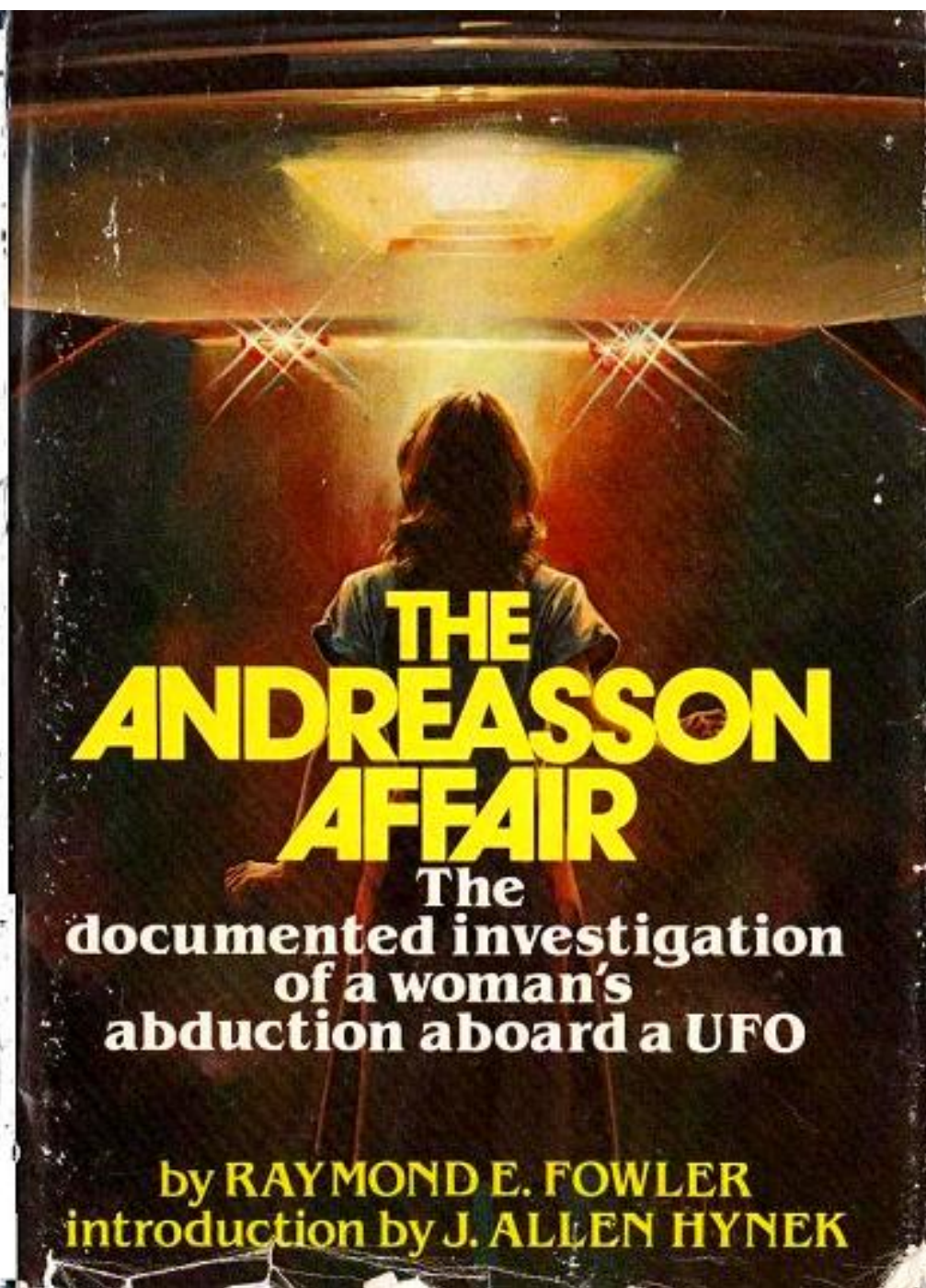
THE ANDREASSON AFFAIR

"Raymond Fowler has been a cautious and careful UFO investigator for many years. Because of his caution and thoroughness, his book should be given high credibility, especially in contrast to sensationalized books on the subject, which hinder intelligent research."

—John G. Fuller, author of
Incident at Exeter and *The Interrupted Journey*

"Those who hold that the entire subject of UFOs is nonsense will be sorely challenged if they take an honest look at the present book. . . . It would take an imagination of the highest order to explain the reported happenings described herein as mere misidentification of balloons, aircraft, meteors, or planets! Neither is there the slightest evidence of hoax or contrivance."

—From the Introduction by Dr. J. Allen Hynek



"I am so happy someone is finally studying UFOs. Now I can tell of my experience—an encounter in 1967 with UFO occupants..."

In 1975, Betty Andreasson wrote to Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Director of the Center for UFO Studies, to report an extraordinary Close Encounter of the Third Kind. An exhaustive investigation followed, involving stress analysis tests, psychiatric examinations, character checks, analysis of weather reports, and the supporting testimony of Mrs. Andreasson's eldest daughter, Becky. The conclusion of the investigators' 528-page report: Mrs. Andreasson—and her daughter—were telling the truth.

Now Betty Andreasson has given her full cooperation to Raymond Fowler (a member of the original investigative team) to chronicle the story of that 12-month investigation and the astonishing narrative it brought to light. On the night of January 25, 1967, the Andreasson home was plunged into darkness, and a pulsating glow enveloped the backyard. Later, under hypnotic regression, Mrs. Andreasson recalled how several 3-foot humanoid creatures entered the house, took her aboard their craft, and subjected her to a physical examination—then left her with a mysterious blue book, containing information that she would recall "when the time is right."

But the events of that harrowing night were by no means the end of the story. The true implications of Betty Andreasson's abduction became clear only when a new series of bizarre events erupted during the course of the investigation itself!

The Andreasson Affair is one of the best-documented cases of its kind to date—and the only one to be fully illustrated. An amateur artist of considerable ability, Mrs. Andreasson drew detailed sketches of the aliens and their craft's interior, many of which are reproduced in this book.



Photo by Harold C. Addison

RAYMOND E. FOWLER joined the Air Force in 1952 and was later assigned to its Security Service under the auspices of the National Security Agency. After his honorable discharge, he joined the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) and began personal on-site investigations of UFO sightings, submitting reports both to NICAP and to the U.S. Air Force. He later served as Chairman of NICAP and reported the classic UFO sighting that became the basis of John G. Fuller's *Incident at Exeter*. In 1971, Mr. Fowler became Massachusetts State Director for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) and is an associate/investigator of the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS). Besides *The Andreasson Affair*, written with Betty Andreasson's complete cooperation, he is the author of *UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors*, which Prentice-Hall will publish in softcover. Mr. Fowler operates the Woodside Planetarium and Observatory in Wenham, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife, Margaret, and four children.

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Raymond E. Fowler

THE ANDREASSON AFFAIR

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The Andreasson Affair

by Raymond E. Fowler

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*Dedicated to the memory of
Betty Andreasson's father, Waino W. Aho,
and of her two sons,
Todd and James Andreasson, Jr.*

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Introduction

The UFO phenomenon, in its totality, is surprisingly complex. Understandably, this is not recognized by the general public. Although various opinion polls indicate that the majority of the population feels that "UFOs are for real," only patient study, and—even more important—direct involvement with the witnesses to this greatly perplexing phenomenon can demonstrate the extent of the complexity. The man on the street's simple opinion that either UFOs are all nonsense or that visitors from outer space do exist is brutally destroyed by close study. But this is not a new insight: in science, it is well recognized that investigations into many subjects spawn more questions than they answer. In the area of UFOs, deeper acquaintance reveals a subject that has not only potentially important scientific aspects but sociological, psychological, and even theological aspects as well.

The Andreasson Case involves all these aspects—so much so, and in such bizarre fashion, that in the past I frankly would not have touched an invitation to write the foreword for a book treating "contactees," abduction, mental telepathy, mystical symbolism, and physical contact and examination by "aliens." But across the years I have learned to broaden my view of the entire UFO phenomenon, and I now realize that it is a composite of many "inputs." It does not seem to be just one single thing, but—as has often happened in science—what at first seemed to have just one component has turned out to have several.

This book really started with a letter to me from the principal witness. At that time I had neither the spare hours nor, I confess, the inclination to follow it up, and I let the letter lie for some time. Then one day I reread it. Here was a sincere person asking assistance, not knowing where to turn, and I felt I could not be callous and consign the long-unanswered letter to the "circular file." It occurred to me that since Ray Fowler and his associates were not too far from the witness, they might do the Center for UFO Studies and me a favor and

discharge the obligation that the letter implicitly imposed. I am glad that Mr. Fowler undertook what at first must have seemed an unwelcome task. But he and his associates did, and there has resulted a most interesting book. No, "interesting" is not sufficient; it is a book that will captivate, bother, intrigue, and even frighten as one pursues it and contemplates its implications.

Fowler is to be complimented on his perseverance in the investigation of this case of very high "strangeness." It leads down many paths that make Alice's wanderings in Wonderland pale by comparison. And those who still hold that the entire subject of UFOs is nonsense will be sorely challenged if they have the courage to take an honest look at the present book. For whatever the UFO phenomenon is (or are), it is *not* nonsense. It would take an imagination of the highest order to explain the reported happenings described herein as mere misidentifications of balloons, aircraft, meteors, or planets! Neither is there the slightest evidence of hoax or contrivance.

The present work will also challenge those who consider UFOs solely synonymous with physical craft that transport flesh-and-blood denizens from distant solar systems. A former book by Mr. Fowler, *UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors*, upholds this more popular concept of UFOs, and many of the cases he describes tend to give strong support to that hypothesis. But here we have "creatures of light" who find walls no obstacle to free passage into rooms and who find no difficulty in exerting uncanny control over the witnesses' minds. If this represents an advanced technology, then it must incorporate the paranormal just as our own incorporates transistors and computers. Somehow, "they" have mastered the puzzle of mind over matter.

Of course, all this is predicated on the premise that this entire series of adventures is not the result of some complex psychological drama played in concert. If so, it would still be a fine case study in abnormal psychology. But more and more of these high-strangeness cases are surfacing. Like the Andreasson Case, they outrage our common sense, and they do constitute a challenge to our present belief systems. Readers who become intrigued by the Andreasson narrative would be well advised to acquaint themselves with accounts of other Close Encounters of the Third Kind—not only those in which regressive hypnosis is the chief source of information, as in the present case. One can dismiss the hypnosis reports as unreliable and fanciful, but this is much more difficult to do where the data source is the witnesses' conscious mind. Such information is available through serious UFO

organizations like MUFON (Mutual UFO Network) in Seguin, Texas, of which Mr. Fowler is one of the directors, and CUFOS (Center for UFO Studies) in Evanston, Illinois.

Readers who delve further into the fascinating world of the UFO phenomenon will come to understand for themselves the world-wide scope of the phenomenon, and the problems and challenges that it presents.

*J. Allen Hynek
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois*

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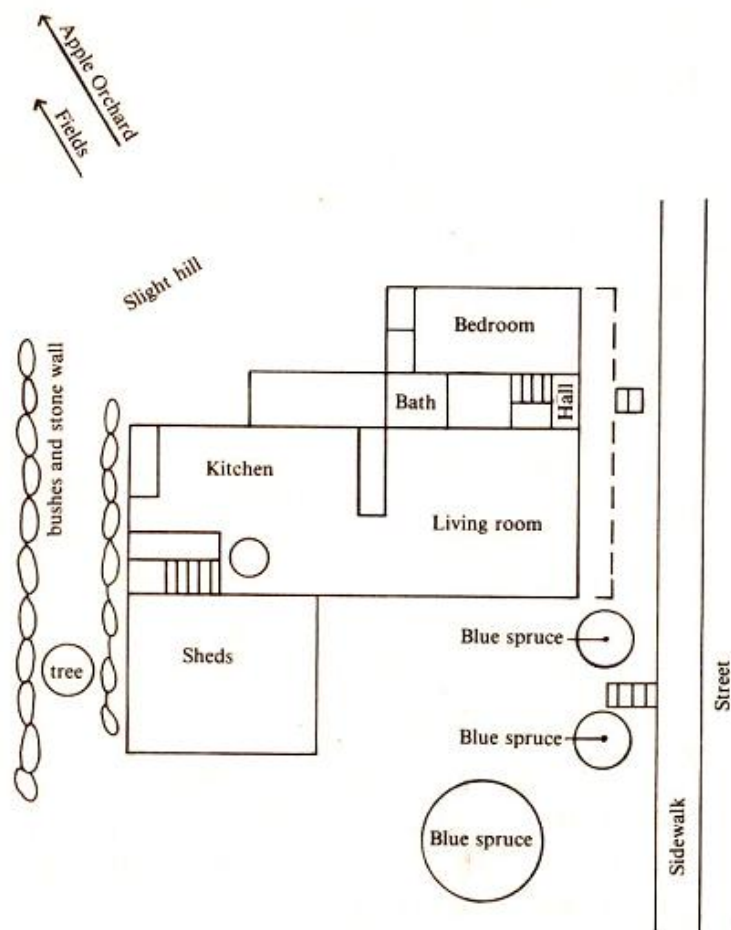


Figure 1. The Andreasson house and property as they appeared in 1967

CHAPTER ONE

P rologue to the Incredible

In retrospect, Betty Ann Andreasson considered herself something of a tomboy. The minute she arrived home from school, she'd change clothes and head for pond or brook, field or wood, of rural Massachusetts. "I'd stick my feet in the pond edge or walk through the brook's thick mud. Every season felt so alive to me. I felt as if I was part of it. Even now, I feel total recall. The joy of standing by the cool rushing stream, with soft white dew-covered flowers, and skunk cabbage clustered in the swamp close-by." Betty loved to feast on wild blackberries, blueberries, plums, hazelnuts, and elderberries. "I used to climb large hemlock trees and pick ladyslippers, jack-in-the-pulpit, trilliums, mountain laurel. I would go deep into the woods and stay almost till dark. I was never afraid there. It was so peaceful."

At 17 she became engaged to James Andreasson, 21, who had been in the Navy for four years. They were married June 13, 1954, in Fitchburg. A year later, their first child, Becky, was born, and six other children followed swiftly after.

Finding a house to accommodate their large family had been no

easy task. Finally they bought a "handyman special," for no money down, in South Ashburnham, a small town in northern Massachusetts. James, although a pipe fitter by trade, used his natural expertise in carpentry to make the former farmhouse comfortable for the bustling family. They tore down a crumbling wraparound porch and repainted the walls inside and out (*See Figure 1*).

South Ashburnham is typical of many New England towns. Rolling wooded hills and bordering lakes have gradually surrendered to the Cape Cod houses, ranches, and mobile homes that have usurped their territory, but remnants of a once-active farming community are still evident. Abandoned orchards, tottering barns, and ivy-covered gray stone walls all bear silent witness to another day. The Andreasson children—Becky, age 11; James, age 10; Mark, age 9; Scott, age 7; Todd, age 6; Bonnie, age 4; and Cindy, age 3—became accustomed to the neighborhood, enjoying the company of their new-found friends.

Secure in her vibrant Christian faith that had grown stronger over the years, Betty sought to instill the same faith and ideals within her own family. Each Sunday, Betty marshaled her well-scrubbed children to the local community church. "The house and yard were always filled with children. We would sing songs and tell stories from the Bible and have fresh-baked cookies and milk."

But 1966 had been a disrupted Christmas for the Andreasson family, and prospects for the new year of 1967 did not look bright. On December 23, two days before Christmas, a woman had pulled out of a blind side street and collided with the rear of James's gray Volkswagen sedan, sending him into a head-on collision with an oncoming automobile. Severely injured in the crash, James would need weeks in intensive care in the hospital, followed by months in traction.

Eleven-year-old Becky was a great help to her mother in dealing with the many needs of her younger brothers and sisters. But with the prospect of James Andreasson being hospitalized for many months and of Betty being faced with a host of responsibilities her husband had usually shouldered, extra help was desperately needed. Such were the circumstances that prompted Betty's parents to join the busy household to lend a helping hand.

Betty's father, Waino Aho, had immigrated from Finland as a young child when his family, seeking better opportunities in the United States, bought and worked a dairy farm in Massachusetts. Later, while on Army leave from Fort Devens, Massachusetts, Waino had met his future wife, Eva, a native New Englander. Betty was the second-to-youngest of Aho's five offspring.

By mid-January, Betty's own seven children had become used to a new schedule of early suppers, designed to allow their mother a nightly visit with her husband at the local hospital. January 25 was one of those days when the warm promise of spring hung dreamily in the air. The snow that had blanketed the ground for over a month had all but vanished. Much later, under hypnosis, Becky would recall that on that balmy afternoon, she and her girl friend had been playing in the nearby orchard. They were climbing one of the apple trees when her mother's call to supper echoed up into the orchard.

About an hour later, after eating and helping with the dishes, Becky went out again. But now, as the last vestiges of daylight melted into the darkness, the mild temperature of the afternoon dropped rapidly, and Becky soon returned inside. Already pools of mist were beginning to collect in the hollows around the old farmhouse, bringing the promise of a foggy night.

As on most evenings, James, Jr., Mark, Scott, Todd, and Bonnie had all been fed and dressed for bed and were watching television—on this evening, *Bozo the Clown*. Three-year-old Cindy was curled up on her grandmother's lap. Betty was in the kitchen, finishing up a few remaining chores.

Suddenly the electric lights began to flicker hesitantly and then blinked out, throwing the house into darkness and confusion and sending frightened children scurrying into the kitchen to find their mother. Almost at the same time, the family saw a curious pink light shining through the kitchen window.

Ten years later, under hypnosis, Betty and Becky Andreasson would describe the scene as follows:

BETTY ANDREASSON Suddenly the lights were off, and we wondered, what was it? And we looked over and there was a . . . by the window, the small kitchen window . . . I can see like a light, sort of pink right now. And now the light is getting brighter. It's reddish-orange, and it's pulsating. I said to the children, "Be quiet, and quick, get in the living room, and whatever it is will go away." It seemed like the whole house had a vacuum over it. Like stillness all around . . . like stillness.

BECKY ANDREASSON The next thing I knew, Mom was going "Shhh! Be quiet!" There's some huge pulsating glow that was out in the kitchen. It was outside. Like a big glow!

The Andreasson kitchen had become a kaleidoscope of reflected color and dancing shadows keeping cadence with the flashing light. As the

frightened Betty herded her excited children back into the living room, Betty's father hurried into the kitchen to see what was going on. Glancing into the backyard through the pantry window, Waino Aho stared out in disbelief.

What he saw is best described in his own signed statement. Despite the shaky handwriting, the old man's words carry a ring of conviction that is at odds with their bizarre import:

These creatures that I saw through the window of Betty's house were just like Halloween freaks. I thought they had put on a funny kind of head-dress imitating a moon man. It was funny the way they jumped one after the other—just like grasshoppers. When they saw me looking at them, they stopped . . . the one in front looked at me and I felt kind of queer. That's all I knew . . .

The Andreasson Affair had begun.

This book you are about to read deals with what is known, in the terminology of UFO investigators, as a CE-III—a Close Encounter of the Third Kind.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind, the title of the spectacular movie about UFOs, is a designation originated by Dr. J. Allen Hynek to describe specific types of UFO reports. In all, Dr. Hynek has coined six major categories:

- NL—*Nocturnal Light*: distant anomalous lights seen in the night sky
- DD—*Daylight Discs*: distant dislike objects seen during the day
- RV—*Radar/Visual*: UFOs seen by radar and vision simultaneously
- CE-I—*Close Encounter of the First Kind*: a UFO seen within 500 feet
- CE-II—*Close Encounter of the Second Kind*: a CE-I that leaves physical traces
- CE-III—*Close Encounter of the Third Kind*: a CE-I with humanoid occupants seen

The Andreasson Affair is more than just a classic example of a CE-III, however. It is—again to use the jargon of the ufologists—a case of such “high strangeness” that even the most open-minded investigators were at first inclined to dismiss it out of hand. Yet it has become probably the best documented case of its kind to date, the subject of an intensive twelve-month investigation conducted for the Center for UFO

Studies (CUFOS)¹ that involved, among other things, the recording of large quantities of testimony given under hypnosis, extensive lie-detector testing of witnesses, detailed analysis of corroborative circumstantial evidence, careful character checks (see Appendix A), exhaustive comparison with other CE-III accounts, and much more.

The results of this investigation filled three volumes of a 528-page confidential report. But even after our disbelief had given way under the sheer weight of the supporting evidence, there remained (and remains) some baffling problems of interpretation. At certain points, Betty Andreasson's narrative seems to deal with a reality so alien that it can be described only in metaphors, and perhaps only understood in terms of an altered state of consciousness.

Since this book is also the story of how the Andreasson family's account was investigated and substantiated, perhaps I should begin by explaining how I, though skeptical at first, came to be involved.

My own interest in the whole phenomenon of UFOs dates back to the late 1940s, when I began collecting and studying everything I could about the subject before joining the Air Force in January 1952. Since I had an amateur radio license and obtained high scores in radio/electronics, the Air Force chose to send me to a special school involving electronic espionage, after which I was assigned to the United States Air Force Security Service under the auspices of the National Security Agency. My involvement brought me in contact with information that indicated that the military took UFOs very seriously indeed.

I was honorably discharged as an Airman First Class in December of 1955. In 1960 my continuing interest in UFOs prompted me to become an associate member of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP).² In 1963 I began conducting personal on-site inquiries into local UFO sightings, submitting written reports of my investigations to NICAP and to the U. S. Air Force on an unsolicited basis. Later, I became an official NICAP investigator and in November of 1964, became chairman of this group.

My report on a classical UFO sighting that took place at Exeter, New Hampshire, instigated John G. Fuller's well-known book *Incident at Exeter*³ and became a major topic of discussion during the first open congressional hearings on UFOs in April 1966. In 1971 I became Massachusetts state director for an international group called the

¹CUFOS, 1609 Sherman Ave., Suite 207, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

²NICAP, 3535 University Blvd., Suite 23, Kensington, Md. 20795.

³John Fuller, *Incident at Exeter* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1966).

Mutual UFO Network (MUFON).⁴ While remaining with NICAP as a consultant, I also became a scientific associate/investigator for the Center for UFO Studies, directed by Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who formerly had served the U. S. Air Force Projects Sign, Grudge, and Blue Book as chief astronomical consultant for about twenty years.

In 1975 MUFON appointed me as national director of investigations. One of my first tasks concerning this new assignment was to write and edit a detailed UFO investigators' field manual, which was published in 1975 and has since been adopted for use by the Center for UFO Studies and other groups abroad. The manual closely followed many of the investigative procedures recommended by Dr. Hynek.

Unfortunately, many sightings in all categories go unreported to official agencies. It is estimated that only 10 per cent of all witnesses to UFO sightings ever file a report. And the stranger the experience, the less likely it will be reported. CE-IIIs may be the key to the entire UFO mystery, but of all categories of reports, they are the most inherently unbelievable and the most difficult to verify. And to complicate the problem, the memories of witnesses to a CE-III often seem to have suffered a strangely selective amnesia. In abduction cases particularly, most witnesses recollect only a close-up UFO sighting. A few may remember *seeing* alien creatures, but rarely do they recall many details. The actual contact or abduction experience has somehow been erased—perhaps mercifully so—from their conscious minds. Later, vague flashbacks, dreams, and intuitive feelings cause witnesses to suspect that something unusual has happened to them. And nonetheless, details of the abduction experience remain locked in the deepest recesses of their minds.

Where does someone go to report a UFO experience so bizarre that one hesitates to discuss it with either family or friends? Where does one turn when government officials have publicly decreed that UFOs do not exist? Such was the plight of the Andreasson family. During the following years, the hazy yet vivid experience had weighed heavily on the thoughts of Betty Andreasson. Her daughter Becky thought it had been a bad dream, and yet it seemed so real. At times, Betty would receive mental flashbacks concerning the weird episode. Provocative insights and alien scenes surfaced momentarily from her subconscious, only to slip away as her conscious mind sought to retain them.

Thus in 1974, when the *National Enquirer* solicited firsthand UFO

accounts for consideration by a panel of scientists, Betty was one of those who responded, hesitantly reporting the vague details that she remembered. Her reply was a form letter from the *Enquirer* expressing no interest in the incident, frustrating Betty's hopes of casting light on what had happened to her family.

Then in August of 1975, she read an article about the Center for UFO Studies in a local newspaper. The news story reported that Center Director Dr. J. Allen Hynek was requesting UFO reports for scientific study. Betty sat down and penned a fateful letter, describing the sketchy details of what seemed to have been a CE-III:

August 20, 1975

To Dr. Hynek:

I am so happy to read someone is finally studying about UFOs. Now I can tell someone of . . . my experience . . . an encounter in 1967 with UFO occupants. . . .

Dr. Hynek received Betty's letter and filed it for some months before resurrecting it and sending it to MUFON's Humanoid Study Group,⁵ which had requested copies of all such CE-III cases from the files of the Center for UFO Studies in order to prepare a computer-generated listing.

After some discussion, the study group decided that Mrs. Andreasson's account might be worth looking into. Since Betty's UFO experience had occurred in Massachusetts, the study group had asked MUFON investigators in this state to enquire into the case for them. In January 1977 Field Investigator Jules Vaillancourt initiated an investigation.

It soon became evident that to produce any meaningful results, we would have to be able to unlock whatever memories were still buried in Betty's and Becky's unconscious minds. We recalled that a similar problem had come up with the classic UFO abduction case involving Betty and Barney Hill that was described in John Fuller's *The Interrupted Journey*.⁶ Although remembering an initial CE-III, the Hills nevertheless could not account for a portion of time immediately afterward. It was recommended that they secure the services of a psychiatrist, Benjamin Simon, M.D., and during the course of his

⁴Directed by Ted Bloecher, 317 E. 83rd St., New York, N.Y. 10028, and David Webb, 64 Jacqueline Rd., Waltham, Mass. 02154.

⁶John G. Fuller, *The Interrupted Journey* (New York: Dial Press, 1966).

treatment, Dr. Simon used hypnotic regression to help the Hills consciously recall the missing hours. A similar procedure seemed indicated for the Andreasson Affair.

Harold J. Edelstein, who directs the New England Institute of Hypnosis,⁷ is one of few persons who have pursued the art of hypnosis as a full-time career. Patients are referred to him from a number of local hospitals, including the Sydney Farber Cancer Center and the Massachusetts Rehabilitation Psychiatric Department. In addition to his work within the institute, he serves as staff member to Comprehensive Psychological Services, Burlington, Massachusetts, and as faculty instructor at three colleges, and also serves a number of law enforcement agencies. Harold is, in short, a well-recognized expert in the practical use of hypnosis.

He became involved as a consultant in UFO research through the influence of one of our MUFON investigators, Merlyn Sheehan. (While being treated for cancer at the New England Baptist Hospital, Merlyn's doctor referred her to Dr. Edelstein to relieve the nauseating side effects of chemotherapy treatments.) Though this was Harold's first experience with a UFO investigation, his warm personality and keen insight into human behavior soon enabled him to establish complete trust on the part of Becky and Betty—no simple task, as both women initially had severe misgivings about hypnosis.

Both Betty and Becky were good subjects, and after a few sessions, it would only take a few minutes to put either of them in a deep trance. Dr. Edelstein feels it would be unethical to describe in a book for general readers the exact methodology that he used to induce hypnosis. I can report, however, that he employed such devices as "key words" and "slight pressure" with his hands. (I remember that he once pointed his finger at Betty to show us her reaction: she went out like a light, and her body went limp like a rag doll.) During deep trance hypnotic regression sessions, Betty and Becky relived their traumatic experience in great detail. They each expressed natural apprehension, fear, wonder, concern, pain, and joy. Their facial expressions, voice tones, and tears were obviously genuine.

The MUFON state director, Joseph Santangelo, kept me abreast of developments. Initially skeptical, I nonetheless was curious and listened carefully to tapes made of the hypnosis/debriefing session. It soon became apparent to me that both witnesses were wholly sincere. When preliminary lie detector tests indicated that the witnesses were

indeed telling the truth, I joined the team as a principal investigator and began attending sessions on June 4, 1977.

If you belong to the majority of adult Americans that believes UFOs exist (nearly 57 percent according to a 1978 Gallup poll), you may find it easier to believe that Betty Andreasson's story, though certainly fantastic, is not fanciful. But even if you belong to the still-skeptical minority; even while you may not share all of the conclusions we eventually drew from this investigation, I think you will find the evidence too substantial and compelling to be easily dismissed. Intricate elements of their story remained consistent over twelve months of cross-examinations. Subtle similarities with other reported CE-III's added further corroboration. A rather unusual feature in this case is the abductee's artistic ability. When Betty attended Westminster Elementary School, art was her favorite subject after math and spelling, and she won first prize in many art contests. During our later investigation, she was able to provide detailed sketches relating to her experience, some depicting the interior of the UFO. In combination, these sketches produced powerful corroboration of her account of her experience.

Much of this book consists of actual transcribed words of the hypnotized witnesses as they related and relived their CE-III to my colleagues and myself. Other than editorial comments provided for clarity and organization, most of the account is taken directly from the transcribed hypnotic regression sessions—which have been rearranged so as to provide a strictly chronological sequence of the original experience.

Is the story of the Andreasson Affair true? For now, at least, each reader must draw his own conclusions—until the time when an even more substantial CE-III casts a more definitive light on Betty Andreasson's experience. You may find the account incredible and even incomprehensible in parts. But one thing has been established beyond the shadow of a doubt: The witnesses believed it happened.

And so, for that matter, do I.

—Raymond E. Fowler
Wenham, Massachusetts

⁷New England Institute of Hypnosis, 544R Salem St., Wakefield, Mass. 01180.

CHAPTER TWO

U ninvited Visitors

When the bright light first flashed through the kitchen window, Becky had returned into the living room in response to her mother's commands (see Figure 2). Looking down the hallway into the kitchen, she noticed a dark silhouetted shape bobbing in front of the light source shining through the kitchen window. Then, everything went black. At that same moment, Becky, her grandfather, and all family members except Betty found themselves unable to move, unaware of anything else.

In the pages that follow, I will let the witnesses tell their story themselves.

JULES VAILLANCOURT (*investigator*) What's happening, Betty?

BETTY There's some . . . the lights are back on now and, ah, there're *beings* standing there and they're talking with me, but not with their mouths. They've got big heads!

JOSEPH SANTANGELO (*investigator*) How did they get there, Betty?

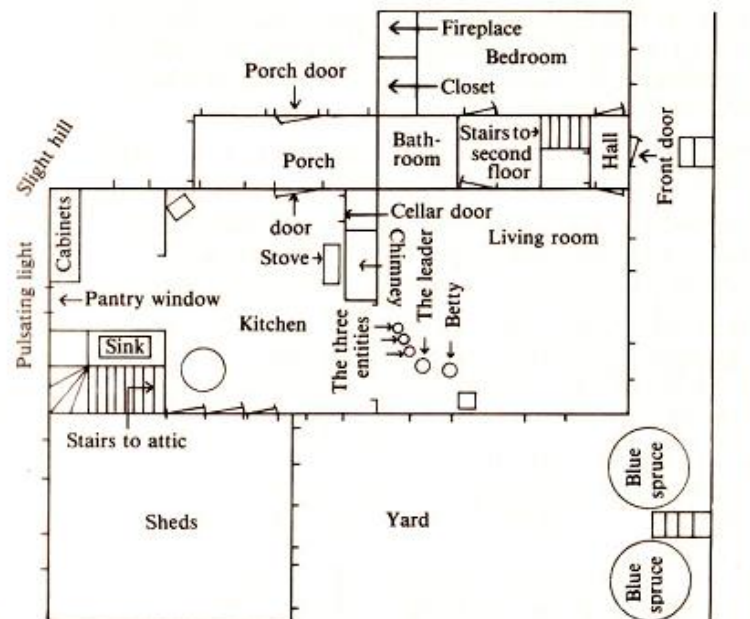


Figure 2. The ground floor of the Andreasson house at the time of the encounter

BETTY They came through the door.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you open the door for them?

BETTY No.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did *they* open the door?

BETTY No.

The four entities that had passed by the window now entered the house by going through the kitchen door—not through the frame, but through the kitchen door itself. They passed through its solid wood as if it were nonexistent.

BETTY They came in like follow-the-leader . . . They are starting to come through the door now . . . right through the wood, one right after the other. It's amazing! Coming through! And I stood back a little. Was it real? And they are coming, one after another . . . Now they are all inside.

It was difficult for us to visualize what Betty was describing. Thus, after each session, Dr. Edelstein induced a posthypnotic suggestion

within her that she would remember the details of what she described while under hypnosis. Her ability to draw was fully utilized, and she supplied us with detailed pencil sketches, many of which are reproduced in this book (see Figure 3).

BETTY I was wondering. How did they ever do that? How did they get in here like that?

Betty balked, as her mind frantically tried to grasp some logical explanation for what was happening. Then her strong Christian beliefs abruptly surfaced to provide a desperately sought rationale:

I'm thinking they must be angels, because Jesus was able to walk through doors and walls and walk on water. Must be angels . . . And Scriptures keep coming into my mind where it says, "Entertain the stranger, for it may be *angels unaware*."

Although Betty is far from being fanatic in her beliefs, her pronounced fundamentalist Christian orientation undoubtedly colored her perception and interpretation of some of the events that befell her.

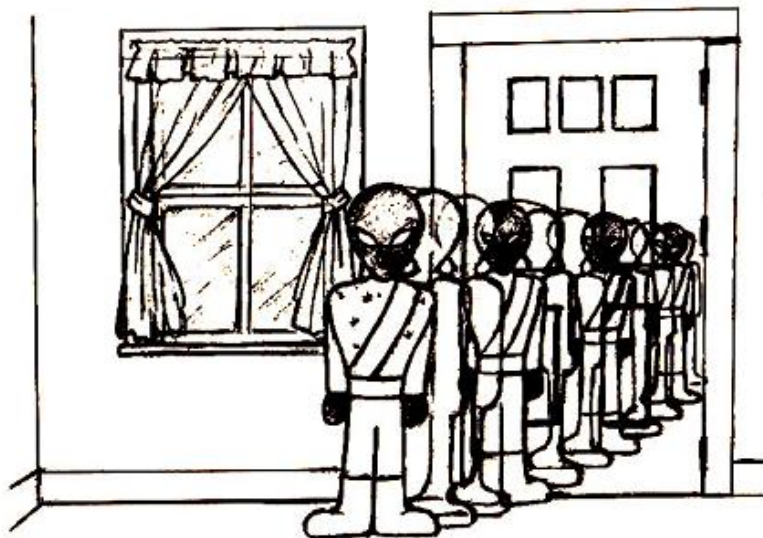


Figure 3. Betty's rendition of how the entities appeared through the closed kitchen door: they "moved in a jerky motion, leaving a vapory image behind" (drawn April 10, 1977)

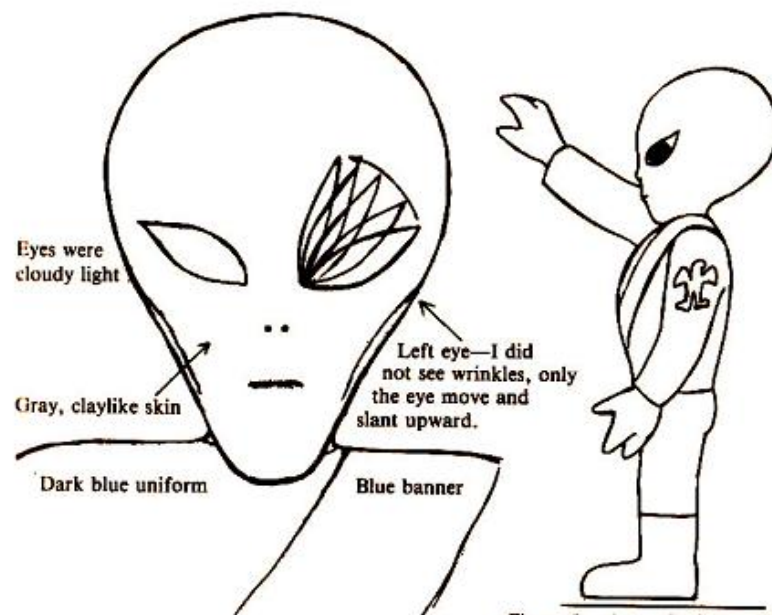


Figure 4. The leader, as he appeared in the kitchen (May 18)

Figure 5. An entity in profile (May 14)

The four entities hardly resembled conventional depictions of angels. They were identical, except for the leader, who appeared taller. The creatures had gray skins, large, outsized pear-shaped heads. Their faces were mongoloid in appearance.

BETTY And the taller one . . . his eye seems to . . . his left eye seems to quickly go up into a slit. [See Figure 4]

Large, wraparound catlike eyes stood in stark contrast to less prominent facial features: holes for noses and ears, and fixed, scarlike mouths. They wore shiny dark blue, form-fitting uniforms. Each left sleeve was adorned with an emblem that resembled a bird with outstretched wings (Figure 5). Their three-digit hands were gloved (Figure 6), and they wore high shoes or boots.

Betty stood transfixed. But an extraordinary calm settled over her. An aura of friendliness emanated from the alien intruders, and she

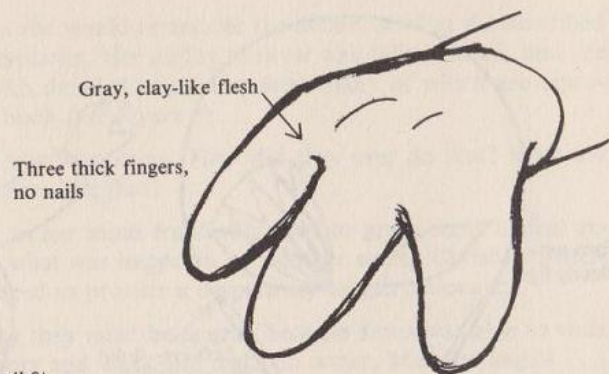


Figure 6. (April 9)

was no longer frightened. The leader, who stood about four feet tall, identified himself as "Quazgaa."

DR. EDELSTEIN Did they know your name?

BETTY Yes, he called me Betty. It seemed like an oral sound but it . . . it—ah, I think it was a transformation of thought . . . but it seemed like an oral sound.

During the initial establishment of what seems to have been mental telepathy, Betty misconceived a mental impression generated by Quazgaa. The leader stretched out his hand, and she asked, "Do you want something to eat?" They merely nodded.

BETTY And so I went and got some food from the refrigerator and a pan from the stove, and I started to cook some meat.

The entities stared impassively at Betty momentarily, and then she received another mental impression:

And I turned, because they said something to me. And they said, "We cannot eat food unless it is burned." And so I started to burn the meat—and they stepped back, astonished over the smoke that was coming up!

'Despite Betty's use of "Quazgar" on her drawings, we arrived at the spelling of "Quazgaa" for our report. In hypnosis session seven, Betty tried to spell his name phonetically and said, "I see a Z, A, A, A. Big Z, A, A." Nobody really picked up on this, unfortunately, and all of us, including Betty, pronounced and spelled the name with an "R" sound at the end. Later, when we began writing the final report, we referred to the transcript and checked with Betty. We finally agreed that *Quazgaa* best reflected the correct phonetic spelling.

The beings corrected Betty as clearer images formed in her mind:

And they said, "But that's not our kind of food. Our food is tried by fire, knowledge tried by fire. Do you have any food like that?"

Betty's religious beliefs influenced her reply: "Yes, I think I have some like that. . . It's in there."

The events that followed in rapid succession are utterly alien to the logical model of reality that we have been taught since early childhood. Like a computer that is automatically programmed to reject extraneous data, the human mind rejects such claims with the comfortable labels of hoax, dream, or hallucination.

BETTY They followed me into the living room, and I looked and I saw all my family *as if time had stopped for them*. And I wondered what happened. But I glanced down and picked up the Bible that was on the end table. I turned and I passed it to the leader. The leader passed me a little thin blue book in exchange. [See Figure 7]

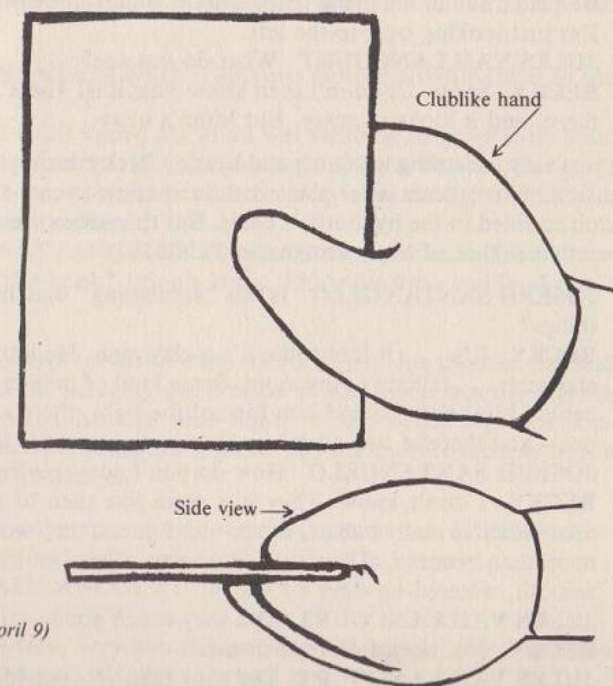


Figure 7. (April 9)

The entity who called himself Quazgaa took the Bible from her and held it in his hand. Betty's mind rebelled at what occurred next, because what she saw happen seemed impossible:

The leader put the book [the Bible] in his hand . . . [sigh] And he waved his hand over it, and other Bibles appeared, *thicker* than the original. Then he passed it to those beside him and they took the books and each one was spontaneous. They somehow flipped it, page by page, and looked down. Each page was pure white, luminous white. And then they stopped—and I started to look in the little blue book.

When Betty's oldest daughter, Becky, relived the episode under hypnosis, she recalled regaining consciousness at this very point. After blacking out, the next thing she remembered was seeing her mother conversing with the entities in the corner of the living room.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Where are you? In the hallway?

BECKY I'm in the living room still . . . I'm over near the TV, and I'm just looking over to the left.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What do you see?

BECKY Some . . . I don't even know what it is! There's something there, and it looks so scary. But Mom's okay.

It was very unsettling watching and hearing Becky during the hypnotic session. Now, years after the event, a mature twenty-two-year-old adult reclined in the hypnotist's chair. But the voice coming from her mouth was that of an eleven-year-old child!

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Is this "something" one thing or many things?

BECKY It's . . . it looks like it's a clay man. He looks like a—a clay man . . . talking to my mom. Some kind of man-creature. And behind him, right behind him toward the right, there's one, a little one—and there're two after him that are just exactly like triplets.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How do you know they're men?

BECKY I don't know. They just seem like men to me. They're men. They're really babies, but to me, I guess, they would be more man than woman. They look like clay. They look like they're smooth, watered-on clay.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did they touch you?

BECKY No, they didn't touch me.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did they take you outside?

BECKY No, they didn't take me outside or anything. They didn't even—I was standing right there watching them, and they knew I was standing right there watching them, and they knew that my other brothers . . . my brothers and my—wait a minute. My one, two, three brothers were sitting there, and Grammie—she's over there . . . Oh! Where's Grampy?

JULES VAILLANCOURT He was with Grammie, right? You can't find Grampy?

BECKY No, I can't see Grampy there.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Is Grampy in the kitchen?

BECKY No, he's not. No one's in the kitchen. Grampy went out to look with Mom—he's looking out the window.

Little Becky was visibly upset. When she awoke briefly from suspended animation, her grandfather had seemingly disappeared. In reality, he had gone to look at the flashing lights—first out the kitchen window and then out the pantry window. At the time Becky was looking for him, he was standing in suspended animation in the pantry, out of her sight.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did your mother give anything to the beings?

BECKY I don't know. My mom was standing there with her hand on something, and that clay form had his hand on the other part, like a book . . . the clay hand is holding it on the right-hand side, and Mom is standing on the . . .

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Where did the book come from?

BECKY The book? I don't know. She must have had it—I don't know.

Becky had not seen the aliens enter the room with her mother. She had not witnessed the amazing duplication of the Bible, nor did she see them give her mother the blue book. When Becky regained consciousness, the first thing she noticed was her mother looking at the blue book with Quazgaa.

BECKY I woke up and they were in the room . . . Mom was talking to them, and there was a book already in his hand.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Is the TV off?

BECKY Yes, the TV—no, the TV is . . . it's different. No picture, no sound—very, very dim like you turn down the color—like you turned it down so it's very gray and low.

Throughout the sessions, when Betty or Becky became anxious during certain segments of their experience, Dr. Edelstein reassured them. He sensed their particular needs instinctively at the right time and in a correct manner. The confidence and the precision with which he controlled the situation was most impressive.

DR. EDELSTEIN Becky, you are upset about something, aren't you?

BECKY Yes!

DR. EDELSTEIN What are you upset about?

BECKY Those things. They're scary.

DR. EDELSTEIN They're scary? But you told us that once before you felt a very, very close relationship to them—that you like them.

BECKY Yes. They are very kind, and they don't mean any harm, but they are scary to look at . . . they look scary.

DR. EDELSTEIN They look scary? Okay, I want you to realize that you went through all of this—without any harm befalling you. Is that right?

BECKY Yes.

DR. EDELSTEIN Therefore, you have nothing to fear. Just relax . . . just relax.

Becky was asked to describe the beings in detail.

BECKY They were wearing . . . it looked like pants and a tucked-in type of shirt, but it was tight-fitted. Something like a—what it reminded me of was something like a scuba diving outfit that would be close to a person's skin.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Where did the bottom of the legs of the skin suit . . . where did they end?

BECKY They ended near the shoe.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Could you see the bottom of it? Did it continue right around the foot?

BECKY Yes, the bottom of it. The bottom of the first one had—like his pants went down like a skin suit, and then there was a cut where it was. It stopped with one lighter shade and it went into a darker shade . . . like a shoe or a boot would be.

FRED YOUNGREN (*investigator*) Could you describe their eyes?

BECKY They looked like marbles . . . It had big eyes.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What about the eye slit? Did you see that move at all?

BECKY No, I didn't see anything—like him closing his eyes or opening them.

FRED YOUNGREN Did they have ears?

BECKY I can't see it.

FRED YOUNGREN Did they have hair on their heads?

BECKY No, I didn't see any hair. His head looked like a pear, an upside-down pear.

FRED YOUNGREN Did he have nostrils?

BECKY I didn't even see a nose, so I don't know.

FRED YOUNGREN A mouth?

BECKY Sideways he didn't have a mouth. When he turned, he did. It was like a *wrinkle* in the clay—not a line, but like a line. And I can't see any nose. I see—there's a lot of shadow around. The only thing I can see really good was the big . . . eyes. Like marbles. They looked scary.

DR. EDELSTEIN Sleep for a moment. Just relax, relax, relax. Deeper and deeper.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Are you afraid?

BECKY Yeah, I'm afraid because he scares me by the way he looks, but I can't do anything—can't move. I'm not afraid of him, because there's a feeling that he's not going to hurt me. He scares me just by the way he looks.

Becky watched her mother and the little men as they looked at the small blue book:

That book. It was bright, and Mom was thanking them for something, and so it must have been the blue book . . .

Instinctively, the taller entity became aware that Becky was awake:

The head, the tallest one looked right around across where the kids were and Gram was, right over to me, and then he stopped when he saw me standing there. And then he went from me, right back around, and started talking or looking at Mom. And then, all I can see is nothing but darkness—then nothing.

At that point, Becky lapsed back into unconsciousness. Let us return to Betty's vantage point, as she examines the little blue book with the alien visitors:

. . . I started to look in the little blue book. And the first three pages were snow white, luminous white. And I saw this silver gray-top

thing with, like coils—and there was sort of a wheel, and inside were four things. I can't make out what these things are . . . and so I've come to the close of that book—closed it.

When Betty closed the book, the eyes of the entities focused on hers:

And their eyes are so funny. One minute they are light, and now they've got a black ball in it. And they move straight, especially that left eye and . . .

Betty had sought desperately to break through the strange tranquilizing effect that somehow shielded her mind from the reality of what was happening. She succeeded momentarily, and reported the following exchange:

"What are you doing here?" Betty asked.

"We have come to help," the entities replied. "Will you help us?"

"How can I help?"

"Would you follow us?" the entities asked.

"Are you of God?" she demanded. "You keep saying you have come to help the world. Why?"

"Because the world is trying to destroy itself," they answered her.

"How can I help the world?" she sighed.

"Would you follow us?"

"If you are of God," Betty sighed again. "If you are here to help and are of God, I would follow, but do not deceive me."

"Would you follow us?" they repeated.

Betty's power to resist lessened as the entities stared hypnotically into her eyes. Their slow, repetitive invitation, "Would you follow us?" echoed within the deepest recesses of her mind. But again, her own powerful instincts surfaced: "What about my children? My parents?"

"They are all right," Quazgaa answered. "Would you follow us?"

JULES VAILLANCOURT What was the rest of your family doing?

BETTY They promised me they wouldn't hurt them—that they would be all right. They said, "See, they're just resting there." There was no fear on their faces. It was as if they were unaware . . . They said, "They are all right. Would you follow us?" He keeps on repeating that—"Would you follow us?"

"Oh, Lord," Betty said softly, "show me what I'm supposed to do."

"We will not harm you." The entities repeated, "Would you follow us?"

"All right," Betty replied, very softly.

CHAPTER THREE

O n Board

BETTY He said, "Stand directly in back of me." And so I stood in back of him, and I swooped in somehow, like suction. And immediately, when I did, he was starting out the door, and I was going *through* the same thing, the wood, that they were.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Nobody opened any door?

BETTY No. I was right in their line. I was following the leader, and I guess they must have—ah, their line must have a passage through.

Betty was no longer walking. She found herself floating several inches above the ground with a swooping motion that matched the movements of her abductors as they moved along together in single file:

I'm just swooping along, step by step as he moves. I'm moving the exact distance from him. The others evidently are following.

Peculiar foreign sensations pulsed through Betty's body:

My legs feel very strange. My whole body does. It feels like it's weightless . . . very funny. And we are outside, and he stopped.

Betty stared in disbelief. In her backyard, resting on its own struts, was an oval object with a raised central portion.

This concerned the investigators. How could such a remarkable object remain undetected by the neighbors? We interrupted Betty to ask pertinent questions.

RAYMOND FOWLER How about the other houses? Could you see the neighborhood?

BETTY No. I saw haze, all haze.

RAYMOND FOWLER When you went out, how do you know that you were actually in the neighborhood?

BETTY I didn't know except for the corner of the house and the ship. The rest of the part seemed very vague and hazy—like a mist was all around.

During the course of our investigation, the house's present owner confirmed that the low area in the backyard is especially conducive to dense pockets of fog. Weather records for the night of January 25, 1967, indicated heavy mist in the area.

DEBBIE VAILLANCOURT (*Jules's wife*) How about the garage?

BETTY I couldn't see that, and I couldn't see the opposite side of the house on this side . . . I could just see on this left-hand side, the house, the corner of the house, the stone wall, and the tree. Even past that, it seemed misty. It seemed as if the ship took up most of the area, too much for me to see past it.

Betty stood awestruck at the silent presence of the strange craft in the yard. Her initial shock quickly gave way to fear and apprehension. Quazgaa seemed to have sensed this, and to reassure Betty, did a remarkable thing:

He says, "See, you can trust me. Look over at the ship." And he made the bottom like glass. I could see through it!

When the bottom of the craft suddenly became transparent, Betty recognized some of the things inside, which she had seen illustrated in the blue book.

I see the—part of those things I saw in the book. There're glass balls on the bottom, cut glass like, and there're arms that come down and

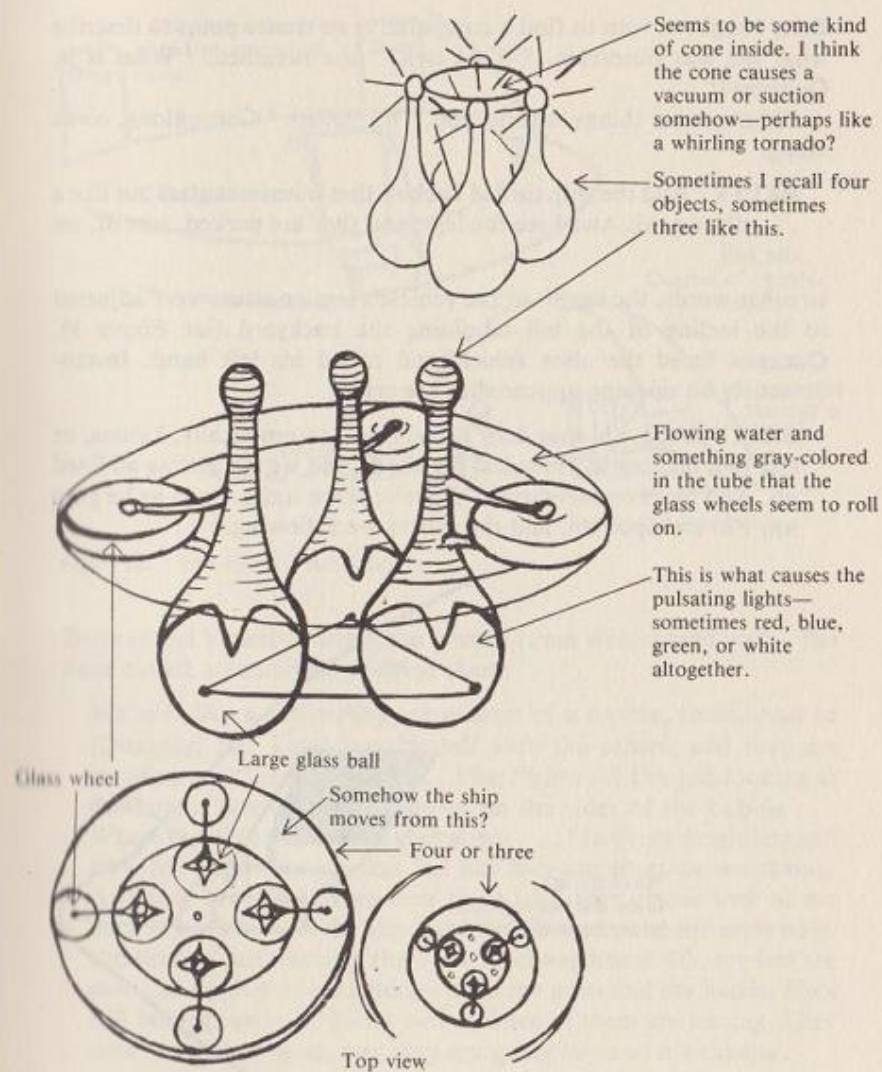


Figure 8. Apparatus in the bottom of the craft (May 5)

grasp on to it, and they go up . . . And there's that thing on the side. And they can rotate on an inner tube—with that gray matter and that water, I guess, or something. [See Figure 8]

Betty sought in vain to find a comparative reference point to describe what she was observing. "What is it?" she breathed. "What is it, Quazgaa?"

"I have other things to show you," he replied. "Come along, come along."

BETTY And the ship turned back so that it was not glass but like a . . . silver-gold. And I see the legs, and they are parked, sort of, on the hill.

In other words, the length of the vehicle's legs on struts were adjusted to the incline of the hill adjoining the backyard (see Figure 9). Quazgaa faced the alien vehicle and raised his left hand. Instantaneously an opening appeared in the craft.

BETTY And, ah, that door is opening—automatically, I guess, or else he's making it. He raised his hand. And we are getting all lined up. And he swoops right up! There're three stairs. Soon as he goes up, I'm swooped up, and the others are following.

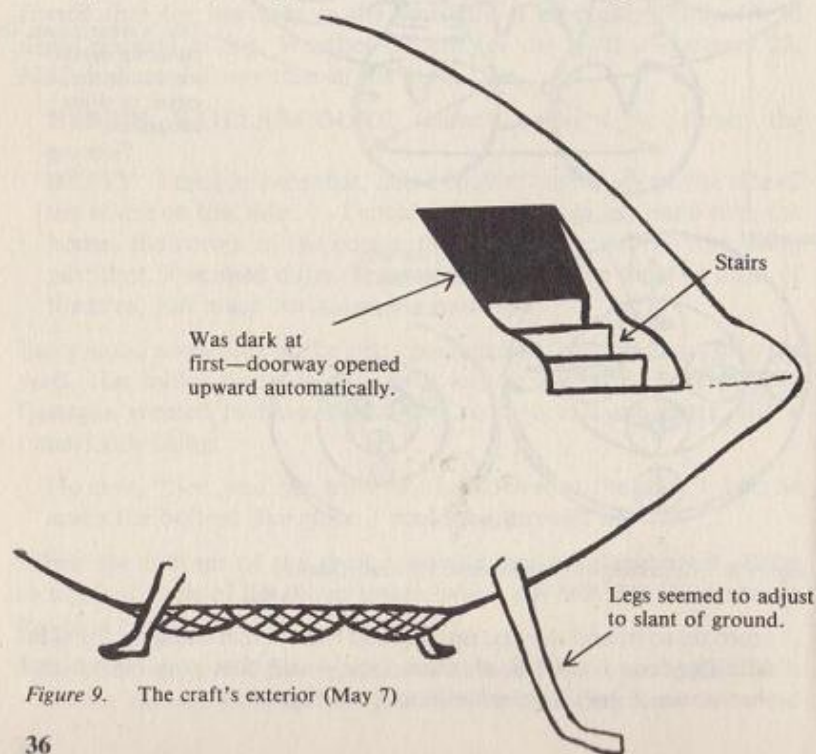


Figure 9. The craft's exterior (May 7)

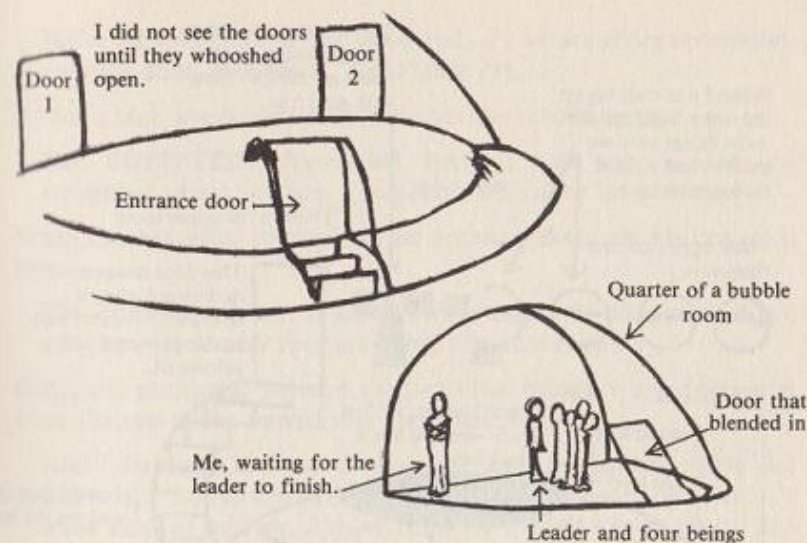


Figure 10. The entrance hall (May 7)

Betty found herself floating into a small room with curved walls. The door closed automatically behind them:

We're in like a half-bubble, or quarter of a bubble, room. And he [Quazgaa] has withdrawn himself with the others, and they are standing over there talking. . . . [See Figure 10] I'm just looking at this room. Something goes down on the sides of the bubble . . . Where the steps come up, it goes down . . . I feel very weightless and icky. My hands and my legs feel like they are asleep or something. And they are still talking over there, and they glance over at me once in a while . . . Oh, hurry up! And I'm crossing my arms now. I'm tired of just standing there . . . I feel weightless. Oh, my feet are pins and needles or something—even my arms and my hands. He's still talking, and . . . about two or three of them are leaving. That door whooshed open, and they are going in—and it's closing.

Then Quazgaa came over to Betty. Two entities still remained in the room and stood watching her.

. . . he brought me over to where they were, and . . . he is saying something to them about going and making himself ready. [Sigh] Would they please bring me to the upper room?

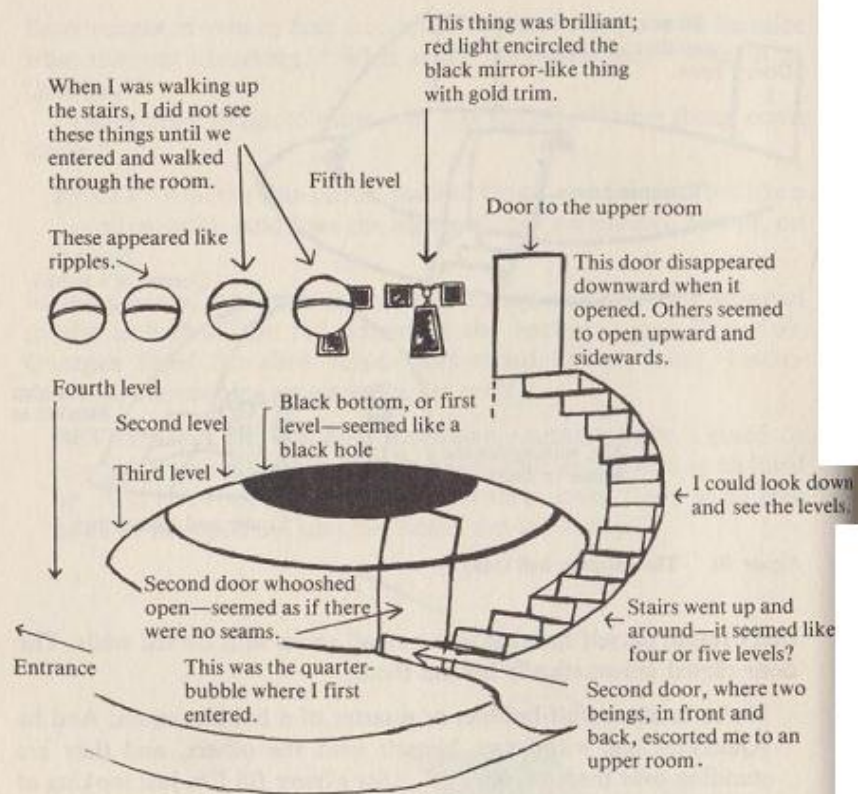


Figure 11. Interior of the craft (May 25)

Betty and the entities left, while Quazgaa stayed behind.

And so, the two—one went in front of me and one in back of me, and we went over to the furthest right-hand end of the quarter bubble. And whoosh! Another door opened. And you can't even see those doors. They just go up when they open. And there are stairs there—going around, somehow going around. They seem like they are floating up, but . . . my waist feels so heavy there. And we are going up those stairs. Looks like I can see something down there.

We're all going around the stairs and . . . we are going up around, and this door goes down. [See Figure 11].

At this point, the hypnotist turned over the recording tape.

DR. EDELSTEIN (Hypnotist) Betty, I now want you to just remember where you are. You said, "This door leads down."

When she was asked to continue her account, Betty quickly corrected him:

The door *goes* down. It doesn't *lead* down. It disappears down somehow. And now they are going into that room.

Betty, still positioned between the two silent beings, was perplexed at what she saw as she moved into a circular room:

And I see that—ah, box, or that desk and, ah, see something else there. It's, ah, red and black. It's black, outlined with red. And it's some kind of mirrors, I think. [Softly] I don't know. Seems like there're, ah, in that circular room, big ripples like windows [see Figure 12]. They are leading me still, [sigh] and they are bringing me

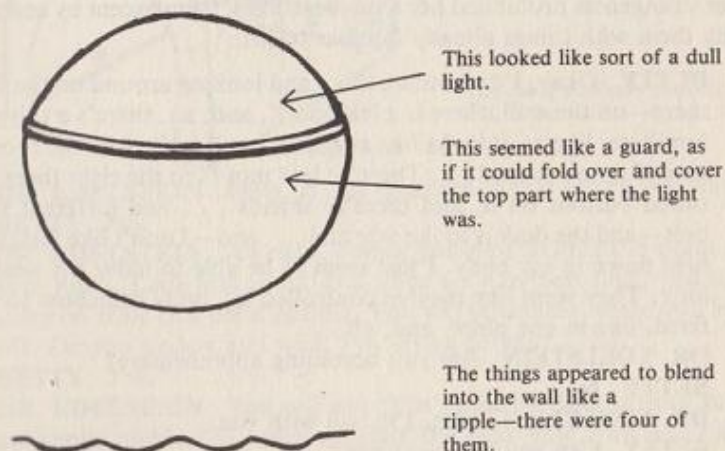


Figure 12. The "ripple-like" windows (May 5)

over to that further edge—are bringing me further over there. And now they're stopping and I'm standing there. . . . And the two are withdrawing. They are saying that I'll be all right here for a time.

"How come I have to stay here?" she asked them. An unseen force held Betty firmly in place. Paralyzed except for head movement, she felt deserted and helpless. As she relived the episode, we saw the terror reflected on her face before us. Her pulse quickened, and the hypnotist quickly reacted:

DR. EDELSTEIN Betty? This is Dr. Edelstein. Just relax. Are you getting apprehensive right now?

BETTY They are leaving me alone in there!

At times, Dr. Edelstein suggested that he was *with* the witnesses to give them moral support:

All right, Betty, just relax. This is me. I want you now to feel myself being with you to back you up. You've got nothing to fear. You can feel the fear leaving you, can't you? I'm by your side constantly. Continue—go ahead. You have nothing to fear.

Now substantially calmed, Betty tried to describe a variety of totally alien objects which she could see from her vantage point. But their utter strangeness prohibited her from describing them except by comparing them with things already familiar to her:

BETTY Okay, I'm standing there and looking around on the side, there—on the wall, there is a leaf motif, and, ah, there's a thing up top there, like a—it looks like a railing, but it isn't. And the room is sort of dome-shaped . . . There're leaf motifs to the right there . . . raised buttons on it, and there're shields . . . and different symbols—and the desk is to the side and . . . and—I don't like feeling so held down in my body. I just seem to be able to move my head to look. They seem like they've controlled my body somehow so I'm fixed, like in one place, and, ah . . .

DR. EDELSTEIN Are you becoming apprehensive?

BETTY No.

DR. EDELSTEIN Fine, I'm still with you.

BETTY Can *you* see the things?

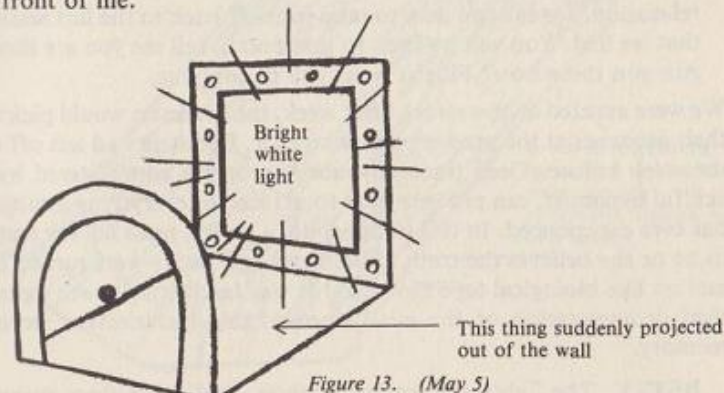
DR. EDELSTEIN No, I can see them only through your eyes. Continue.

BETTY I'm trying to see what else is there. I can't see way in back

of me. There're those golden, ah, those golden things—the cord and, um, some type of a scroll.

Betty, in the meantime, had waited impatiently and wondered what fate had in store for her when the alien beings returned.

BETTY I wish they'd hurry up. I'm tired of waiting here. . . . It's getting brighter. They are getting it brighter now in here . . . [*softly*] What is that? I see something like a—wonder if it's coming from the wall or is—what? . . . They've opened something, pushed it out, and it's something like a camera works. [See Figure 13] [*Softly*] I don't know what it is, but it's getting brighter in here—uh, much brighter now. What's that? There's somebody coming now for me. They said, "Would you follow me, please?" And they stopped in front of me.



DR. EDELSTEIN Betty, is this Quazgaa who is telling you this?
BETTY No.

DR. EDELSTEIN All right, I want you now to lock this point in your mind. Lock this point, and when we start next time, you will carry on from this point in time. You will remember where you left off. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

BETTY Yes.

DR. EDELSTEIN You will store this particular spot in your subconscious mind, and when we start the next time, you will start from here and continue to go further.

At this point, Betty recovered from hypnotic trance.

The investigators awaited each following session with burning

curiosity. What would happen next? But two weeks passed before we met again with the witnesses in the offices of the New England Institute of Hypnosis.

It was a hot sultry June day. The steady drone of an air conditioner pervaded the otherwise silent atmosphere that soon enveloped the room as Dr. Edelstein prefaced the session by speaking into an activated tape recorder:

Today's date is the fourth of June 1977. The time is 12:21. This is a continuation of the session we made two weeks ago. Betty, I want you now to induce hypnosis into yourself. Very good. Now deepen this hypnosis by relaxing. Let yourself relax. Let yourself relax. When I touch your shoulder, let yourself go into the deepest point of relaxation you have ever been. Deeper and deeper—deep, deep, relaxation. I want you now to take yourself back to the last session that we had. You will go back to that point. Tell me you are there. Are you there now? Fine! I want you to continue.

We were amazed at how, week after week, the witnesses would pick up their accounts at the precise point where Dr. Edelstein had left off on the week before. Deep trance hypnosis, properly administered by a skillful hypnotist, can produce near-total recall of everything a subject has ever experienced. In this trance state, a person must tell the truth, as he or she believes the truth to be. Betty and Becky were turned off and on like biological tape recorders! It was fascinating to see a practical demonstration of the mind's remarkable facilities for storing memory.

BETTY The lights are getting brighter, and—that door opened again. And there is somebody coming. I'm glad they are coming, 'cause it seemed like a long time in there . . . They're sort of gliding toward me, not moving their legs, but gliding. And it's one of the beings, ah, it's two of the beings. They are waving their hands and telling me to follow them. I'm going over with them . . . And, ah, they are taking me over to the center of the room. One is in back of me and one is in front of me. I asked them, "Where are we going now?" . . . And they said, "You will come over here." I went over to the center of the room, and I stood there. And the one in front of me turned and looked at me.

Again, Betty was instructed to assume the familiar follow-the-leader stance between the two entities. Abruptly, she found herself sinking through an opening in the floor.

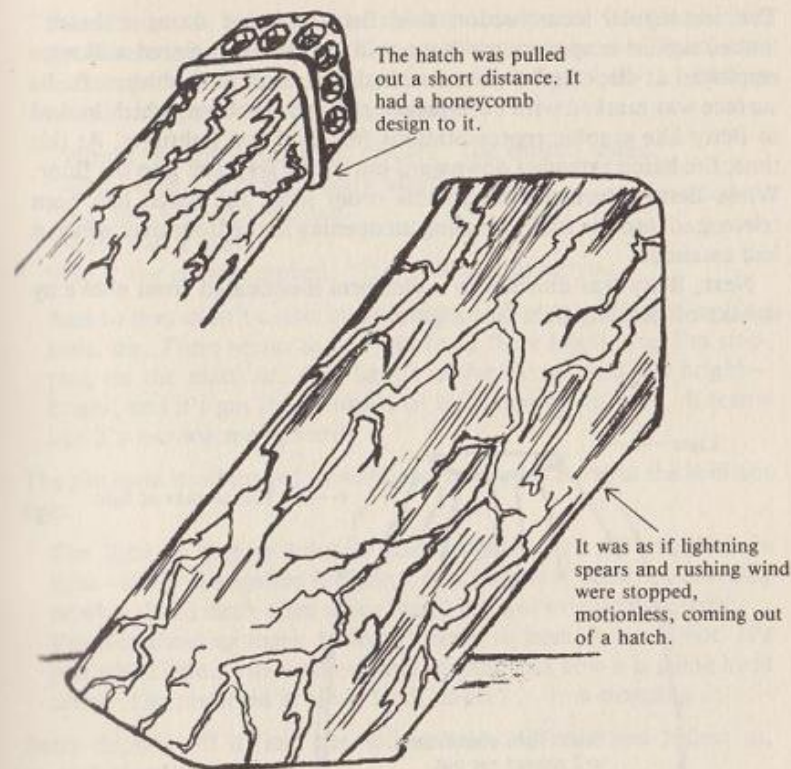


Figure 14. The Hatch (June 17)

I'm standing there, and we are slowly, slowly being lowered through a tube. It looks like a—silvery tube . . . slowly lowering down. We are going down . . . we are going down. We are stopping. And one of the beings tells me to get in back of him again. I'm getting in back of him, and the other one's in back of me. And the door is lifting up—couldn't see the door before. The door just looked like a tube—clear, straight-through tube. I'm going out into another room that looks—looks like a hatch or something on top there. Looks like lightning spears coming out of it. [See Figure 14] I don't know what it is, but it is there, and they are bringing me over to the side.

The rectangular construction that Betty referred to as a "hatch" looked similar in appearance (but not in size) to the enclosed walkways employed at airports between terminal gates and parked aircraft. Its surface was marked with both jagged and straight lines, which looked to Betty like graphic representations for wind and lightning. At this time, the hatch extended downward out of the wall and into the floor. When Betty returned through this room later, the hatch had been telescoped into the wall, revealing an opening in the floor over which it had extended.

Next, Betty was directed to a platform illuminated from above by streaks of dazzling light (see Figure 15).

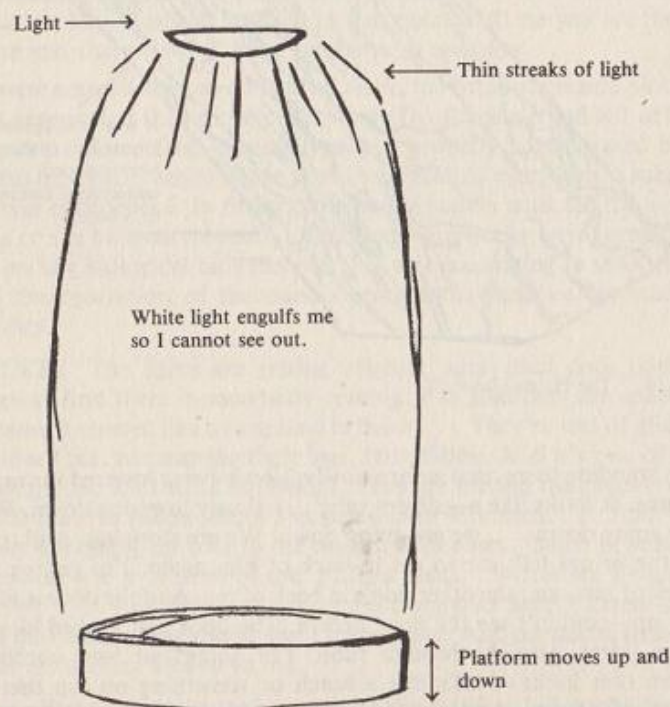


Figure 15. The Cleansing Device (June 17)

I'm seeing this brighter light shining down, and it—it's shining down so much, it's leaving like, ah, thin, tiny bars of light, surrounding it—like you do in a cartoon with a light bulb . . . having streaks of light from it, coming down.

"Would you get under that, please?" the entities asked.

"Well, what is it first?" Betty asked.

"It is just a cleansing thing."

"Well, will it hurt?"

"No," the entities replied. "It is just to cleanse you."

And so they didn't touch me, but they held out their hands as if to assist me. There seems to be a platform there [*sigh*], and I'm stepping on the platform. The light's above there. And it's bright—bright, and it's got those streaks of light coming out of it. It seems like it's moving me upward!

The platform itself moved upward and immersed Betty in the brilliant light.

The light is getting brighter and brighter. It's all engulfed in light—like I'm engulfed in light. I don't know if there is a covering or what, but I can't seem to see them. It's just bright white light . . . I'm just standing there. It doesn't seem to hurt. It is not hot. It's just white light all around me, and on me. And now it is going back down. The platform is going back down . . . it is stopping . . .

Betty stepped off it, and the entities said, "Would you follow us, please? Now!"

"Where are we going now?" she asked.

"Just please follow with us."

They motioned again for me to get to the back of them and follow the leader . . . And he walked to another place where a door is opening—whooshing open.

Betty faced the opening to a darkened wedge-shaped room (see Figure 16). The lead entity gestured, holding out his hand for her to enter. "It was a little bit dark in there," Betty recalled.

"Would you please change?" the entity said.

"I don't want to change!" she protested.

"Please! Would you just please change?"

"But why do I have to change?" Betty persisted.

"There's a white garment there for you," the entity said. "Would you please get into it?"

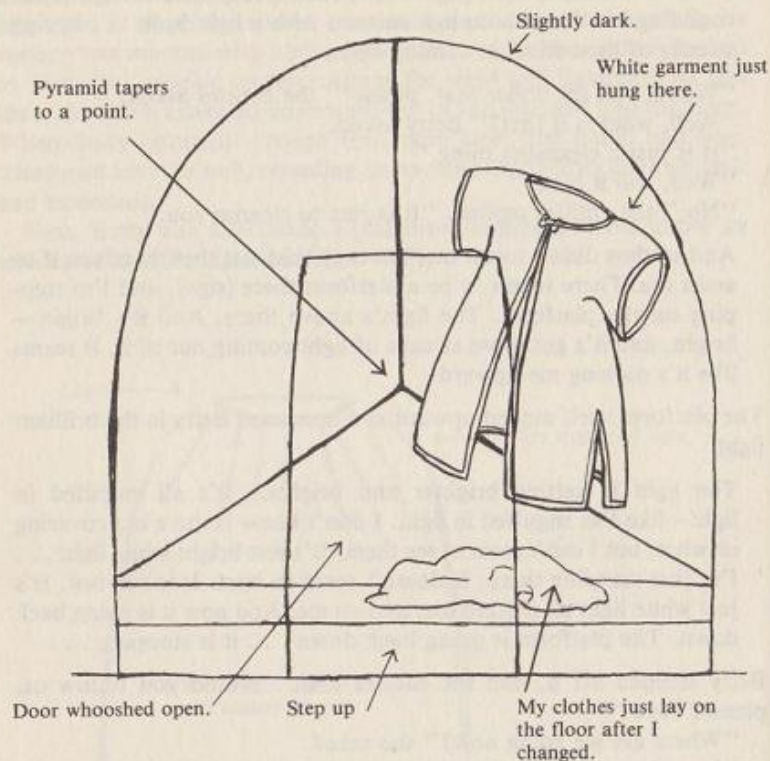


Figure 16. The Changing Room (June 17)

Now Betty bridled. "Look, I came here of my free will. Why do I have to change into this now?"

"Please change. Quazgaa is waiting for you."

"I want to talk to him!"

"Please change," the entity repeated. His persistent request drummed in Betty's ears until she finally relented. The white garment hung without visible support in the changing room.

And he kept on motioning to go into that room. It was kind of dark. I didn't like it. And so I said, "All right." And I had to step up into that room too. And I'm in that room and it's all—it looks

like a pyramid on its side with a bubble where you went into the door . . . Just enough standing room . . . There—there's that white garment there.

Betty's modesty clearly manifested itself as she timidly removed her clothes.

And so I took off the first thing of my clothing, and I wondered if they've got something looking in there. And so I took that white garment, and I put it around me while I took off the rest of my underthings. And I slipped into that white garment. [See Figure 17] And that white garment was open in the front . . . [sigh] and loose

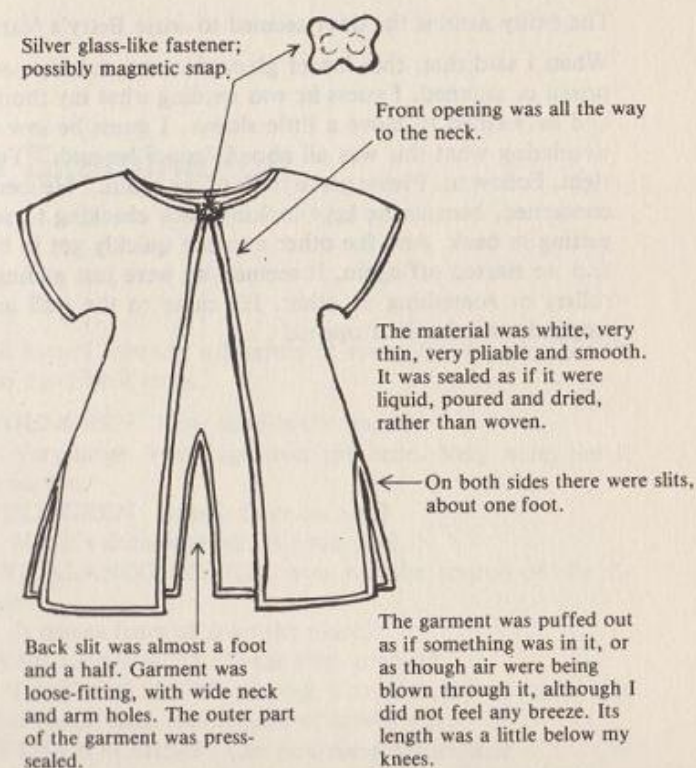


Figure 17. The White Examination Garment (June 17)

around the arms, and it went down to about my knees, and it was sealed around the edges somehow. It had sort of like a scoop neck thing. And it had a—like a silver clasp up at the top. It had slits on both sides and a little slit in the back. But the front was kind of wide open, so I sort of wrapped it around me. And I banged on the side there, and I said, “I’m ready!” And the door whooshed open again—went open somehow.

Outside the changing room, the entities awaited Betty. She became fearful and prayed frantically for help. “Ah,” she thought to herself, “What is all this about? What are they going to do to me? . . . Oh, Jesus be with me!”

The entity nearest the door seemed to sense Betty’s fear:

When I said that, that leader glanced at me quickly—sort of surprised or stunned. I guess he was reading what my thoughts were, and he seemed to move a little slower. I guess he saw that I was wondering what this was all about, ’cause he said, “You’ll be all right. Follow us. Please get in back of me again.” He seemed a little concerned, because he kept looking back checking to see if I was getting in back. And the other one just quickly got in back of me and we started off again. It seemed we were just gliding along on rollers or something or other. He came to the wall and he just stopped, and the door opened . . .

CHAPTER FOUR

The Examination

Betty found herself entering a brightly lit room (*see Figure 18*). We asked her to describe it to us.

FRED YOUNGREN How large is the room?

BETTY Very large. Very high over my head. Very wide, but it closes in on you.

FRED YOUNGREN Does it have corners?

BETTY No, it’s dome-shaped. It’s rounded.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Can you see the source of the illumination?

BETTY It comes from all over the place.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Is the ship moving?

BETTY I don’t feel as if it’s moving. I couldn’t tell—because I’m just in that room, that building, or whatever it is.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Can you see any furniture?

BETTY Yes. There’s something like a desk or boxlike thing.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Can you see any welded seams on the wall or some type of seam?

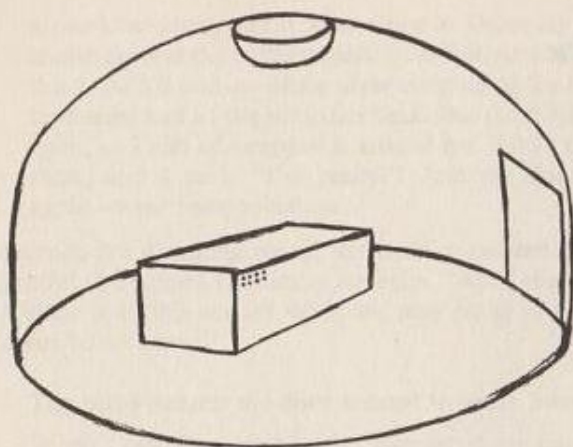


Figure 18. The Examination Room (May 7)

BETTY No, it seems smooth all the way around . . . smooth.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How did you gain access?

BETTY They put me in there.

JULES VAILLANCOURT How did the being touch you?

BETTY They didn't really touch me . . . There was something that they had power that I *automatically* went.

When Betty entered the hemispherical compartment, the first thing that caught her eye was an elongated desk or table. A closer look revealed what appeared to be a control panel on its side. It reminded her of an operating table, and she shuddered.

BETTY The two of them are there. And I see the table or that square thing, whatever it is, that's a—examining thing? "No! I don't want to get up there!" And on the side there're buttons. And that other one *glided* over to that other side there and . . . "I don't want to get up there!" And Quazgaa is coming in now, and he's in a different suit—with some others. And he comes over to me . . .

"You're going to be all right," Quazgaa said. "You are going to be okay."

BETTY And somehow they've got me—they are putting me on that flat center thing!

DR. EDELSTEIN All right, fine. You will have no apprehension, because this was all in the past. Did they actually put you on the table to examine you, or did you get on the table?

BETTY No. It seemed like I *floated* up there somehow. I was just swept off my feet and laid there.

The alien creatures' physical examination of Betty was one of the most emotion-packed portions of the case. In the earlier hypnosis session devoted to this episode (on May 7, 1977), Betty was not allowed to relive this painful episode as a participant. Through hypnotic suggestion, she was removed from the role of active participant so that she could view the scene merely as an impassive observer.

DR. EDELSTEIN All right, now, I want you to relax. You can feel yourself settling, still more and more. All right; you will have nothing to fear. Did they have to tie you down in order to perform the examination? [*Betty remained silent.*] Were you strapped down or were you held?

BETTY I was held somehow, because I didn't want that examination.

DR. EDELSTEIN Fine. Just relax. Deeper and deeper.

FRED YOUNGREN Were the beings all of the same kind?

BETTY They were all the same kind, but one was taller than the others.

FRED YOUNGREN Were they dressed alike?

BETTY In that room, they seemed to be in different clothes—shiny white silver clothes. [*See Figure 19*]

FRED YOUNGREN Were these different beings than the ones you met in the kitchen?

BETTY Their skin seemed whiter. Maybe it's because of the bright light in there. It didn't seem so claylike gray.

FRED YOUNGREN The leader was the same as the one you had in the kitchen?

BETTY Yeah, he's the same.

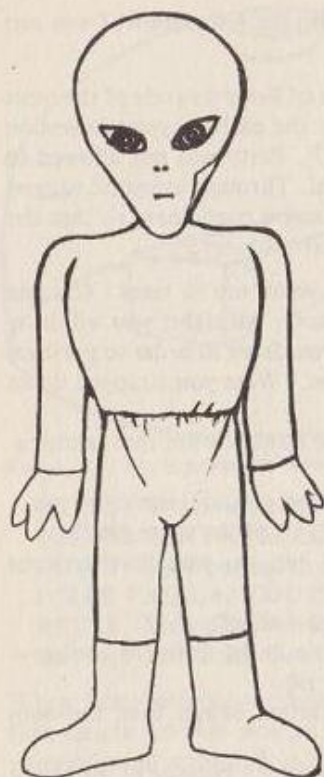
DR. EDELSTEIN What happened next?

BETTY There's a big block—long block-thing they had me on, and . . . lights coming from the walls, and . . . wires, *needle* wires. They took those long silver needles—they were bendable—and they stuck one up my nose and into my head!

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did you feel the pain?

BETTY Yes, but they touched the top of my head and took it away—touched my forehead. They said they were *awakening* something . . .

DR. EDELSTEIN Just relax for a moment, okay? Just relax, relax, just relax. You're going deeper and deeper into a beautiful



Skin seemed luminous white, uniform was silver-white, with white gloves. Boots blended into uniform. Eyes seemed to move slowly.

Figure 19. The entities in the Examination Room (May 18)

place of peace, of quiet—your whole body is relaxing as you go still deeper and deeper . . . All right, continue now, Betty.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Are there any sounds associated with this particular experience?

BETTY When they stuck that needle up my nose, I heard something break like a membrane or a veil or something—like a piece of tissue or something they broke through.

JULES VAILLANCOURT When this object was inserted in your nostril—was it a drilling effect, or just a penetrating?

BETTY Just a penetrating—pushing.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Which nostril?

BETTY My left . . . left.

FRED YOUNGREN Did they leave you alone for a while?

BETTY No. They were getting it over and done with. And they inserted another long silver thing through my belly button—my navel. And when they did, they started talking with each other.

FRED YOUNGREN What was this long thing connected to?

BETTY I really can't see it, 'cause I'm lying down straight.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did they tell you what the purpose was for the penetration of your navel? What was that examination for?

BETTY Something about *creation*, but they said there were some parts missing.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Can you explain to us what was meant?

BETTY It was because I had a hysterectomy, I guess.

Shortly after young Cindy's birth, Betty had had to enter the hospital for suspected cancer. The operation was even more complex because Betty was four months' pregnant. Since the state of her health would have precluded her carrying the baby to term, the surgeons performed a hysterectomy. (Happily, the operation was a success, and Betty soon returned home.)

DR. EDELSTEIN Betty, just relax. I want you now to tell yourself within your mind exactly how you're going to feel when you awaken. And then awaken yourself, feeling exactly that way, by counting to three. Please do it.

When Betty awakened from hypnosis, Harold asked her, "What do you think?"

"It's kind of unbelievable to me," she replied.

Later, at the June 4 session, it was decided to let Betty actually relive the examination as a *participant*. We began at the point when Betty had been somehow swept off her feet into the air and slowly lowered onto the table.

"What are you going to do, Quazgaa?" she asked.

"Just want to measure you for *light*," Quazgaa said.

"That's what you are going to do? Just measure me for light?"

"We are just going to measure you for light."

BETTY And, ah, I'm lying there, and he, ah, has this thing—ah, two bars to the side, and like a fan and tulips on the end. [See Figure 20] And, ah—[*long sigh*] I don't [*sigh*] . . . He's waving it over me, and, ah, he says . . .

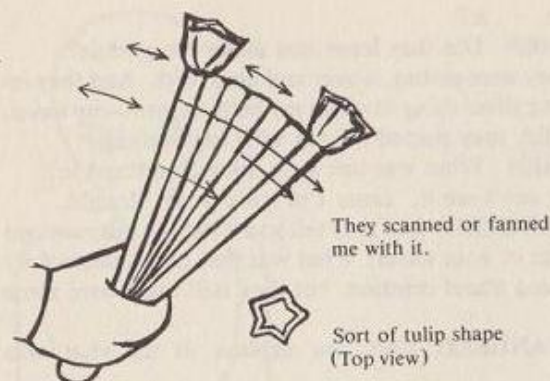


Figure 20. (May 5)

"You have not understood the word that you have," Quazgaa told her. "You've misunderstood some places. . . . There are spots there from it. . . . You are not completely filled with the light."

"I believe I am filled with the light!" Betty strongly protested. "I believe—I believe that I'm filled with the light!"

"We will have to measure you physically," Quazgaa replied.

"You told me that I wouldn't have to be measured physically. . . . that you have measured others in the past physically, but you wouldn't have to measure me because of the light."

"But we have to, because there are some spots there."

"Is this going to hurt?" Betty asked. "I thought that you would only measure me for light."

I feel shaky . . . He's taking an instrument and—I'm going to stand over the [sigh] . . . I'm in complete control . . . control. He's taking an instrument and—ah-h-h-h! . . . Ow-wow! [Deep, fast breathing] . . . Why do you have to put that up my nose—oh-h-h-h-h!

Our hearts went out to Betty, as the face of the attractive, gentle woman in the hypnotist's chair was alternately creased with expressions of apprehension and pain. My hands gripped the note pad as I tried unsuccessfully to disassociate myself from the trauma being relived before me. In her mind's eye, she was at that very moment held captive within a strange craft, pinned upon a rectangular metal block, staring up in pain and raw terror at strange alien creatures, one of whom had pushed a long silver needle into her left nostril. Her deep, heavy breathing continued, her face distorted in pain.

He's putting that thing in my nose, and it's going up and it's breaking through something. "I don't like it! Oh, and I can't move. It's hurting!" He has that thing up in my head. Oh-h-h-h! [Her lips quiver.]

At this point, Quazgaa apparently eased Betty's pain by placing his hand on her forehead and on the top of her head. Betty's body relaxed noticeably. "Thank you," she said softly.

At this juncture, Harold interrupted Betty's experience, feeling that she had gone through enough anxiety and pain.

All right, I want you to open your hand. I am lifting it. You can feel me lifting it. I want you to feel the warmth of my hand entering your hand.

A sense of relief swept through his office. We all had had enough for that day.

DR. EDELSTEIN You can feel yourself relax—relax . . . I'm going to awaken you. At the count of three, you will awaken. You will feel completely relaxed. Your arms will move. You will feel completely relaxed. You will feel completely normal. . . . The next time I put you into hypnosis, you will immediately go to this point and go from this point still further. One—you are coming out of it . . . feeling better and better. Two—wide awake. Three!

Betty was allowed total recall of what had occurred under hypnosis. She was puzzled and wondered why she had not *relived* the experience during the previous session on May 7:

"I didn't experience this when we *first* went through it," she said. "Why am I more shaky?"

"Because you went through a trauma now," Dr. Edelstein explained. "That's why I cut it short."

"But *before* when it came out, it . . ."

"Because you weren't reliving it," Harold said. "It was just something you were talking about."

We were very appreciative of Betty's cooperation. Recalling these strange happenings caused her much mental strain and anguish, and her conscious mind found it difficult to accommodate the weekly influx of once-forgotten terror. When she had sufficiently recovered from the harrowing time in the hypnotist's chair, we initiated a period of intense debriefing.

FRED YOUNGREN At one point, you seemed to be trying to separate yourself from what was going on, trying to *stand off* to one side. Is that really what you were doing at that time?

BETTY No. I was on the table, and they had that long, thin needle and they were going to insert it in my nose—they told me they had to do that. And I was thinking of what Dr. Edelstein also had told me. For some reason, I still have the understanding, you know, of it . . . I was trying to separate myself from what they were going to do.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO This is when you were saying you were in complete control?

BETTY Yes, I was trying that, to see if I could get away from going into that—where they were going to use the needle.

FRED YOUNGREN But that didn't help you very much.

BETTY I *couldn't* separate from it, because I just felt as if they had some kind of magnetic thing holding my hands.

DR. EDELSTEIN Feel her hands.

RAYMOND FOWLER Cold!

DR. EDELSTEIN They *were* still colder than that.

RAYMOND FOWLER Did you see anything that was strapping you down?

BETTY No. It just . . . They somehow had my hands—my legs and my hands.

RAYMOND FOWLER Could you move your head? Could you move anything?

BETTY I don't think that I could turn my head.

Our questions continued late into the afternoon. Finally we returned to our homes, shocked and bewildered about what we had experienced that day. It would be another week before Betty was again hypnotically conveyed to the examination room of the alien craft, but it was decided that at the next session we would allow Betty to continue reliving the physical examination as a participant.

Our Saturday hypnosis sessions had by now become quite routine. That day, however, we were so eager to get started that the customary rendezvous at a local pancake house and the drive to Harold's offices seemed like hurdles in a race.

Investigators tensed and recorder switches clicked as Harold Edelstein's familiar preamble set the stage for session number nine. "This is June the eighteenth, 1977. . . ."

Betty lay back comfortably in the plush reclining chair. Feeling that she had to know what had happened to her, she was determined to

find out the truth. In a very short time, Betty was deeply under the influence of Harold's soft but firm voice. "Deeper and deeper . . . let yourself go. Deeper and deeper." Soon her body was perfectly relaxed. Her face was a picture of serenity. In several minutes, she would be spirited away to another place at another time where things had not been so peaceful.

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, we would like to go back to when you were in the craft. You are in the room, and they are starting to measure you physically.

At first, Betty started out impassively, describing what was happening from an onlooker's vantage point:

Yes, I'm—they have that—they have put it up inside of my head. I was feeling pain from the needle, and they put their hand on my forehead and on the top of my head, and it took some of the pain away. I don't know why they have to do that in the first place. I asked them, "Why do you have to do such a thing as this?" I still complained that they had said they were only going to have to measure me for light, and not this kind of test. And they said it's very important that they should do this. But they won't explain why.

And that other one is coming over by him with some kind of thing in his hand—looks sort of like a . . . paper, but it's like *webbed* paper or sort of a roll. [See Figure 21] He opened it up a little bit to show him . . . Quazgaa is looking at it . . . They still have that thing stuck up my nose [sigh] and he's looking at the thing. They're pulling it out a little bit. Ah-h, makes me feel dizzy with that thing there. He's saying, "It's not going to be much longer." He's still looking at that weblike thing, whatever it is. And there's talking about something. He's pointing down at something . . . And now the other man or that *being*—or whatever he is—is taking it and rolling it back up . . . And he is turning to me . . . They are going to take that thing out. I hope it doesn't hurt!

Her face became lined with fearful apprehension.

He's taking that thing out now . . . Oh! It feels funny. [Sigh] They took it out, and it looks like, *there is some kind of a ball on the end of it*—something on the end of it. A little thing, whatever it was, on the end of the needle. [See Figure 22] It's kind of hard to see what it is. [Sigh]

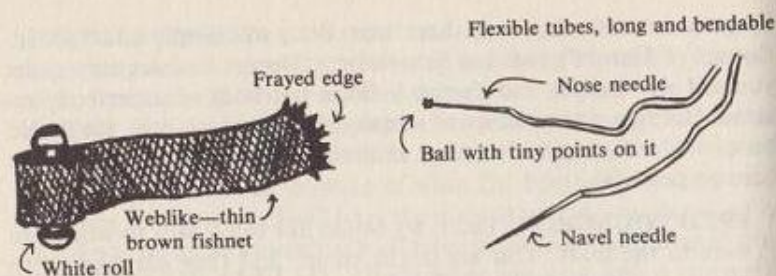


Figure 21. (June 19)

Betty described the needle as *removing* something from her nasal cavity. This was intriguing! Where had it come from! How did it get there? The atmosphere within the crowded office was charged with an air of expectancy. But since an interruption at this time was unthinkable, I made a note to inquire about this later. When the customary debriefing session began in earnest, I asked about the object which the aliens had removed through Betty's nose.

RAYMOND FOWLER I was curious as regarding the *ball* on the end of the needle when they pulled it out of your nose.

BETTY It was a little ball with little prickly things on it.

RAYMOND FOWLER Was it there *before* they put it in your nose? Did you notice it?

BETTY No.

RAYMOND FOWLER It wasn't there when they originally put the needle in your nose?

BETTY No.

RAYMOND FOWLER You are fairly certain about that?

BETTY Yes.

Another interesting aspect requiring further clarification was the strip of webbed paper used in conjunction with the needle inserted in Betty's left nostril.

RAYMOND FOWLER On that weblike paper. On the roll—did you notice any writing or markings on it at all, or was it clear?

BETTY It was weblike netting.

DR. EDELSTEIN Like webbing on a chair? Is that what you mean? Like these chairs with the warp and the woof?

BETTY Yes. It was uniform all the way across. But it was not of that, uh, string material—it was brown. It was a tan brown. And it

Figure 22. The needles used in the examination (June 19)

was spooled—from a little roll. It was pulled out, and it was frayed at the end. They were looking at it, and then they pulled it out further and pointed to something.

FRED YOUNGREN Did you see what they were pointing at?

BETTY It all looked the same.

After removing the needle from her nostril, the diminutive creatures huddled together as if discussing the results of measuring Betty physically. Betty watched in utter despair. She felt helpless, desolate, cut off from all human help and compassion. Her captors exuded little emotion, moving and behaving with cool, dispassionate precision. Betty felt like a human guinea pig:

And now they are going over there and talking. [*Sigh*] Oh boy, I'll be glad when this is all over with! [*Sigh*] They are talking about something over there . . . Now they are looking over at me. [*Sigh*] They are coming over again. . . . And they are saying they have to measure me for *procreation*.

Betty became terrified and cried out anxiously, "What are you doing that for? What is that?"

"It won't hurt," they said. "Don't worry, it won't hurt."

"I didn't think that other would hurt either," she retorted, "but it hurt!"

Now, under hypnosis, as Betty approached the next segment of the painful physical examination, she alternated back and forth between the roles of observer and participant:

And so, they are getting ready for something. They are down by my feet somewhere. They are doing something there. They are not touching me, but they are doing something.

Betty strained the movement of her eyes to see what the entities were doing. Her vision was restricted because she could not lift her head.

It must be something down there they are preparing. I can't see it . . . Now they are pulling something. That needle again with a tube, like on the end. They are pulling—looks like he's pulling . . . Oh! And he's opening up that shirt, and—he's going to put that in my navel! Oh-h-h-h. I don't like this!

As I leaned closer to Betty, a wave of empathy encompassed me. At times, we became so engrossed with her experiences that it became impossible to disengage ourselves emotionally. Now the frown of terror

on her face and the agonized tone of her voice were almost too much to witness. I suddenly felt like shouting out in protest at what we were allowing this poor woman to relive.

Abruptly, in the midst of her groans, Betty slipped from a participant's role to that of an observer. As she relaxed, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

I can feel them moving that thing around in my stomach or my body . . . They've stopped. [*Very heavy breathing*] And he's putting his hand on my head. [*Sigh, heavy breathing*] Now he's talking with them about something—something about something missing, missing . . . missing parts or something, I think he is saying.

Betty sometimes had difficulty interpreting the telepathic impressions the aliens generated, especially when they were not addressing her directly.

Oh! He's pushing that again . . . around, feeling things . . . "I don't like this!" . . . Feels like he's going right around my stuff inside—feeling it, or something with that needle . . . Oh-h-h, boy! He's stopped again and he's going over to them again . . . They're looking at me—they're saying something about some kind of test.

Betty sobbed frantically and shouted at them: "I don't want any more tests! Get this thing out of me!"

He's coming over and he looks—he looks different. He is starting to take the thing out. Oh-h-h-h-h . . . Ah-h-h-h . . . [*Sigh*] "Thank you."

Betty thanked the alien for easing her pain by laying his hand on her head.

Oh-h-h. He's going back over, and he's talking with them about something . . . They look a little bit concerned, as if they are trying to talk him into something. [*Shouts*] "I don't want any more tests!" He's coming over, and he told me I'll be all right. He is waving his hand over me. He said, "These things won't hurt you. Just lie very still—very still."

Later at the debriefing, we asked Betty about the entities' reaction to this part of the examination.

RAYMOND FOWLER You said Quazgaa looked *different* when he took the needle out of your navel. How was he different?

BETTY He looked—uh, I don't know. His face didn't appear different, but it was something he sent off that appeared as if he was worried.

FRED YOUNGREN How did he look worried? What change did you see that told you that?

BETTY I didn't see it. I don't think I saw it in the facial features. It must have been a vibration or—a sensing something.

FRED YOUNGREN You mentioned also at one time that they looked a little bit concerned. That's sort of the same question.

BETTY But their faces didn't change. You could just somehow tell.

FRED YOUNGREN You're sensing it, that's what you're saying? You sensed it?

BETTY It must be that I'm sensing it . . . It's not registering on their faces.

FRED YOUNGREN Okay, now, are you sensing more than Quazgaa? Are you sensing the others or only him?

BETTY No, only Quazgaa. The others wanted to run more tests.

FRED YOUNGREN No, but I'm saying, do you receive senses from *all* the beings?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you separate which one you are getting the sense from?

BETTY No, I can't separate. They all look alike, except that Quazgaa is bigger. And I wouldn't be able to tell [*distinguish*] Quazgaa either if he wasn't among the others and a little taller.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How did you know that the others wanted to run more tests?

BETTY Because they were speaking to him and—uh, he was objecting. I know he was objecting, and I know that they wanted to do some other things.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You could *hear* a conversation between them? Or *sense* a communication between them?

BETTY I don't know. There was something there that I *knew*.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You knew they were communicating, but you don't know how. You say they were talking to each other?

BETTY They were talking to each other. They were talking about the—what was being done, and what they wanted to do. And I don't know the tests that they wanted to do, but I knew they wanted to do other tests.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Could you understand the thoughts they were *talking* to each other?

BETTY I may have, but I don't know right now.

She found it hard to explain how the aliens had communicated with her. It seemed as if she heard their voices in her mind.

Betty's eyes darted back and forth. She was puzzled. The entities were just standing there. Nothing seemed to be happening, and yet intuitively she felt that something *was* happening. Then her eyes caught a movement from above, and she stiffened. She saw some kind of mechanism emerge from the center of the domed ceiling and slowly descend toward her paralyzed body (see Figure 23).

... Something up in the center of the ceiling—coming down! It's like a big *eye* of some kind . . . I don't know, maybe like a lens. I don't know what it is . . . And it's moving down, all the way down—by my stomach! And they are bringing it real close!

Betty was visibly panic-stricken.

I hope that thing doesn't hurt! . . . Oh, don't let it hurt . . . [Long pause] It doesn't hurt, at least. [Pause] They are raising it up again . . . And they are bringing it all the way up now.

Later, the debriefing questions turned to the lenslike device that had been lowered over her body.

RAYMOND FOWLER This big *eye* that came down from the ceiling—was it attached to something?

BETTY I don't know. I couldn't see past that.

RAYMOND FOWLER All you could see was just the thing coming down?

BETTY It was attached to the ceiling, yes.

RAYMOND FOWLER What did it look like it was made of? Compare it with something that you're familiar with.

BETTY Plastic and glass.

RAYMOND FOWLER What shape was it?

BETTY It was shaped like an eye—you know, an oval eye. But the round center piece was like a lens. I'll have to draw it. [See Figure 23].

"See?" Quazgaa said, after the lens retracted. "That didn't hurt, did it?"

"No, but the other things did."

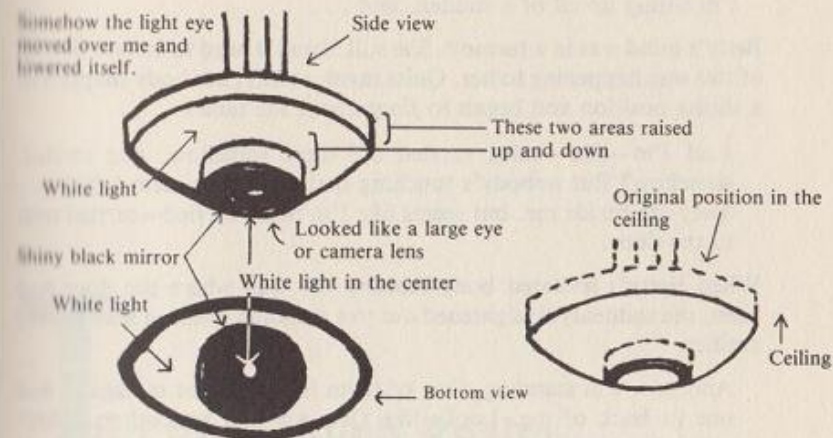


Figure 23. The light over the examining table (June 19)

"I'm very sorry," he answered. "It needed to be done."

"How much longer am I going to have to lie here?"

"Possibly a few more moments." Quazgaa assured her. "Just please relax."

And he waved his hand over me again . . . He's going over, and they're looking at something over there. I can see—one, two, three, four of them. Their heads are looking down at something—must be studying something over there.

"Oh-h-h, how long am I going to have to stay here?" Betty groaned. Quazgaa looked back at her and told her "We will be just a moment."

After a few minutes, Quazgaa and his three smaller companions came over to the examining table and stood beside Betty. Quazgaa raised his hands.

And somehow, he's waving his hands over—my hands.

"When Quazgaa waved his hand over you, I later asked Betty, 'how did you feel?' He did this several times.

BETTY He did this several times. I felt more relaxed. My hands feel better. And my legs and my feet—he's waving over those. And I'm sitting up all of a sudden, and . . .

Betty's mind was in a turmoil. She still found it hard to believe that all of this was happening to her. Quite involuntarily, her body snapped to a sitting position and began to *float* above the table!

And I'm—like—being carried off there somehow, and carried, somehow? But nobody's touching me! It doesn't seem [*sigh*] . . . They are beside me, but seems like I'm being carried—carried over to the door.

When Betty's levitated body reached the wall where the door had been, she suddenly straightened out to a standing position between the entities.

And now I'm standing. One of them is in front of me again, and one in back of me. Looks like Quazgaa and two others. Three others [are] somewhere over to the side there. And the one in front of me is telling me to please follow him.

Betty left the examination area with two of the entities. Quazgaa and several companions remained behind as the door flashed open and closed.

And we are going out the door, and we're in that same room. "What is that?" I can see something more now at that *hatch*. It comes out now, and there's like a honeycomb or something—I don't know what it is. I'm following them, and there's that place where I was under the light [i.e., the Cleansing Device]. They brought me back to that room where the pyramid thing points out.

Betty was returned to the dressing room.

And the door whooshes open. He gestures again for me to get dressed, and it's kind of dim in there. And I'm reaching down and picking up my clothes and my underthings—slipping my arms out and trying to get into my underthings. "*Oh, what is this all about, Jesus?*"

CHAPTER FIVE

Trip to an Alien Realm

Betty hastily slipped into her own clothes. She felt secure in them. They provided a link with things familiar—home, family, and friends.

I'm getting dressed, and I put the garment down on the floor. And the garment seems to—sort of stick somehow to the stuff there . . . stick, although it didn't feel sticky on me, but it seems like it sticks there. I'm still trying to get dressed. I wonder what they are going to put me through next.

Betty finished dressing and shouted to her captors, "I'm ready! I'm ready!"

The door whooshed open and there they were. Again the two gnomelike beings asked her to follow them. Somehow she was automatically drawn between them, and they glided forward effortlessly. Betty found herself reentering the room where the elevator tube had terminated.

The trio glided toward a wall. A door flashed open and they entered an enclosed corridor that reminded Betty of a subway tunnel. It was at

this point that she noticed they were floating above something like a track!

We are going through—like an underground corridor, all hollow—into another opening where it is light. And it's like a track we're going on, like a track. We are still walking, gliding—or something. My head feels so heavy. It feels so heavy. I can hardly hold it up.

We later asked Betty if she thought she had left the craft, since the area that she had been describing seemed too vast to have been within the UFO.

BETTY No, it doesn't seem as if I'm in the craft.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How did you get out of the craft?

BETTY It was through that long black tunnel.

RAYMOND FOWLER When you were going along this tunnel, were you walking with your feet?

BETTY No. We were just skimming on this black thing.

RAYMOND FOWLER On it or above it?

BETTY Just a little above it. We were skimming on this black thing. I'm just following that other one and the other one is in back of me.

RAYMOND FOWLER That black thing. You said was like a track?

BETTY Yeah, it's like a track. It wasn't like we know a track.

RAYMOND FOWLER How wide was it?

BETTY About as wide as your book, right there.

I glanced down at my hard-covered clipboard. It was only nine inches wide.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO It wasn't any wider than that?

BETTY No, it was narrow.

RAYMOND FOWLER Was it metal, or could you tell what it was made out of? Was it just one, or two, or three?

BETTY No. Again, to me—well, it was like . . . plastic maybe.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You must have been curious about where you were going. Did you ask them where you were going?

BETTY [Softly] I must have asked them.

Soon Betty saw light in front of her:

. . . There is more light, and it is bright—now we're in there.

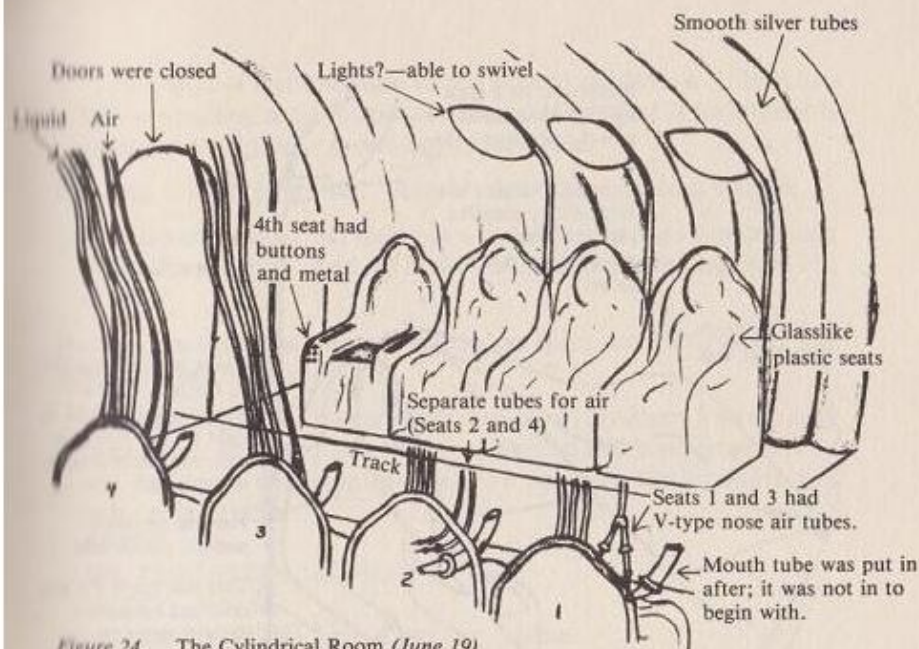


Figure 24. The Cylindrical Room (June 19)

The three emerged into a curiously shaped compartment like a half cylinder or Quonset hut. Four glasslike chairs lined each side of the room. The escalatorlike track ran between the peculiar chairs (see Figure 24).

And there're—there're some, like uh, glass? . . . uh . . . plastic? Clear plastic seats on the side. And there're lights that come up. And there's—one, and two, and three, and the fourth one looks different. They're on two sides, and there's something in the middle and it encloses somehow with glass. The glass things are upward, or held up somehow.

The alien beings brought Betty to sit in one of the strange chairs.

They said, "Would you please be seated?"

"What is this going to do?" Betty asked.

"Please be seated," he said. "We will not harm you."

Betty felt somehow under their control. Their polite requests created an illusion of free will, but in reality, she found that her choice always corresponded with their wishes. Her willpower seemed mesmerized by powerful influences beyond her ken. As she sat down, a transparent enclosure came down around her (see Figure 25).

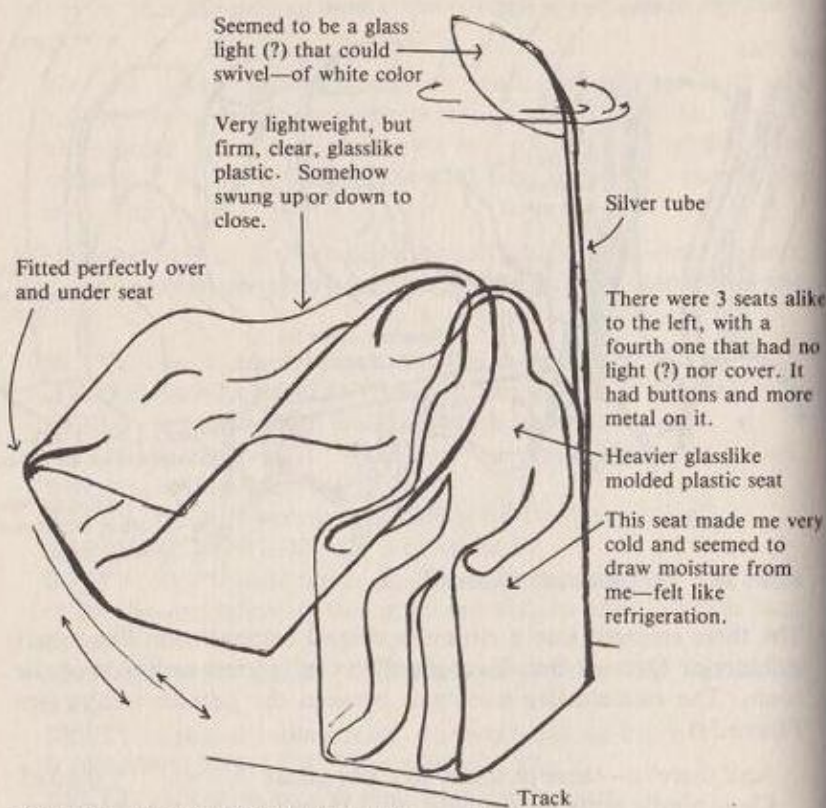


Figure 25. The "Cold" Chair (June 19)

I sat down in this thing and they put this glass around me, whatever—plastic? Clear plastic or clear glass.

"You said the chair was glass or plastic," Joseph Santangelo later asked her. "You sat in the chair. Did you touch it? Did you feel it with your hands?"

BETTY Yeah, I was sitting in it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO There's a difference in feeling between glass and plastic.

BETTY I think it was plastic.

Now Betty became panicky:

I hope I can breathe in here! [Pause] There seems to be air. I feel so

... [sigh] ... I feel I'm going to be knocked out from it. It feels like they are putting something cold in there. [Sigh] Oh! It feels like it is getting colder! [Deep breathing] It feels cold.

Her deep breaths continued. Betty's voice weakened to a whisper.

It feels very cold ... It feels like—feels like moisture is even being drawn from me ... And it's cold. The moisture is coming right out of me.

Her last sentence was extremely weak, as if she were enervated. The hypnotist reacted quickly.

DR. EDELSTEIN You are only there as an *observer*. You are only there as an *observer*. You will now start to feel comfortable. You will feel very, very comfortable. Are you now feeling more and more comfortable?

BETTY Yes.

DR. EDELSTEIN Are you?

BETTY A little.

DR. EDELSTEIN Fine. Continue, please.

BETTY Uh [weakly], they have me in this thing. It's a glass thing. Clear plastic, or something. And [sigh] my legs feel funny from it.

Betty felt trapped, caged, and to those of us gathered around her in the office, the anxiety in her voice was distressing. Again, the hypnotist brought her relief.

DR. EDELSTEIN Betty! I want you to relax for a few moments. Just relax. Make yourself very comfortable.

Her tense body relaxed and slumped back into the comfortable contours of the reclining chair. It was a convenient time to change recording tapes. After a few minutes, she was allowed to continue the bizarre escapade. Unfortunately, even stranger things awaited Betty and her listeners.

DR. EDELSTEIN Please continue where you left off.

BETTY I'm in that glass thing—that encasing chair. I'm cold. And I've been in there a long time ... And the door [i.e., the covering] is starting to open. The other half of it is opening. And [sigh] the—uh, they've come for me again.

The entities beckoned to Betty, and in a sitting position, she floated to another of the odd-looking chairs.

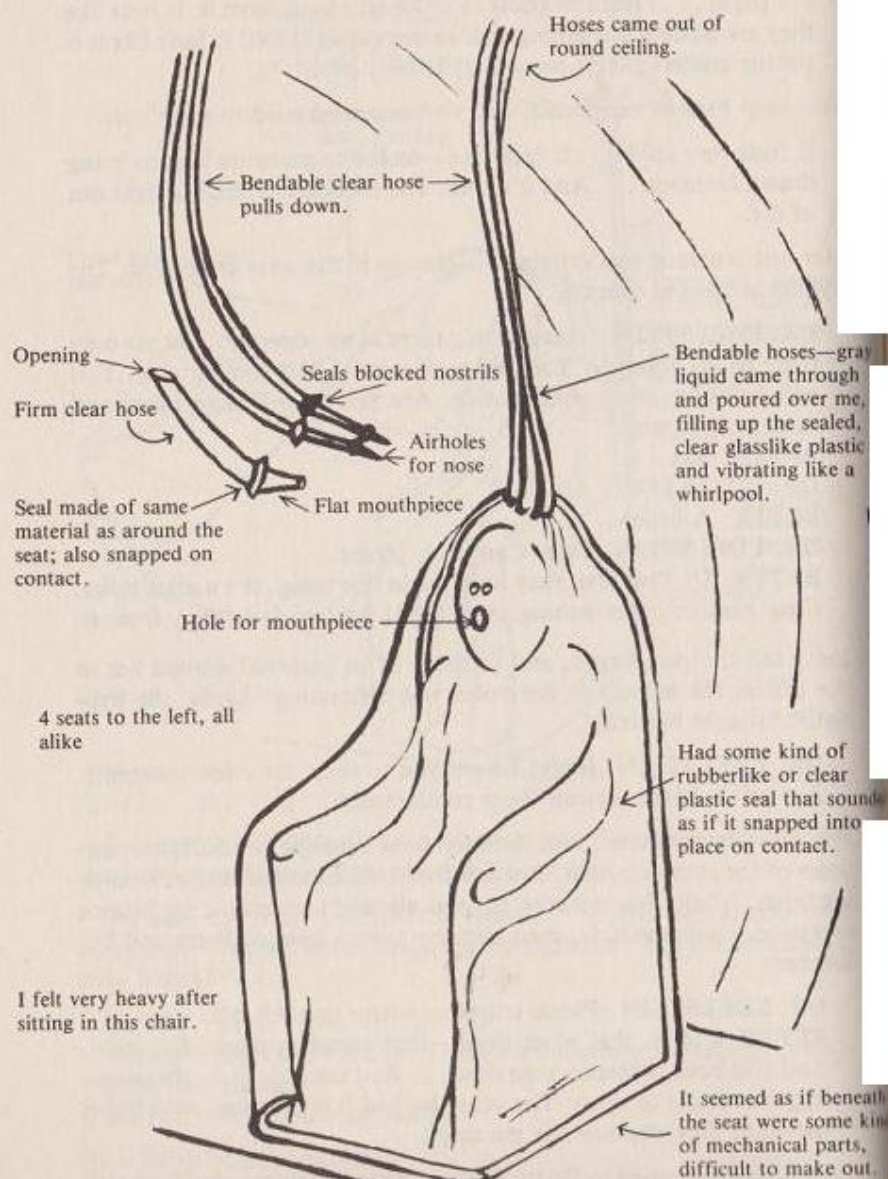


Figure 26. The "Immersion" Chair (June 19)

And somehow the chamber is sort of weightless, because they just beckon me and I'm lifting up! I'm sort of in a sitting-down position, but I'm lifting up. And they're directing me over to the other side, where there're chairs similar to this. And I'm sitting down again.

Terror filled Betty's heart when she was told that she was to be immersed in a liquid. The entities assured her that provision would be made to prevent her from drowning.

They're telling me that there're three tubes . . . that they are going to put liquid in here with me in it!

Betty became hysterical. "I'll drown if you do that!"

"No, you won't drown," they said. "We've provided something for you. It is a tube—three tubes. Just keep your eyes closed, and you will be fine."

A translucent canopy enshrouded Betty's body. Self-sealing tubes were connected to her mouth and nose (see Figure 26).

They are closing that and sealing it. And they've got a tube, they are inserting into my mouth and two tubes for my nostrils. [Softly] "Oh, my God!" And that tube goes down, into my mouth, into my nostrils, and somehow it's sealed.

Later, I asked Betty if she could feel air coming down those tubes into her mouth or nostrils, or both.

BETTY Yeah, I could feel air coming out, yeah. Just as if I was living under water. You know, drawing air in and out.

Betty cringed as liquid of a grayish color flowed onto her head and down the sides of her cheeks. She closed her eyes and grimaced as the trickle became a constant flow of inrushing liquid.

They're letting some gray liquid pour down on my head and into that place. And it's—uh, I've got to remember to keep my eyes closed! He said to keep my eyes closed.

Betty softly repeated the telepathic instructions being sent from the alien creatures: "Don't be afraid. Keep your eyes closed. Don't be afraid . . ." That liquid is filling up—and it's filling up fast . . . Keep my eyes closed."

As the watery substance filled the chairlike enclosure, Betty felt soothing vibrations pulse rhythmically through her submerged body.

Oh-h-h-h, it's soothing—it's relaxing . . . Oh-h-h-h, feels good . . . Ah-h-h, feels good. Oh, it feels so good! It's like a whirlpool—vibrating around. And I can breathe all right, 'cause I'm breathing through my mouth and through my nose through those tubes.

The tranquilizing oscillations continued. The feeling of heaviness that had attended Betty from the onset of her experience dissipated. She became one with—in perfect resonance with—the undulating fluid. Suddenly, Betty started as a telepathic voice interrupted her reverie.

"Yes?" They're calling me and telling me that they are going to give me something to drink, and for me to swallow it.

Now Betty became visibly upset.

"What is it? What is it?" . . . They said not to be alarmed. It is something I must go through and take. "What is it?"

Betty waited expectantly. Soon, she felt a thick syrup seeping into her mouth through the connecting tube.

It is a—about a spoonful or so they are giving me through the tube, and it tastes sweet. Tastes good. Oh! This feels good! Oh, so relaxing. [Sigh] And it tastes . . . tasted good. It was sweet and thick, sort of like a cough syrup. And I'm just in here and that vibration is going around and around, and it feels good on me. I feel very relaxed—just like a whirlpool.

"Did they give you this water—syrup—through the tube?" Fred Youngren later asked her.

BETTY They gave it through the tube.

Betty felt as if she had been transported somewhere during her immersion in the enclosed chair. She later speculated that the strange tanklike apparatus somehow shielded her body from harmful effects while en route. Her intuition was well founded: it would appear that the strange craft *did* carry Betty somewhere. The events that followed indicated that it again landed and linked itself to the entrance of an alien realm.

Finally, the vibrations ceased. The gray fluid drained from the enclosure, and it opened again.

It's stopping—it's stopping now, and starting to drain. And I can't seem to open my eyes yet. I can feel it draining. And now the

heaviness is coming back. My hands, and my arms, and my legs, and my feet feel heavy again.

Somehow, the entities had control of Betty's eye movement. They had taken safety precautions to assure that Betty would keep her eyelids closed during her immersion. Soon her eyes blinked open, and Betty was startled to see that each creature had a black hood over his head (see Figure 27).

They are coming in again. This time they've got something dark over their faces, both of them—two of them. "My head hurts." . . . They've got something dark over their faces like a—sort of like a hood, but not a point to it. It is just—over both of their faces.

"The black things that were over their heads," Joseph Santangelo reminded her. "Was it like a device that would allow them—a life support system? So they could survive?"

BETTY It didn't seem that way. It just seemed like a black hood over them—clothes, like a concealment.

One of the entities stepped forward and touched something on the chair.

The one in front leaned over a little and touched something on the seat there . . . I don't know if it was a button or something.

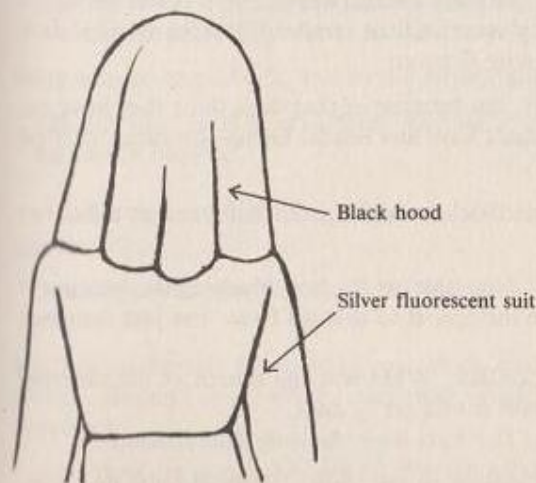


Figure 27. (June 26)

Immediately Betty's hands and arms felt lighter.

I'm beginning to feel lighter in the hands and the arms. But my right leg and my feet are so heavy still.

"Follow us, please," they said. Betty struggled to get up out of the chair. Suddenly she again found some force pulling her between them.

I later asked if she was wet when she came out of this immersion chair.

BETTY Yes, I was.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How did your clothes dry?

BETTY I don't know.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO They weren't clinging to you?

BETTY Yes, they were clinging.

In moments, the trio were again floating above the black track. Betty sighed unhappily. They were moving in the *opposite* direction from which they had entered the half-cylindrical room. As they reached the other end of the chamber, a door flashed open. It opened into a tunnel.

And we are—going through a tunnel. Looks like a dark tunnel. They have hoods over their heads. And it's a very dark tunnel.

During debriefing, Betty later described gliding along within the darkened tunnel: "Oh, it wasn't a huge, huge tunnel. It was about the height of this room, maybe even a little smaller." But the entities' dark hoods caused a frightening illusion:

Their suits look shiny, but because of that dark thing they have on, they look like they don't have any heads. Look—headless. [*Softly*] "I wanna go back!"

"Can you describe those black hoods?" Jules Vaillancourt asked her later.

BETTY Just black. No shine to it. Just black cloth, because it blended right in with the tunnel so that all I saw was just the silver shining suits.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What was the source of illumination in the tunnel? You said it was really dark.

BETTY Their suits. The suits were the only illumination.

The aliens' silver suits glowed in the dark, barely illuminating their way. But the soft glow lighted the tunnel enough for Betty to see that it had been chipped out of stone:

I can see things that are chopped out. Oh, my head feels so heavy. I'm still going in that tunnel. I'm just going with them.

Later, Jules Vaillancourt prompted her:

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did it seem like a tube, like the inside of a garden hose, or did it seem chipped like a coal tunnel?

BETTY Chipped, like a coal tunnel.

At times they passed openings from intersecting tunnels.

JULES VAILLANCOURT How could you tell? It was so dark.

BETTY Because of their suits. The illumination came from those suits, and we would pass other tunnels, openings. I could tell that there were other tunnels there. As we would pass, I would see, like, a darker hole.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did they seem . . . Of course, you wouldn't be able to tell how far the tunnels went in. As you went along, could you feel any temperature change?

BETTY No, it just was regular coolness, going through.

JULES VAILLANCOURT How fast was the speed? Could you see any traffic? Any signs of any other beings?

BETTY No.

RAYMOND FOWLER You never touched the track? You were always above the track?

BETTY No, I couldn't touch anything with my hands or my legs and feet because they were too—uh, heavy, or something.

Betty wanted to go back, but found herself completely helpless.

Oh, my head feels heavy. [*Sigh*] And we're going, now we're going upward a little bit.

Abruptly, the track slanted upward. Ahead loomed a shiny, mirrorlike obstruction.

And we are coming to some kind of a glass—mirror, or glass. [*See Figure 28*]

She braced herself for a collision, which never occurred. The trio passed through the silvery material without encountering any resistance.

And they are going *through* it! *We* are going through it—through that mirror!

Betty squinted her eyes as they passed out of the tunnel into a place

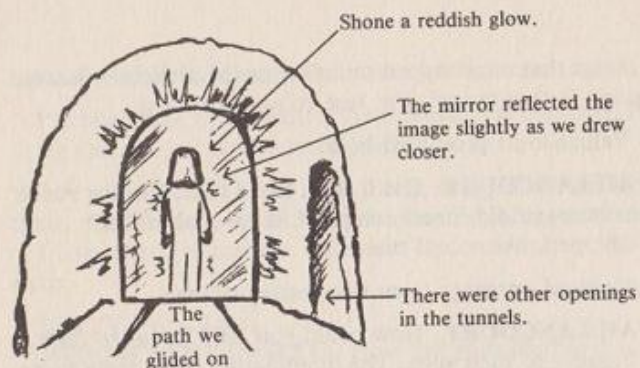


Figure 28. The Tunnel (June 26)

where the atmosphere was a *vibrating* red color. "The red looked like infrared light," she later explained. "It vibrated. It was like vibration through the air." The entities' silver suits reflected the shimmering color of this new environment.

I'm in a place where it's all red. The atmosphere is all red, vibrating red . . . And their suits look red. Only their head-thing looks blackish red.

Later, during debriefing, Joseph Santangelo reminded her, "You said you saw red. Was that the horizon?"

BETTY That was after we came out of the dark tunnel. It was red all over.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Below you? Above you? In front of you? Behind you?

BETTY Yeah, everything was red, except for the track that we were on. It was a dark color, like a black, but with the red hitting against it.

The black track stretched on ahead, between two square buildings with windowlike openings.

We are going in this place, and there are buildings—square buildings with openings.

"Could you see the structure of the buildings?" Jules Vaillancourt later asked her. "Are they similar to ours?"

BETTY They seemed as if they're stucco or cement.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Was it like a landscape, a—

BETTY In the red part, there wasn't. There wasn't any vegetable life.

DR. EDELSTEIN Was there any foliage in the red portion?

BETTY Nothing.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You were like in a red cloud?

BETTY No, it was—uh, there was land and there were buildings, but there was no vegetable life. Just land, and buildings . . .

Evidently, the scene was distant and none too distinct:

All you can do is make out the forms of things. And now we are passing—oh, boy, we are coming to where there's some beings!

Betty gaped in horror at what she saw crawling on the buildings (see Figure 29).

And these beings are—got two eyeballs . . . and there're loads of them. Oh, they're scary! And they've skinny arms and legs and kind

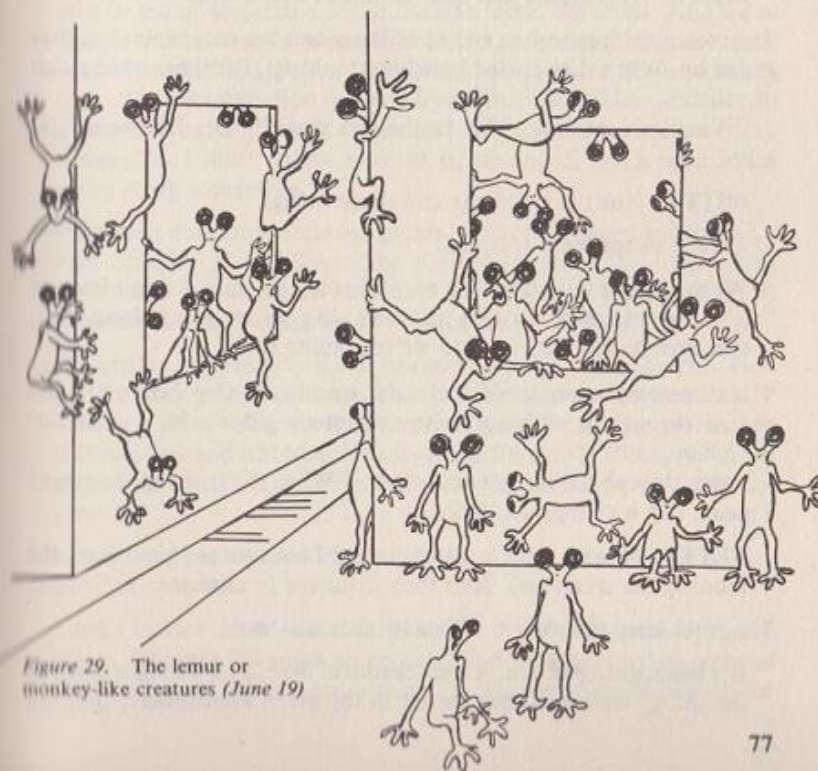


Figure 29. The lemur or monkey-like creatures (June 19)

of a full body. And their eyes can move every which way, and they can climb just like monkeys. They can climb up quickly and swiftly and down and around and in and out of windows. They are all over the place!

The weird creatures were headless. They had two large eyes located on the tips of stalks that emanated from the top of their bodies, and the stalks moved independently of each other.

Betty became very agitated as they passed by the frightful animals. "Who are these? Who are these?" she cried. The entities wouldn't tell her.

But they are all around us, everywhere! They are all around and they keep looking at us.

"Was there animosity between the beings and these lemur [monkey] types?" Dr. Edelstein later asked her.

BETTY The beings just had the hoods over them.

The creatures' huge eyes gawked at Betty and her companions as they glided by. When they passed by without mishap, Betty breathed a sigh of relief.

"Was there anything else in the red place?" Dr. Edelstein later asked.

BETTY Just the buildings and those beings.

The track swept them forward:

We are in this red place. We are still going on this—I don't know if it's an escalator or what. It just seems like we are going along—further and further on . . . and we're coming to . . .

The threesome approached a circular membrane (see Figure 30) and passed through it without resistance into a place with a *green* atmosphere.

Later, Joseph Santangelo asked her, "When did it change to green? I mean, did it change suddenly, or . . ."

BETTY No, we went a distance, and I seen those *things* [i.e., the monkeylike creatures]. And then it started to change.

The track curved upward. This new area was vast.

It's beautiful here. Oh, it's so beautiful here, and we are still along the thing. And now that we are in the green atmosphere, they are

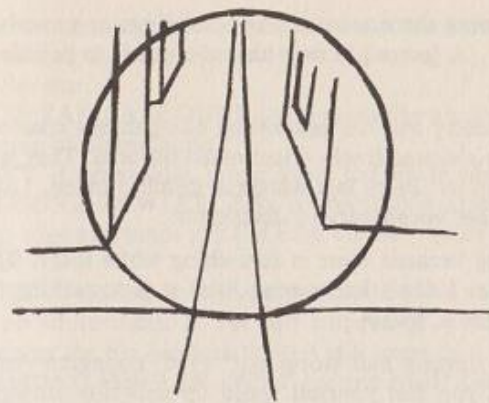


Figure 30. The circular entrance between the red and green atmospheres (June 26)

taking off those black hoods. And . . . going along and it seems like mist or sea or something off to the side there. Beautiful. And we're like on a narrow, narrow passage of land and we're gliding across it. And off to the side, I see—I don't know if they are fish or what. It looks like a combination fish and bird. And it seems like it's haze all over, and fog, and yet it's light so I can see it. And we are going someplace. I don't know where it is, up ahead, but it seems that we're going someplace.

Betty peered down upon strange plants, mist-enshrouded water, and a distant complex of buildings. The sheer vastness of this alien realm overwhelmed her senses. Where was she? What place was this? It reminded her of some legendary underground kingdom.

It's getting brighter green and beautiful. Oh, it's so beautiful. That one in front of me told me, "See, I told you not to be afraid." There's a lot of different stuff I'm seeing, but I can't describe it. It's just unusual and different. Plants are different. It's like, uh—long stems that come out in loops and the *different* colors. But they are green!

Betty sounded puzzled and frustrated at not being able to describe verbally what she saw.

I don't know how that can be, unless I'm just *feeling* or *thinking* the colors. Because it's green all around, and yet I can see the color in it. It's all green . . . We are coming . . . [pause] Must be to a city or

something, because there seems to be—buildings or something up ahead. It's just . . . [pause] I don't have the words to be able to explain it.

All of a sudden, Betty and her bracketing companions coasted to a halt. Other similar elevated tracks crisscrossed the area. They stopped to let something go by. Betty just watched, dumbfounded. Later she found nothing in her vocabulary to describe it:

We are stopping because there is something white there. There is something white. I don't know what it is! It is something like—I can't ever explain it. [Sigh]

"You mentioned starting and stopping," Fred Youngren reminded her later. "Could you feel yourself speed up and slow down? You know how in a car or train you can feel acceleration? Could you feel that?"

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Yes, but when you stopped, could you feel yourself being thrown forward? And when they started up, could you feel yourself being thrown backward?

BETTY No, there was no thrust. We just stopped—slowly stopped, and that was it. There was no—you know, fast stop.

FRED YOUNGREN Very smooth?

BETTY Yeah.

Their stop was brief, and soon they were on the move again. Betty was fascinated as she gazed down upon a building that reminded her of a pyramid. To its apex a sculptured head was affixed.

I'm seeing a pyramid. But this pyramid is a different kind of a pyramid—it has one big flat side and the others indent, sort of. We are going over it, high in the sky.

In a later debriefing, Jules Vaillancourt elicited from her a more complete description.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Getting back to those pyramids you mentioned—

BETTY One pyramid. With a white edge.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Where was the white edge? Was it on all three edges?

BETTY It was like a—okay, let's see if I can explain this. You take a star. You know, if you had a regular star, like this, right? Well, it

had the edges, which were just like a star but it was cut off right in the middle, the center, so it was straight across. And then you just had the star.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You mean like a painted white edge or a source of illumination?

BETTY It was white, going down the whole edge.

RAYMOND FOWLER Like if you took a knife and cut off the sharp edge and made it a flat edge all the way down and painted it white?

BETTY Yes, and then there was the head on the very top. There was no white there. It was just stopped at a certain section, and there was the big head on top—it still came to a point.

RAYMOND FOWLER What was the head? Could you see?

BETTY It looked sort of like an Egyptian head, and it had like a—you know, how they wear those hats? It was just a regular head. It wasn't fat like the Sphinx—the Sphinx has a big fat face. This had full cheeks, but it looked sort of feminine, yet male.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Do you think that you could draw a sketch of it now?

BETTY Not up close. I couldn't see the features that good. I could try. I'll attempt it, to get it down, but it was feminine-male. It was a combination of the two. [See Figure 31]

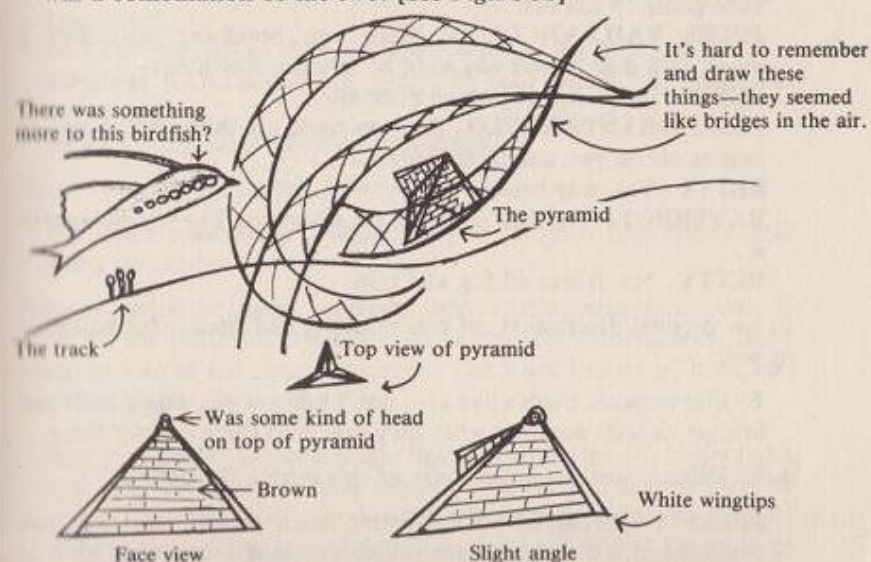


Figure 31. Betty's view of the Green Realm (June 19)

I later asked Betty for some clarification on one point.

RAYMOND FOWLER You say you were flying *over* this pyramid. What were you in? You said you were looking down. Have you been up in an airplane before? Was it like being up in an airplane?

BETTY It wasn't. No. That *thing* just went up into the air, and we just were going over it and able to look down.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO This *thing* that you were talking about. Was it like a bus?

BETTY No . . . We're just standing up, that's all. It's just on this thing that we're standing on as we're going along.

(Betty was talking about the same black track that transported them through the tunnel.)

JOSEPH SANTANGELO And whatever that is, does it have any constraints? It just seems like you are out in the open, but that *track* is what is guiding you?

BETTY That's right.

RAYMOND FOWLER Did you feel dizzy? Like you were going to fall off this thing at any time?

BETTY I felt dizzy a couple of times, yes, but I didn't feel as if I were going to fall off.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Were you breathing normally? I mean, you didn't have any kind of tubes or anything?

BETTY No, I was breathing normally.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO But you could see things below you as well as above you and to the side?

BETTY Yes, way below.

RAYMOND FOWLER Did you see a horizon, like you were up in a . . .

BETTY No, it was all fog and mist.

In her original description, of course, Betty had cited other buildings as well:

By that pyramid there's like a—I don't know if you would call them bridges or walkways, or what they are. And there's water there.

Jules Vaillancourt reminded Betty of this during debriefing:

JULES VAILLANCOURT Getting back to the city that you could see at a distance. Were you close enough to see any kind of

beings? Any movement? How did you know it was a city?

BETTY It was definitely a city.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Were there high buildings?

BETTY There were, but they were so—they looked like, you know, a lot like science fiction. Big cities with all these different bridges all around . . .

JULES VAILLANCOURT Could you see activity?

BETTY No, I don't remember seeing activity. It was too far away. That was way over to the side there, way over to the side. The pyramid was closer than that. The city was way over to the side. There was a horizon because that was on the horizon and the sky was in back of it, the green sky.

FRED YOUNGREN Was there anything up in the sky? A sun?

BETTY No.

DR. EDELSTEIN Was it artificially lit?

BETTY No.

DR. EDELSTEIN Was there a dome?

BETTY Yes, there were domes.

DR. EDELSTEIN Was there a large dome that contained this whole area that you were in?

BETTY No, there were many domes.

RAYMOND FOWLER Where did you see these domes? Overhead?

BETTY No, off to the side. There were domes *in* the city.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Betty, if you looked up, what was overhead?

BETTY Just endlessness of that green.

Betty's journey continued, however:

"Where are we going?" My head is so heavy. It feels funny. Still going up, and up—

Directly ahead of them, a bright light source came into view. It reflected off beautiful crystalline structures like giant prisms. Betty gazed in awe at the changing colors. The stark beauty of it all was frightening (see *Figure 32*).

And I'm coming before a bright light—crystals, bright, bright light, and clear crystals that have rainbows all in it. It is all crystal all around—all forms of crystal. I don't know what it is. I'm afraid! I want to go back! And the bright light up ahead. [*Sigh*] I want to go

There were crystals that hung in the air. A rainbow reflected on them. We passed through them somehow. There were many more and different sizes and shapes than I have drawn. Perhaps the light in back of them was causing the crystals to sparkle in different colors.

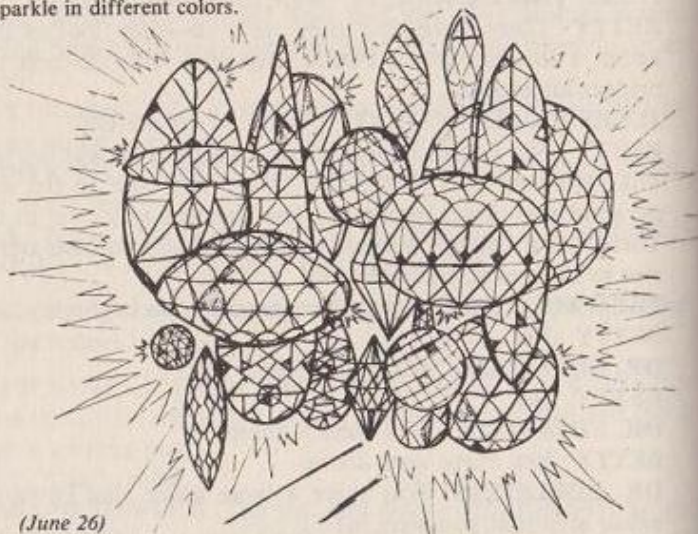


Figure 32. (June 26)

back. [Sigh] They are taking me through these crystals. That bright light is up ahead . . . Oh-h-h-h-h, that bright light. We are stopping and the two are getting off the thing. And I'm just there, before the light.

A vague form in front of the light slowly became more distinct. Astonished, Betty observed a huge bird standing directly in front of the dazzling light source. It was too big to be real, and yet it looked as if it were alive.

I'm seeing something like a large bird—huge, huge bird. It is standing with its wings and the light in back of it.

As they approached the birdlike apparition, the temperature became unbearably hot!

Whew! It is hot. I'm so hot. [Panting] I'm so hot. I feel like I'm burning, I'm so hot!

In the chair, Betty's body began to writhe in agony. The hypnotist immediately came to her rescue:

Just relax. I'm bringing you back to the present time, but this thought will remain in your mind where you have left off. And the

next time that we conduct this, you will go to this state of mind.

Betty was allowed to recuperate. While she rested, we investigators hurriedly scanned our notes to frame questions for the debriefing period that began shortly thereafter:

FRED YOUNGREN Do you think that the ship was somehow connected to those places—through some other dimension, or something like that? I'm putting words in your mouth.

BETTY I think I went for a trip.

FRED YOUNGREN In the ship, do you think?

BETTY In the ship. I think I was kept in those glass chairs while we were going.

FRED YOUNGREN Okay, that's when you think the trip occurred?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you think the glass chairs were in the ship?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Okay, and that's when you think the voyage occurred. And then, when you reached the destination, you connected with this red and green place?

BETTY Yeah. When we reached the destination, we went through the black tunnel.

FRED YOUNGREN Still in the ship?

BETTY No, outside of the ship. There were . . . black tunnels.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did they seem very long?

BETTY Yes, they seemed long.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you have anything over you at that time? Your head felt heavy.

BETTY It felt like pressure or something on my head. My head was hurting and heavy from it, whatever it was. Even now, my head feels heavy from it.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Is this when the pear-head beings had the hoods on? And you didn't?

BETTY Yes, they had those black hoods. I didn't.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Betty, when you said they put the—something dark over their heads—was that—do you think that was for protection?

BETTY I think so. That red, to me, that red seemed—they seemed worried about the red atmosphere. Because when they got into the green, they took those hoods off their heads.

RAYMOND FOWLER What did they do with the hoods when they took them off?

BETTY We were out of the red atmosphere, and I don't know if they laid them to the side or if they kept them on their person.

DR. EDELSTEIN Were these, ah, lemurs—were they on one side of the red atmosphere, or were they intermingled in the same area with the beings without the hoods?

BETTY No, they were just in one area.

DR. EDELSTEIN There was nothing in the red place. The green place—was there foliage in the green place?

BETTY Yes. When we went into the green, there was vegetation. There was. I can't explain it.

I glanced at my watch. The debriefing period was about over. (Many of our debriefing questions and Betty's answers have, of course, been interpolated into the foregoing narrative.) Hastily we checked our notes for other questions that we had planned to ask Betty.

RAYMOND FOWLER You seemed to be somehow attached to the track . . . Do you think you left this earth and went to another world, or was this all someplace on this earth?

BETTY Not on top of this earth. I could have been inside the earth, but I went someplace else other than the *outside* of the earth.

FRED YOUNGREN You don't know whether it was another world then, or whether it was part of this earth?

BETTY Are you talking another dimension?

FRED YOUNGREN No. I'm saying, did you leave this earth and go through space—to another planet? Or did this all happen on this earth?

BETTY I left this earth, yes, I left this earth. I believe we were in space, and somehow I believe we were in the center of the earth. Now how can you be in both?

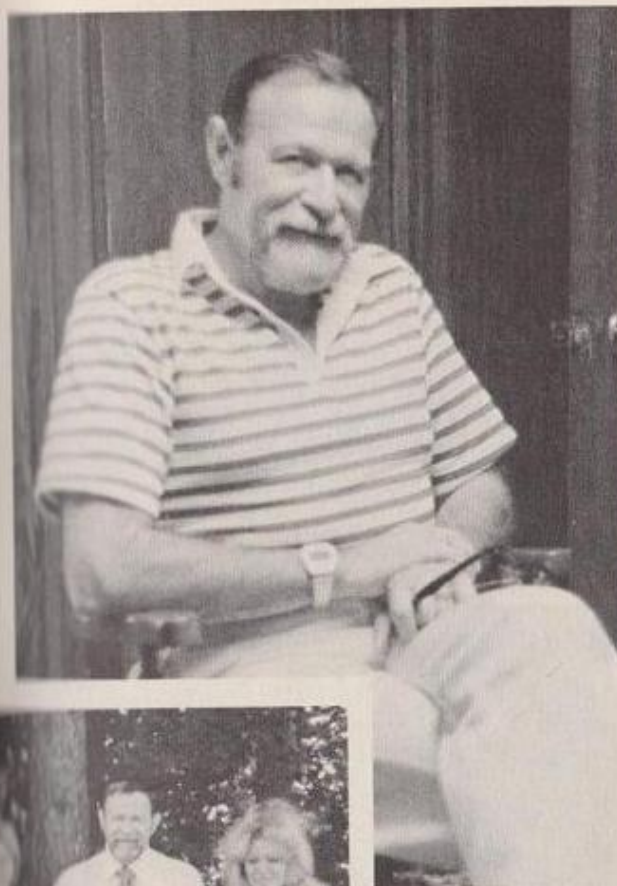
DR. EDELSTEIN It may be that this "other earth" that you went to, that the outside of it is like the shell, the housing. Everything that goes on, goes on within—like a large garage. The door opens and you can go in, and then you can leave it.

Our time was up, but many intended questions remained unanswered. We wondered about the strange bird, the dazzling light, and the heat that Betty had begun to describe in vivid terms. Could this have been real? Was she hallucinating? The answers would have to wait until the next session, scheduled for June 23, 1977.



Betty Ann Andreasson (*Fred R. Youngren*)

Becky Andreasson
(Fred R. Youngren)



Dr. Harold J. Edelstein, who
conducted the hypnosis sessions
(Fred R. Youngren)



The investigative team. *Back row*
(from left to right): David Stanton,
Raymond E. Fowler, Virginia
Neurath, Betty Andreasson,
Deborah Vaillancourt, Mary Ellen
Brady, Harold J. Edelstein, Becky
Andreasson. *Front row:* Nancy
McLaughlin, David Webb, Joseph
Santangelo, Jules Vaillancourt, Fred
R. Youngren (Fred R. Youngren)



Joseph Santangelo and Jules Vaillancourt prepare to tape-record Betty's recollections under hypnosis (Fred R. Youngren)



Joseph Santangelo activates the tape as Betty begins to relive her buried memories (Fred R. Youngren)



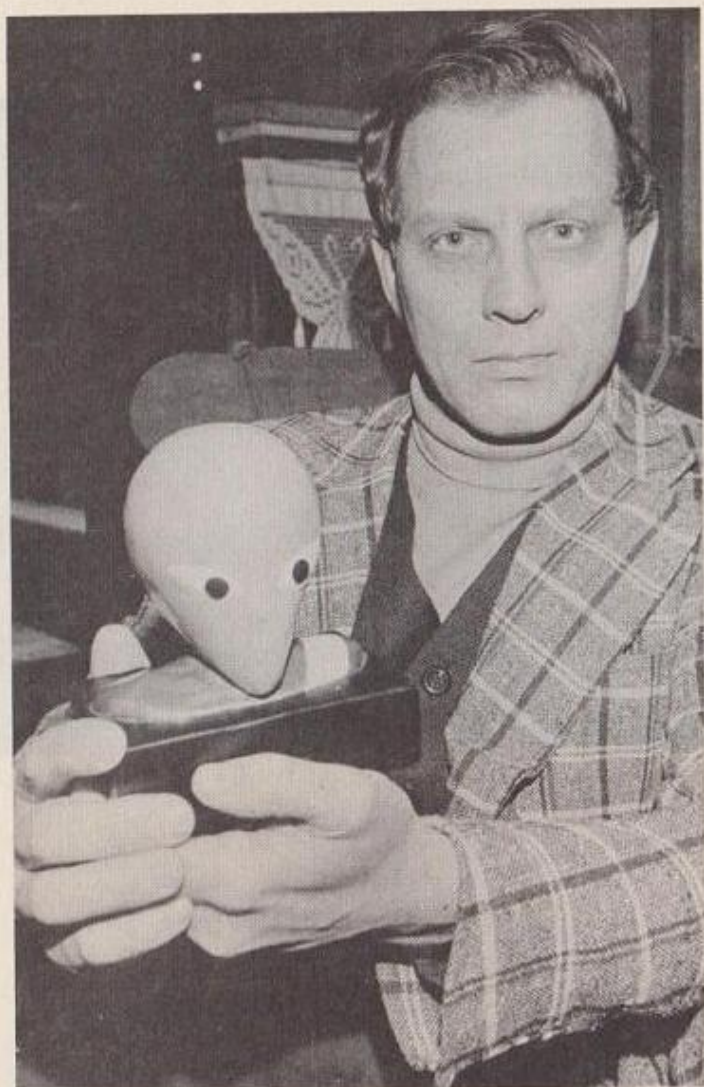
Betty's face registers the fear and discomfort she experienced during the physical examination (see Chapter Four) (Fred R. Youngren)

Still in hypnotic trance, Betty produces sketches of what she saw during her CE-III experience (Fred R. Youngren)



Based on Betty's sketches and recollections, Fred R. Youngren and his daughter Faith constructed this three-dimensional "mug-shot" bust of Quazgaa, the apparent leader of the entities who abducted Betty (*All: George J. Bethoney*)





The author, Raymond E. Fowler, with the Youngren model (*Ralph Turcotte, Beverly [Massachusetts] Times*)

CHAPTER SIX

A Vision of the Phoenix

June 23 was a Thursday. Our next hypnotic regression session was scheduled for that evening. The summer sun still shone as investigators and witnesses filed into the offices of the New England Institute of Hypnosis. We were totally unprepared for what was about to take place. Betty was about to undergo the most painful and emotional segment of her total experience. Her suffering and ecstasy would be contagious. What we were about to witness would become etched indelibly on our minds, and in some hearts.

Betty lay back in the familiar chair. In a few minutes, she was in a deep trance. I sat at her feet, clipboard in hand, as Harold gave instructions to Betty.

DR. EDELSTEIN Betty, I want you to take yourself back to just before we ended the session. Are you there? I want you to continue from that point on. Please do!

BETTY Just before we entered, or where we left off?

DR. EDELSTEIN Do you need a little refreshing? To the incidents leading up to where we left off?

BETTY Where we left off? Where I was before that bird?
DR. EDELSTEIN Okay, fine . . .

Betty began describing where she had left off at the last session. She started in the role of an observer, but quickly became an actual participant:

I'm standing before that large bird. It's very warm . . . And that bird looks like an eagle to me. And it's living! It has a white head and there is light in back of it—real white light. Very, very big. And it has brown features . . . And it's very, very hot here . . . [*Heavy breathing*] The bird is just standing there, and it looks like it is holding back the light somehow. I'm just standing in front of it, and it's so hot. The bird, the feathers are just fluffed out. The light seems so bright in back of it. It's beautiful, bright light. [See Figure 33]

Betty begins to perspire and pant:

Oh, it's just standing there, and I see gold, gold specks flying around . . . like little tiny gold specks. Oh-h-h-h-h, it's hot! [*Blows her breath out*] The specks just keep on flying around, and that bird just keeps standing there. The light just keeps sending out rays. They keep on getting bigger and bigger. The rays keep on getting bigger and bigger. Oh, the heat is so strong! Oh-h, ow-w-w-w—makes me weak.

Betty cried out for help and writhed in agony.

Oh, Lord Jesus, I'm hot. Help me. Oh-h-h-h-h. [*Heavy breathing*]
Oh-h-h-h. [*Begins to cry*] I'm so hot! Oh, oh, oh, oh-h-h-h!

At this point Betty began to scream in pain.

Take me out of it! Take me out of it! Take me out of it! Oh, oh, oh!
[*Quick breaths*] Ah, ah, ah . . . I can't feel my hands! Oh, wow, wow, wow! Oh, my hands and my legs. My feet. Oh, oh. Oh, it feels like my hands are just vibrating so much and my feet are just vibrating like—oh, oh.

Suddenly Betty's body relaxed and she quieted down. It had all happened so fast that no one had time to react. We had become riveted to our seats with surprise.

Oh, I'm beginning to cool off a little. Ah, ah. Oh, my hands. Oh, my hands hurt.



I stood about this tall before it.

Figure 33. The Great Bird (June 21)

It looked like a 15-foot eagle, but its neck was longer. It spread its wings, shielding the light behind it.

Her voice took on a puzzled tone at this point.

There's a fire in front of me. A little fire, or something burning. I don't know what it is. It's just a little thing burning. My hands feel . . . They hurt so much! They just keep on vibrating as if they feel like fire or something, as if I—oh, they hurt. [*Heavy breathing*]

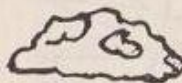
Betty's voice was filled with wonder. For her, the blinding light had



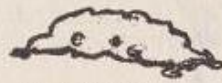
1. Fire and ??



2. Fire burning down



3. Embers



4. Gray ashes

5. Thick, claylike gray worm that appeared out of the ashes.



These five things happened where the large bird and rays of light were.

Figure 34. (June 26)

dimmed. The seething temperature had dropped. Slowly she squinted her eyes open. The huge bird was nowhere to be seen. In its stead was a small fire. She watched it gradually dim to a reddish glow and then to a pile of gray ashes flecked with red embers (see Figure 34).

That fire is burning down, and there are like coals there. I feel cold now. I feel cold.

Betty began to shiver all over.

Uh-h-h, oh-h-h, oh-h-h. I feel cold! [Shivers] Oh-h-h-h. [Heavy breathing] There's some kind of a glowing coal or something there. It was burning. It's just glowing right now. Oh-h-h. I feel some life returning to my hands. I feel better. That coal is just dying down to a reddish color. Oh-h . . . It's getting gray, gray with red mixed with it.

Betty sounded astonished:

Now, looks like a *worm*, a big fat *worm*. It just looks like a big fat worm—a big fat gray worm just lying there.

The investigators cast incredulous looks at each other, wondering if we had pushed Betty too far. Then, seemingly from somewhere to her right (the entities were to her left), Betty heard what sounded like many voices blended into one booming voice!

I hear somebody speaking in a loud voice.

Now she hesitated and repeated what she heard: "You have seen, and you have heard. Do you understand?"

They called my name, and repeated it again in a louder voice. I said, "No, I don't understand what this is all about, why I'm even here." And they—whatever it was—said that "I have chosen you."

"For what have you chosen me?" Betty asked the voice.

"I have chosen you to show the world."

"Are you God?" Betty asked with wonder in her voice. "Are you the Lord God?"

"I shall show you as your time goes by" was the equivocal reply.

Looks of puzzlement and concern passed among the investigators. Harold rose from his chair and headed for an adjoining room, motioning me to follow him. I reluctantly left the room. Harold and I briefly consulted with each other about this weird turn of events. At this juncture, a religious connotation caused great consternation among us. It somehow seemed completely out of place. Meanwhile, in the office, Betty continued to converse with the voice.

"Are you my Lord Jesus? I would recognize my Lord Jesus." Oh, it says—"I love you. God is love, and I love you," they said or whatever it was. I say *they*, but it seemed like one. [Sigh]

"Why was I brought here?" Betty asked again.

"Because I have chosen you."

"Why won't you tell me why and what for?"

"The time is not yet. It shall come. That which you have faith in, that which you trust."

Betty defensively proclaimed her Christian faith: "It is true. I have faith in God, and I have faith in Jesus Christ. Praise God, praise God, praise God. There is nothing that can harm me. There is nothing that can make me fear. I have faith in Jesus Christ!"

"We know, child," the voice answered. "We know child, that you do. That is why you have been chosen. I am sending you back now. Fear not . . . Be of comfort. Your own fear makes you feel these things. I would never harm you. It is your fear that you draw to your body, that causes you to feel these things. I can release you, but you must release yourself of that fear *through my son*."

The words "through my son" suddenly became the catalyst for the most moving religious experience that I have ever witnessed. Betty's face literally shone with unrestrained joy as tears streamed down her beaming face:

Oh, praise God, praise God, praise God! [*Crying*] Thank you, Lord! [*Crying, sobbing*] I know, I know I am not worthy. Thank you for your Son. [*Uncontrollable sobbing*] Thank you for your Son.

Mere words, even actual transcriptions, cannot convey what Betty relived before us. To have both seen and heard Betty was a profound, unique experience, and listening to the tape recordings still provokes deep emotions to well up within me.

Betty continued to cry. We watched dumbfounded, perhaps a bit embarrassed. What was going to happen next? This otherworldly experience would leave Betty fearing for her sanity.

Later, the results of a psychiatric examination would set her mind at ease. But what was the stimulus for this bizarre event? Was it a compensatory dream triggered by Betty's religious beliefs and the effects of hypnosis? Had the aliens produced a physical or visionary object lesson for Betty's benefit?

Later, after Betty had finally concluded the reliving of her harrowing account, the investigators had many debriefing questions to ask her about this particular experience.

RAYMOND FOWLER Would you explain again how you felt when you were standing before that bird?

BETTY When I was before the bird, I felt as if I were in the depths of weakness.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Was this bird alive?

BETTY The bird was alive. It was living. It was living.

JULES VAILLANCOURT How could you tell? Did it move?

BETTY You could see it breathing, and it was more living than anything I've ever seen living. I mean, we're living, right? But this was *really* living. The light in back of it was so living and alive.

FRED YOUNGREN Was there a sun or a moon or anything you could see in the sky?

BETTY Just that bright light that was in back of that huge bird with the fluffed-up feathers, and the rays just kept—reaching out—further and further. And then finally there were specks of gold flying all over the place, and I was getting hotter.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO When you were standing in front of the bird where you said it was hot, was the moisture being drawn from your body, or was it like you were in an oven, or what?

BETTY That was terrible. I don't know what it was.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Were your hands burning, or were you just hot?

BETTY It felt as if—I don't know what that feeling was. It's horrible. It felt as though something was permeating right through me. I don't know what it was. It was sort of the worst thing I've ever experienced.

RAYMOND FOWLER What happened to the eagle? Did this just disappear and was replaced by fire?

BETTY I don't know what happened to the eagle because of what I was going through. The—whatever that was that was going through my body—it felt like something was piercing every cell in my body. You know how you can get a lump sum of pain? You know you can feel pain in the whole body? This was like it had pierced every cell or every portion of my body.

Though truly incredible, Betty's account up to this point had nonetheless roughly paralleled other reported CE-III's. The bird episode, however, does not fit. Yet for Betty, her bittersweet rendezvous with the Bird was just as real as every other facet of her story.

RAYMOND FOWLER Do you have the impression that this bird-thing was just as real as all the events leading up to it?

BETTY It is more real.

RAYMOND FOWLER It wasn't like going into a dream state and having a dream of symbols, and so forth?

BETTY No, I could believe that the red atmosphere and the green atmosphere could be a dream state, but never the bird and the light and what I experienced. That part! I never want to have to go back to that part!

J. Allen Hynek has said, "Reports of Close Encounters of the Third Kind are characterized by a high degree of *strangeness*." Indeed, this

bizarre segment is essential to the unity of the overall narrative. We dare not dismiss it, because it may provide the focal point, the very reason, for the abduction of Betty Andreasson.

FRED YOUNGREN You told us about hearing a loud voice that talked with you.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Could you see where the voice came from?

BETTY No, it came from the side.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you describe that location?

BETTY That was off to the right. It seemed off to the right. I couldn't see anything.

FRED YOUNGREN Were you on this elevated pathway?

BETTY No, I was standing right in front of where that burning fire had taken place.

FRED YOUNGREN You had come down to the ground?

BETTY There was a—uh, like a foundation. Just enough foundation for that path. That's when it went onto the ground. Yes, the sea was off to the side, and there was mist, and then it had that narrow land and it did finally go onto some kind of surface and was going up.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What color was the sea?

BETTY It seemed very dark, but it was green—very, very dark. It was choppy. After it had cleared, it looked smooth, sort of smooth glass.

RAYMOND FOWLER You could see the shoreline?

BETTY No, it went off into mist.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO But it was clear? A loud, clear voice to you?

BETTY Yes, it was a loud, clear voice.

RAYMOND FOWLER It told you, "You've seen this. Do you understand?" You said, "No." Do you understand what this was all about?

BETTY I understand now that I went through an initiation of some kind.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Do you know why you were crying?

BETTY It was from love.

JULES VAILLANCOURT The tears. They seemed like elation—happy tears.

BETTY It was that. I really believe it was God that spoke to me. I feel funny about saying it because—I mean, God has made all

things, and is even present in everything. And yet, here I was standing and He spoke to me. And I know it was through His Son, you know, that, uh—and I just felt the love of Jesus.

VIRGINIA NEURATH Do you identify the radiation, the voice, with God?

BETTY I don't feel as if that bird was God. I feel as if the light in back of the bird was the radiation of God. I could not see God. All I did was hear the voice, and that was it. I could not see any form, and I don't think I even wanted to look upon the form, if there was such a form.

RAYMOND FOWLER The impression I got is that right up until that time, you still had doubts regarding that this was really God. Right up to that time, you still had doubts why this was happening to you, and you wanted an answer. When he referred to his Son, it seemed that all of a sudden you realized what this was all about, and that's when you started to have this experience. It was almost like a dam burst, you know. You had been holding all this back, and all of a sudden you realized somehow or other that this was of God, and that is when you started to have this ecstatic experience.

BETTY I believe it *is* of God. But I still feel, who's going to believe me? I mean, I trust all of you and everything, but there is doubt in my mind that even you really believe me about an experience such as that, because it is unbelievable.

Could Betty's encounter with the huge bird best be described as an intense *religious* experience? One is tempted to propose that the stimulus for the event was Betty's strong religious background. This is quite possible, of course, and already we have some basis for such a suggestion.

Earlier we saw that Betty's Christian beliefs provided a desperately needed rationale when the alien beings passed through a closed door into her kitchen. "I'm thinking they must be angels," Betty had said, "and Scriptures keep coming into my mind." Again, when the entities asked Betty for "knowledge tried by fire," she showed them a Bible. When Quazgaa somehow produced four little books with blank, luminous pages, Betty automatically assumed that he had reproduced her Bible.

Throughout the abduction experience, Betty prayed within the context of her Christian faith, the very warp and woof of her life. Therefore, is it not possible that Betty's subliminal mind sought for theological meaning to an otherwise meaningless, terrifying, and pain-

ful experience? The very concepts of UFOs and extraterrestrial life had no place within the confines of fundamentalist Christianity. Perhaps, heightened by the effects of hypnosis, Betty's subconscious mind accommodated and reinterpreted the troubling elements of her UFO encounter. The result? A vivid, relived compensatory dream.

This hypothesis might seem quite logical and appropriate at first thought, but it has a serious flaw. The experience, whether dream or reality, did not concern itself with some readily discernible aspect or symbol of *modern* Christianity. Quite the contrary:

RAYMOND FOWLER As far as you're concerned, there was no symbolic message or meaning behind these—things?

BETTY Well, my sister and I were talking . . . She had thought that she had seen that symbol someplace before, with the wings down. Some kind of Inca thing, Indian.

RAYMOND FOWLER The symbol for the United States is a bald eagle.

BETTY But this had its wings down like this and my sister said, "That looks like a symbol that the Incas used, or Indians in times past."

RAYMOND FOWLER On their uniforms they had what looked like a bird.

BETTY That's right! [See Figure 5]

RAYMOND FOWLER Was it the same type of thing?

BETTY Yes, it was. It was the same type of thing. That's right!

RAYMOND FOWLER We have various symbols. We have the American flag flying everywhere . . . I was thinking that maybe this symbol represented something for them. They thought that you would understand this, and then they seemed to explain it to you in a sense. They seemed to give you some kind of a message afterward—I was wondering if that was directly related to what you saw.

BETTY Well, another thing—as I said, my sister Shirley looked up about the phoenix bird . . .

Indeed, upon investigation, we found that Betty seems to have witnessed the death and rebirth of the legendary phoenix. The *Collier Encyclopedia*¹ describes a bird almost identical to what Betty reported.

Phoenix, a legendary bird that builds its own funeral pyre and is reborn from its own ashes. Sacred in ancient Egypt, the Phoenix, which was always male and had a beautiful red and gold plumage, was fabled to live

¹Collier Encyclopedia, 1967, s.v. "Phoenix."

for 500 years or longer. At the end of that time, it built a nest from twigs of spice trees, to which it set fire. *Both the bird and its nest were consumed in the flames. Out of the ashes, a worm emerged, from which the new Phoenix grew [emphasis added].*

It is interesting to note that the legendary Phoenix made its nest from "twigs of spice trees."

RAYMOND FOWLER Did you feel any air or smell anything at all during this whole thing? Did you smell anything?

BETTY I might have smelled something when that was burning.

RAYMOND FOWLER What was burning? The eagle?

BETTY When that thing was burning. Sort of like a sweet incense smell when those ashes were burning—or whatever that thing was that was burning.

Smoldering spice-twigs would probably give off a smell like incense! Interestingly enough, *Collier Encyclopedia* adds that:

The Phoenix figures prominently in *early Christian* art and literature as a symbol of immortality and the resurrection [emphasis added].

Her confrontation with a mythical monster was unsettling, to say the least. Was there a relationship between the phoenix and the insignia of a bird on the aliens' uniforms? Exactly who or what was the *voice*? These and many other questions would occupy our minds for months during our lengthy analysis and evaluation of the Andreasson Affair. However, Betty's experience did not end with the bird. There was much more to come.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The Return

Betty's sobbing gradually ceased. From the expression on her face, it was obvious that her fiery ordeal was now over and something else was about to occur.

BETTY Somehow, I'm being turned around. Oh, and that feeling is in my hands. "Oh, help me not to fear!" My hands feel—my legs and my feet. I'm going back on that thing [the track], and, ah, I'm stopping. And those angels—I guess—one is getting in front of me, and one is in back of me. And we are going along, and we are going through those crystals again. And the crystals aren't quite as shiny and like a rainbow as before.

We listened intently as Betty and the two entities retraced their original path via the black track. Betty began speculating out loud concerning the heaviness that she felt in her legs. It seemed as if the force that kept Betty glued to a position just above the track was also responsible for her severe physical discomfort:

I think maybe why my feet are like that—I must be, uh, glued to

that thing, because there are no railings and there's nothing holding me in. And I'm just gliding along that thing, and it's not very wide. Maybe it's so I won't fall off or something or other. Oh, my legs feel so heavy. And we are just gliding along on that thing. And we're way up in the air. And that green and blue-colored atmosphere, it's just beautiful. Somehow, I just don't want even to leave. It's just so beautiful.

In a later debriefing, we tried to recover Betty's impressions of this odd landscape on this, her "second time around."

FRED YOUNGREN When you were in the green place, was there a sky?

BETTY The green atmosphere was the sky, and then it was also blue. It was green—beautiful green—and it was also blue.

RAYMOND FOWLER Was there a separation between the green and the blue?

BETTY No, the green and blue were mixed. It was bright, bright green—emerald green—and then it was like blue.

FRED YOUNGREN Were there shadows? In other words, I'm looking for a light source. Was there a light source?

BETTY I don't remember any shadows. The only thing that I remember is going in through the crystals. It was bright, and there was a rainbow all around, but going out it was not as bright, and the rainbow was much dimmer.

FRED YOUNGREN Was there a horizon?

BETTY Yes, there was. There was like a top, but it's funny because—ah, what we were traveling on had no girders or anything. It was just in the air.

FRED YOUNGREN Suspended?

BETTY Yeah.

FRED YOUNGREN Did you feel weightless at that point?

BETTY My legs felt heavy, my hands felt heavy. The rest of me just felt regular, I guess.

The hypnotic impression of the landscape matched her previous description:

And, uh, we are just going along on that thing. I see water all around, and it's not as choppy as it was before. Oh, my legs feel just like bricks. Why? My hands and my legs, they just feel like they're stone. Ah, but it's like a sea, a clear calm sea. Oh, my legs! And, uh, we are just going *down*. And I see mist to the side. And we keep

on going. Seems like a long way, and I'm coming to—uh, there's that pyramid again. Ah, it has that white on the edges. And that head and those bridges, or something or other. I don't know.

Later, during debriefing, Betty elaborated:

There was—uh, there was water that was very choppy when I was going, like a big sea. There was land, but it was, if you call it a horizon, it was like there was mist all around, but yet it did go into the green. The green blended into the green, and yet at times I was seeing the colors of the plants. I saw the color of the—the fish, bird fish. I saw the color of the pyramid, and yet it was green.

Again she obtained a brief glimpse of the citylike structure off in the distance.

Off to the side there is some kind of—something like a city or something. I don't know what it is. It is too different than I've ever seen before. I just can't explain it. It's beautiful. Oh, my feet and my legs! I'm just going along and the atmosphere is getting green, all over the place—green.

As they came closer to the entrance to the red area, the transportation track continued to dip downward. Again, they approached the partition that divides the green and red realms.

We are coming up to something that is [*sigh*—a veil? Or something. Not a veil, but a division of color or something or other, 'cause we are coming to that red stuff again. We are just going down. We are going into that red atmosphere. It seems somehow there is a *circle* there. It is divided from green and the red—and it's, uh, like I've been in solidity. And all of a sudden I'm going into another solidity of red. And, uh, it doesn't feel solid, but it is solid. And it's red—very, very pulsating-like red. It's the same place.

Betty found it hard to describe the green and red atmosphere. As she later recalled while out of trance, each was so dense and prominent that they appeared like two solids separated by a circular membrane.

FRED YOUNGREN Okay, I'm interested in the *red place* you went. Where do you think that was? Do you have any thoughts? Can you tell us anything about that?

BETTY No, I think it's a place. I think it's a place, a particular place.

FRED YOUNGREN Was there a sky there? Could you see a sky?

BETTY Just the red atmosphere. It was solid, and yet it had air like this. It was like—I don't know how to explain this, but it was solid.

FRED YOUNGREN Same color red everywhere?

BETTY Yes, same color—no, no, I mean, how can I explain that? I don't know how to explain.

FRED YOUNGREN What do you mean by solid? Like moving through water? Were you like under the water, and it was red water with light everywhere, and you were moving through that? Or was it like moving through a solid material?

BETTY It was a solid, but it was—

FRED YOUNGREN Like moving through the earth? Is that what you mean? Like you were going through ground?

BETTY I felt just like I am right now. I felt the air moved about me, but I knew it was solid. It was like a—

FRED YOUNGREN You were in a vehicle?

BETTY No, I was just standing on that thing there, just gliding. It was just a track that you just stood on, and it felt like my feet were just glued to it. It felt heavy from my knees down—like two stones were there. I felt pricking, a constant pricking like pins and needles.

FRED YOUNGREN And you were moving through something solid?

BETTY I was going through something solid, but it seemed just like this.

RAYMOND FOWLER When did you think it was solid?

BETTY When I came back. Not until I came back.

RAYMOND FOWLER This is the impression that I got: you didn't really talk about this "solid" bit until you realized that the green and the red had some kind of veil between them, and there was no mixture. It's as though there was something invisible that was keeping the red out of the green.

BETTY That's right. If you took—okay, if you had a square solid block of red glass and then you had a green one, and you just put the two together. That's what it was like.

RAYMOND FOWLER Suppose you took a solid block of clear glass and you had an—I'll say an invisible force field, for want of a better term. And then, you put red gas in the left and green gas in the right, and you somehow could pass through that force field. Is that what you mean by solid—that they couldn't mix?

BETTY That's right, they couldn't mix. But I don't know.

RAYMOND FOWLER Is that why you called it solid? Because they couldn't mix?

BETTY Yes, they couldn't mix. There was a *circle* that allowed us to go through it—from the green into the red. And then from the red into that tunnel. Going back, I saw a corridor, and it just kept on whirling and whirling and whirling. We were going through it, but it had no sides.

Back in the "red zone," they again passed between the square buildings with their grotesque occupants. Betty shuddered as they glided by the little stalk-eyed creatures.

They just bug their eyes out at me, and they crawl up and down those walls, in and out those windows. They are just there—all over the place. Big bug-eyed. And they can move their eyes any old place. Oh, I'm tired.

Later, I asked "Did you *hear* anything, other than the voices in your mind? Did you ever hear any sound when you were going over the track—from the city, from the strange beings with the eyes?" Betty's answer was a simple no.

Then Betty saw another circular orifice dead ahead of them. She recognized it as the entrance to the tunnel.

And we are still going through that red atmosphere. We're coming up to that *circle* again. And it's like a mirror. We're going to go through something like a mirror. I guess it's that same mirror. Somehow it's whirling, whirling, uh—what is it? A whirling circle somehow that is, like drawing us into that whirling circle, through that mirror. It's just whirling—keeps on whirling. And we're breaking through that mirror now. Doesn't hurt, but we're going through it!

In an instant, they were plunged into darkness. Once again, Betty glided along within the confines of the dark rock-hewn tunnel.

And we are in that black . . . [pause] blackness now. And we're just going along on that black walk, whatever it is. Can't see anything anyway, just their silver suits. I don't even see their heads, just the silver suit in front of me.

At this juncture, Harold interrupted Betty so that we could change the recording tapes.

DR. EDELSTEIN Betty, just relax, just make yourself as comfortable as you possibly can be. Just refresh yourself—let me just make you a little bit more comfortable.

After the tapes were changed, Harold prepared Betty for questioning: "Betty, you are following someone, and all you could see was the silver cape. Will you please continue?"

Betty quickly corrected him: "It was not a silver *cape* that I was following. It was a silver *suit*!"

DR. EDELSTEIN Oh, a silver *suit*! I'm sorry, continue.

BETTY It was a silver-silver suit. And we are going along in this dark tunnel and, uh, we're just gliding along. And just keep on going and going and going, it seems like. We are in there a long time, it feels like.

Finally Betty glimpsed a shaft of light far up ahead. As they came closer, she was surprised to see a transparent door to the half-cylinder room. It had not been transparent before, when she had exited through it from the other side.

And we are coming now to some light. And I see those glass seats again up ahead. Oh, that door, that end part is not silver—it's, uh, glass, 'cause I can see through. It's like a glass, whatever it is—much glass. And we're getting closer to it, and the door is going up!

The three entered the room, and Betty watched curiously as the two little men took off their black hoods.

We're inside that room, and they're stopping and they're getting off the thing. We're stopped, and they're removing those things—their hoods—and putting them down someplace. One's putting them on one side, and the other's on the other side.

Betty was somehow floated onto one of the strange glass chairs. It was different from the other chairs, in that it had inlaid metal strips on its arms and on its seat.

We're right next to—oh no, they're setting me down in that strange seat there. That different one from all the others, with those buttons and those steel things there. I'm sitting down in it . . . And they're putting my hands—oh . . . [Sigh] They put my hands and arms on

that thing . . . And they're looking at me with their eyes somehow, for some reason, and—ah, oh-h-h-h-h!

Betty's body jumped violently—once, twice! The dual convulsions startled us. During a later debriefing, we asked her what had occurred:

JULES VAILLANCOURT At the last session, your body actually jolted twice. What was happening then?

BETTY When he touched that button. I don't know what the purpose was.

On the fourth chair was something that looked like a button. One of the entities touched it twice. Simultaneously, Betty had felt twin electrical shocks course through her body.

RAYMOND FOWLER Notice on the drawing of the chair. [See Figure 24] You had buttons over here. The bars are here. Where were your arms in relation to the bars?

BETTY I was on them, like that.

RAYMOND FOWLER Did the jolt come from the bars?

BETTY The bars were metal, and they pressed down.

RAYMOND FOWLER So this was the metal part here?

BETTY It was metal here [*points to arms of seat*] and a metal seat [*points to sitting area*].

RAYMOND FOWLER Okay, guess I didn't know that.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Where was the glass?

BETTY The glass was molded—or plastic, whatever it was—just like the other ones.

RAYMOND FOWLER It was covered with metal. In other words, the metal would be embedded?

BETTY Yeah.

For a moment, during the original hypnosis session, I had thought that the entranced Betty had experienced a heart seizure. I breathed a bit easier when she began to speak again:

[*Heavy breathing*] I hear a whirring sound . . . and he's opening up one of my eyes.

"When they put you on the chair with the buttons and the metal," I told her later, "you were describing what had happened up to that point as if you could see it all. When you were jolted, you mentioned that you opened your eyes—which would indicate that you had closed your eyes at some point prior to that. When did you close your eyes? How could you describe all this with your eyes closed?"

BETTY When I was on the seat, I did not have my eyes open. Then there were two jolts and they—opened my right eye, as my eyes were not open.

RAYMOND FOWLER Okay, so we know your eyes were closed when you sat down in that special chair with the buttons. Do you remember when they closed your eyes?

BETTY Somehow they were closed. I don't know, because I saw him go over and touch something on the wall. I saw him touch the buttons. After—I think after, or during the jolt—in between the two jolts, I think my eyes must have been closed because he came over and he opened my right eye. When I was in the first seat, I felt like I was being frozen. I felt frozen and becoming very heavy, like water was just—moisture was just being drawn from me somehow.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Another thing—when you were in the capsule, did you notice anyone else in the seats?

BETTY No, there was no one else there.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You were the only one? All the other seats were vacant?

BETTY Uh-huh.

FRED YOUNGREN When you were in this vehicle that had the seats in it, could you sense that it moved? Could you tell whether you were going up or down?

BETTY No, I couldn't tell up or down. It seemed like there was a whirling going on, somehow a whirling, but yet the room wasn't whirling.

FRED YOUNGREN Did you feel like you were being pressed down in the seat—or did you feel like you were floating?

BETTY When I got out of the seat, I felt floating . . .

Indeed, Betty was removed from her "cold seat" by something that seems to have been an automatic levitation device:

[*Heavy sighs*] He's shaking his head or something, and—standing there . . . And they are touching something on the wall over there by the door. I'm just floating off that seat! I'm just floating down to that chair again. Oh, my feet and my hands feel so heavy!

Betty found herself seated in the immersion chair, and again subjected to its calming effects.

They're snapping that seat in place. They are putting those things in my nose and my mouth.

The liquid again poured in around her. She experienced the same soothing vibrations.

Oh, that feels good. [*Sigh*] That feels real good. They're putting, ah, that stuff all in it. It's getting, uh—and I'm breathing through the tube. It feels good, and they're putting that, like a whirlpool on. [*Whispers*] Oh, this is so good!

The entities called to Betty, again warning her that a liquid would flow into her mouth through the connecting tube. She was told to swallow.

"What?" Okay . . . They gave me some more of that—um, syrup. Mmmm, it tastes good and wakes me up like—very sweet. I can still taste that taste. Feels good and smooth. It's sweet, like a syrup, but it doesn't make me feel sick, 'cause usually syrups make me feel sick if I have too thick a syrup on pancakes or something.

Betty became totally absorbed with the pleasant feelings that pulsed through her body, but she was jolted back to reality by a persistent tapping sound.

They're tapping on that glass thing for some reason. And they are saying, "Betty, are you comfortable?" "Yes, I like it in here." They said they are going to let me stay a few more moments . . . Oh, feels good.

She later commented that this was one of the few times they had displayed overt concern for her welfare:

They had kindness within them. They had obedience within them. They—uh, it was only a few occasions that I saw sensitivity in them—when I called out to Jesus, when I was getting changed—and, ah, also when I was in that seat where the liquid was coming in, they—seemed as if there was something special.

VIRGINIA NEURATH They treated you with a sort of—
BETTY A lot more sympathy. On the way back, they were much more sensitive than the way going.

VIRGINIA NEURATH By sensitivity, you mean . . . ?

BETTY Sympathetic toward my feelings.

Soon Betty felt the level of the fluid lower around her immersed body.

Here it goes. They're beginning to drain it. I can feel it going down. It feels funny when it drains. I can feel it at the top of my head—as

it drains and releases, I can feel it just being lower and lower. Like a thick, thick thing—like an oil or something. Feels like my—whenever I have an oil bath, like I'm being coated by oil or something . . . When I let the water out, and there's a film of oil on top of it as it drains down.

Betty watched the entities remove the tubes connected to her mouth and nostrils.

Ah, it's down to about my waist now, and they're removing the mouthpiece, and the nose pieces . . . It's down to the bottom because I can hear it unsnap and raise up. [*Sigh*] That was good. And they're just busy putting the stuff away, I guess—or doing something, raising it up with something or other. Goes up automatically, but just the hoses they have to put away.

By this time, Betty was quite sure she knew which chair they would put her in next. However, they put her in a different one.

I'm just floating up. I'm going over to the chair in front of me. Wait a minute, I'm not going over to the front. They're putting me in the *first* one instead—and they're closing it down.

This chair, too, had a transparent enclosure that was lowered over Betty's seated body.

And, ah, I'm just sitting there. And there's warmth there. I feel nice and warm. There's air coming in it, but this time I feel warm, not cold. It is very warm and [*sigh*] I'm just sitting there and relaxing in the warmth of it. And there's air coming in it. I can hear the air this time, and, it's warm, very warm. I feel very comfortable—very comfortable there. I can feel the warm air blowing against me.

"On the way back," Jules Vaillancourt later reminded her, "you sat in a different seat. Can you describe getting in the seat and the fact that the temperature change was different?"

BETTY That was on the *other side* of that round cylinder thing . . . I thought they started floating me toward the very same place . . . where I was frozen—but I went over to the first seat and—

JULES VAILLANCOURT Why do you say frozen?

BETTY Because I think that is what happened.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You said it felt good.

BETTY No, that's the first time. The second time, coming back, it was the warm air coming in that made me feel good. Maybe they were drying me off. I don't know—I was wet from that gray liquid.

The enclosure opened automatically, and Betty felt the chair swinging upward. A fixture swiveled over her.

It's stopping now and the chair is swinging up automatically. And whatever that thing is up there, it's swiveled over, and is over me. And it's a bright purplish-color pink light shining down on me. Oh [sigh], just a light. And out of that light is little tiny streaks again, like I saw when I was in that other place [the cleansing device]. It's a purple light, purple-pink, with streaks in that purple-pink light, and it's shining down on me. [See Figure 35]

Betty's conscious recall was slightly more precise:

After the seat went up, the swivel thing came over, and it changed form. It came down like this, and it had a gray, dark gray—almost a sort of black—glass on it, on the edges . . . Then this purple light was coming down. Just like that bug catcher for insects, that purple light that comes down. As it came down further, it became pink and there were streaks, just light streaks, that just kept darting out of

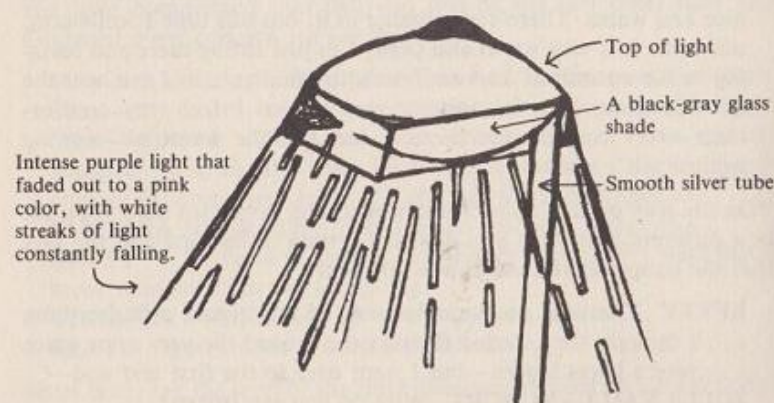


Figure 35. The swivel light in the Cylindrical Room (June 26)

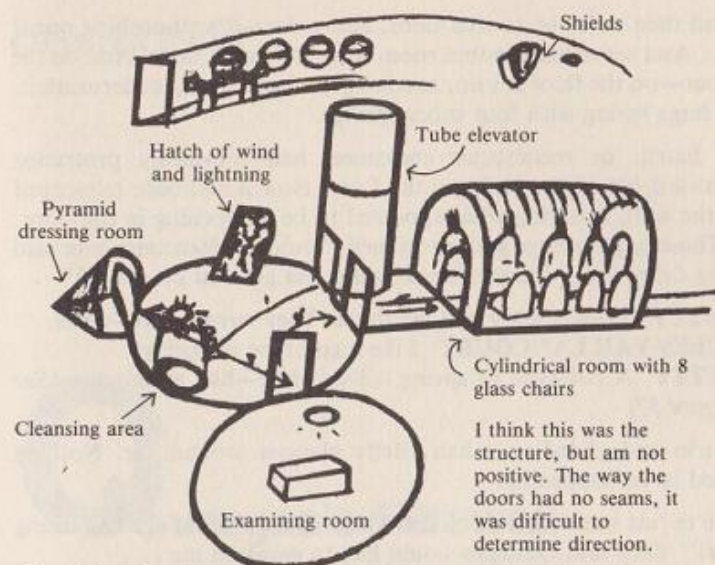


Figure 36. Betty's conjectural layout of the craft (June 19)

it—you know, from the whole thing. Just like the cleansing light, it had the same light streaks as that.

Betty watched as the other entity seemed to be reaching for something.

He's finishing up something. Oh, and he's grabbing a ball of—a white ball. There're two white balls there. I didn't see them before, but he's grabbing them. He's got two balls in his hand, one bigger than the other.

The other entity had taken the white glowing spheres from two cylindrical pedestals. He carried one in each hand as he took up the familiar position directly behind Betty.

And he's in back of us now, 'cause we're moving on. That door goes whooshing up. We're just moving on—I just keep on moving, through that same place, I guess, where we were before 'cause I think I see like that elevator we were on before—that tube, whatever it was.

Betty recognized the elevator tube through which she had floated down from the upper room shortly after she had been taken aboard the UFO. [See Figure 36]

And then we're up to that door, and we're—it's whooshing open! . . . And we're back in that room. I see the hatch there. And on the floor—on the floor it's up, and it's got a huge spring underneath it. A huge spring with four other springs.

This hatch, or rectangular enclosure, had previously protruded downward out of the wall into the floor. Now it had been telescoped into the wall, revealing what appeared to be an opening in the floor.

"These huge springs you mentioned," Jules Vaillancourt later said during debriefing, "do you think you could get that on paper?"

BETTY Yeah, I'll try and get those. They were a silver-white.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Like a coil type of spring?

BETTY A coil-type of spring, silver-white—like aluminum. [See Figure 37]

The trio had glided to a halt. Betty glanced around her. Nothing seemed to be happening.

We're just standing there. I don't know why. "What are we waiting for!" They said Quazgaa would like to speak to me . . .

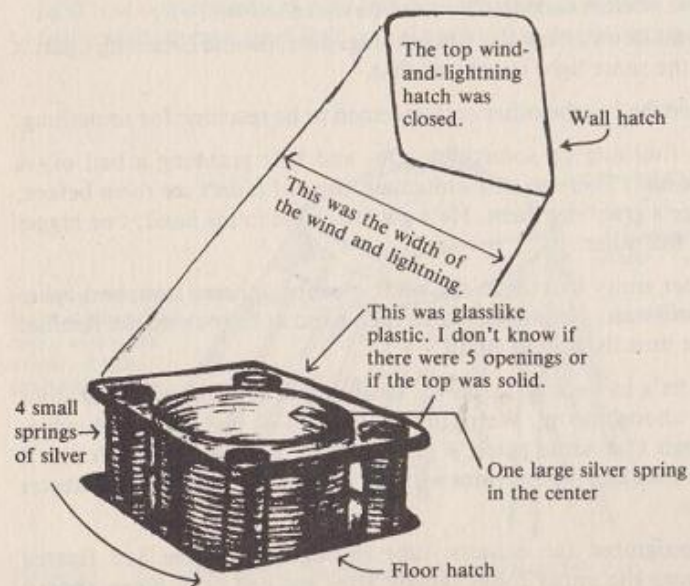


Figure 37. Betty's second view of the hatch (June 26)

CHAPTER EIGHT

Quazgaa's Farewell

Betty and her two alien companions stood silently waiting. Thoughts of home and family briefly surfaced, then slipped away. The aura of friendliness emanating from her captors caused Betty to remain relatively calm. Only the most trying circumstances had caused her emotions to override their strange hypnoticlike influence over her. At such times, a waving or laying on of hands by the aliens restored her calmness and eased discomfort. Now a door flashed open, and Quazgaa entered the room.

We're just standing and waiting and that door opens! And Quazgaa's in that silver suit. He comes over to me.

The little man looked up at Betty, reached upward, and placed his gloved hands on Betty's shoulders. His large mongoloidlike eyes gazed deeply into her own.

He's putting both hands on my shoulders and is looking at me. And he says, "Child, you must forget for a while." He's telling me things.

As Quazgaa gazed at Betty, his head seemed to become fuzzy. It seemed as if she were looking at him but also *by* him. One of his eyes glowed white, but the other eye had a black eyeball. Two deep dark furrows above his eyes became very pronounced.

Quazgaa is looking at me with one white eye and one black eye. And this time, he looks just like a bee, with—somehow he's got two things, that come out like a bee on their head. Two, uh—not antlers; what are they, feelers or something? It's like I'm seeing past his head and I'm seeing him and he's like a bee, like a giant bee head with big eyes [*sigh*].

Betty elaborated on this later, during debriefing.

He looked like a bee's face to me because his eyes got—you know, how a bee's eyes get the whole of the face almost? And it comes down very narrow . . .

JULES VAILLANCOURT Can you get that on paper?

BETTY I'm going to try—looked like feelers, you know, in the front.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Under the pear shape or on the outer surface?

BETTY Well, the eyes got huge like a bee's eye, like, you know, they were huge. Maybe it was because the skin might have been crinkled up and there was a *crease* that looked like feelers, like a bee. [See Figure 38]

RAYMOND FOWLER Did you feel dizzy or strange when he was looking at you in the eyes? He had his hands on your shoulders and was looking at you like this. As you were looking at him, did this sort of just change, like this?

BETTY Yeah, it changed, right. It seemed as if he were going deeper inside of me—my mind.

Then Quazgaa began to speak telepathically. It would be his farewell message to Betty. He would not be leaving the ship with her.

He says he's going to give me formulas. And he says until man finds those and understands those, he will not give any others.

Betty repeated Quazgaa's message to her.

He says my race won't believe me until much time has passed—*our* time . . . They love the human race. They have come to help the human race. And, unless man will accept, he will not be saved, he

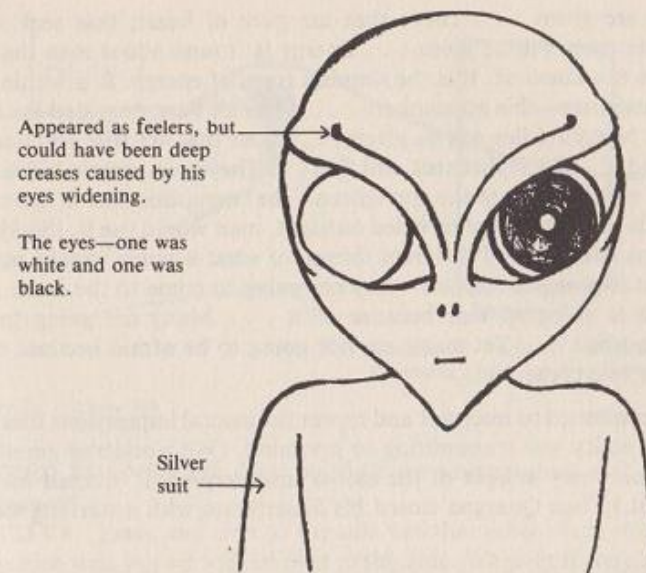


Figure 38. "Quazgaa appeared like a bee" (June 26)

will not live . . . All things have been planned. Love is the greatest of all. They do not want to hurt anybody—but because of great love, they said: because of great love, they cannot let man continue in the footsteps that he is going . . . It is better to lose some than to lose all . . . They have technology that man could use . . . It is through the spirit, but man will not search out that portion.

Betty began alternately pausing and then repeating Quazgaa's words. It was as if she had somehow been transferred back in time and was listening again to his enigmatical discourse.

Man must understand many of the natural things on earth . . . If man will just study nature itself, he will find many of the answers that he seeks . . . Within fire are many answers, within ashes—within the highest of the high and the lowest of the low are many answers . . . Man will find them through the spirit. Man is not made of just flesh and blood . . . It would be easy to hand them to us, but that would show that we are not worthy to receive those . . . The knowledge is sought out through the spirit, and those that are wor-

thy are given . . . Those that are pure of heart, that seek with earnestness will be given . . . Energy is 'round about man that he does not know of. It is the simplest form of energy. It is within the atmosphere—this atmosphere . . . It has all been provided for him . . . Many riddles will be given . . . Those that are wise will understand . . . Those that seek will find . . . They must remain hidden in this way because of the corruption—the corruption that is upon the earth . . . If they are revealed outright, man would use it. [Sigh] He keeps telling me of different things, of what is going to take place, what is going to happen—they are going to come to the earth . . . Man is going to fear because of it . . . Many are going to be astonished . . . Yet many are not going to be afraid because they have overcome fear.

Betty continued to interpret and repeat the mental impressions that the staring entity was transmitting to her mind. (We wondered about its literal accuracy in light of the earlier misinterpreted “burned meat” incident.) Then Quazgaa closed his dissertation with a startling statement:

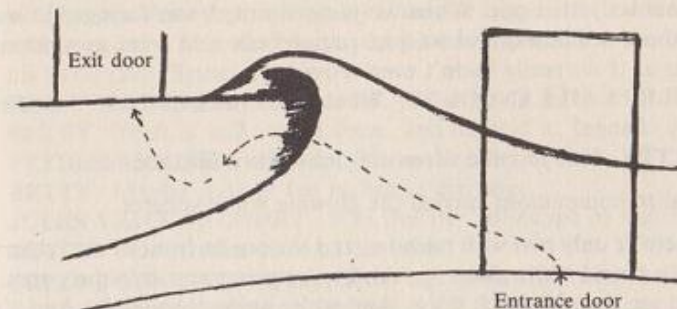
He says that he has had others here . . . Many others have locked within their minds, secrets . . . He is locking within my mind certain secrets [sigh] . . . They will be revealed when the time is right . . . Again, he's putting both hands up on my shoulders. And he's saying, “Go, child, now, and rest.”

Quazgaa then took Betty into the small anteroom that she had entered originally from outside the ship.

And he's—going through another room. It's raised up, and it's going over to where I was to begin with. Some kind of an up-thing. It is an opening . . . And that's—we're up at that place where I first came in. And the door is opening . . .

During debriefing, Jules Vaillancourt asked her to go into detail about leaving the craft.

BETTY Okay, after that cylinder, (the half-cylinder room)—after that purple pink light, we went through the door again and into that same area where there's that big round elevator . . . We went past that again into that room where the dressing room was, over to the side, where that hatch was. And the hatch—this time—was sprung up and there was a huge, huge spring in the center—a real huge spring. And there were four springs on the sides of it.



This side is where the Dressing Room, Cleansing Light and Hatch were.

Figure 39. (June 26)

FRED YOUNGREN You couldn't see where a door was until it opened?

BETTY Yeah, and over to the side was that other place where the bubble was, but we walked over to this side. We went through and it was a thing that swerved up and over, and then went in like that. [See Figure 39] It was dark down in there . . . And then, ah, we went over that somehow. I don't know how we got over that, but we got over that somehow and we went into the room where we had entered before. That room where there's a gully.

RAYMOND FOWLER Now afterward—when you last saw Quazgaa, did his face change back to what he was before?

BETTY Uh-huh. He changed back. And then the door opened . . .

The door to the outside flashed open. Betty peered out into a mist-enshrouded night. The edge of her house protruded from a bank of ground fog. She was going home!

Betty, as usual, took up a middle position between two of her captors. The three of them floated down to the ground, one at a time, and proceeded toward the house in single file. As she later explained it:

And, ah, the two beings, rather than Quazgaa, went with me . . . We jumped down and then—I saw the opposite side of the house, the flat wall of the house.

JULES VAILLANCOURT The left corner? The left rear corner?

BETTY No, the corner. Here is the corner of the house, right? I mean, here is the porch, and then a wall jutted out. A wall without

windows jutted out. When we jumped out, I was facing that wall without windows, and we just jumped out and went around and just as if we really hadn't even moved!

JULES VAILLANCOURT What about the uniforms? Was there any change?

BETTY No, just the silver uniforms down into the boots.

Her alien companions carried the glowing white spheres.

There're only two with me now, and the one in front of me is carrying a round white globe . . . And we're going now into the porch. I can see the old porch door. And we're going through it! And I'm following . . . And we're going in—we are back in the kitchen.

A later debriefing would add important elements to this account:

JULES VAILLANCOURT When you got out of the craft and back on the ground, do you remember the conditions? Clear, bright night?

BETTY It was still misty. There was fog. You couldn't see off to the side. It was misty all around—you know, fog rising from the ground. But I could see the side of the house.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did it feel cool, cold, or—?

BETTY A damp feeling.

RAYMOND FOWLER Could you see the stars?

BETTY No.

RAYMOND FOWLER You ought to check the weather report.

JULES VAILLANCOURT I should have gotten that report by now. I'll have to call and find out why.

RAYMOND FOWLER I'm wondering if the mist had something to do with the object, or did the mist have something to do with the weather?

FRED YOUNGREN You told us about these white balls. Could you show us about how large those balls were?

BETTY There were two of them, and the one in back was holding it just like this . . . He was just holding the small one.

FRED YOUNGREN The little one, maybe four or five inches in diameter?

BETTY About that size.

FRED YOUNGREN Did it glow?

BETTY It was light, but it stayed within itself.

RAYMOND FOWLER Did it look like metal or glass?

BETTY Glass—it looked like glass. And he just held it in back of

me like this. And the other one, he had the bigger one in his hand, and he rolled it. It rolled right over his hand and sat on the top of his hand.[See Figure 40]

FRED YOUNGREN So he could, you say, roll his hand under it?

BETTY Yeah, it still stayed there, and he held it.

FRED YOUNGREN How large was that bigger one?

BETTY Maybe eight or ten inches in diameter.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Was this the same type of material?

BETTY Exactly the same as the other.

FRED YOUNGREN Okay, let's see now. The first ball; the smaller one—when did you first see that?

BETTY That was in that cylinder place, ah, when we were coming out. The other one went back over—uh, by that chair—that's where they were. They weren't with those balls when they *first* came into the house.

FRED YOUNGREN So they took both of these balls when they went with you back into your kitchen?

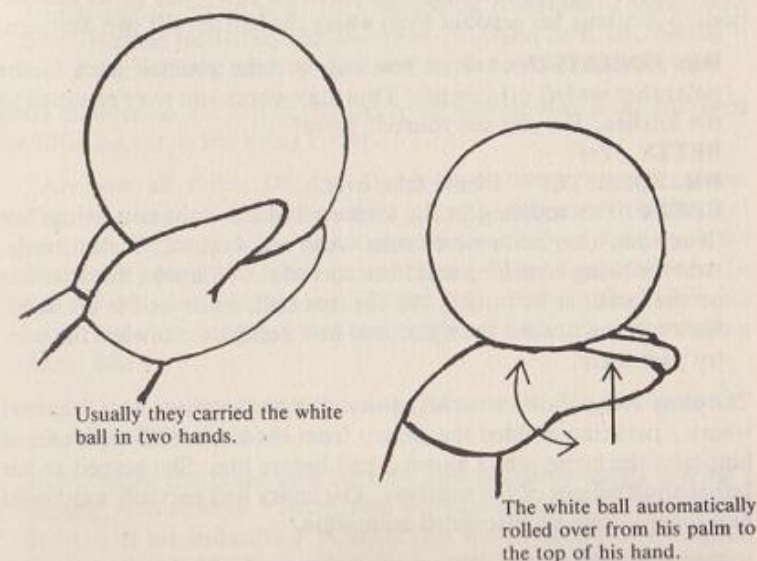


Figure 40. (June 26)

BETTY The one in front of me had the larger one. The one in back of me had the small one.

When Betty reached this point in her original session, the hour was late, and she had a two-hour drive ahead of her. Since this seemed an appropriate place to end the session, Harold awakened Betty from hypnosis. He gave her explicit instructions to remember where she had left off in the reliving of her unearthly experience, and we made hasty preparations to meet again in a few days.

"Today is the twenty-fifth of June 1977, at the New England Institute of Hypnosis. Session eleven." Harold's voice seemed far away to me. June 25 was my wedding anniversary, and I was anxious to return home to be with my wife. Later on, we were going out to supper together to celebrate. This was just one of many occasions where the elusive UFO had interfered with family affairs. As each session got under way, it seemed as if my normal everyday life was at complete odds with the paranormal world encountered within these four walls each week.

Abruptly, my daydreaming dissipated as Betty was given instructions to continue her account from where she had left off two days ago.

DR. EDELSTEIN I want you now to take yourself back to the point that we left off this past Thursday where you were returned to the kitchen. Do you see yourself there?

BETTY Yes.

DR. EDELSTEIN Please take over.

BETTY I'm standing in the kitchen and the—ah, two beings are there, and they're in silver suits. And we stopped. We're inside. And the being is turning and I can sort of . . . [Pause] I think he was on the inside as he turned. He has that ball, white ball in his hand. He's turning toward the right, and he's going over toward the pantry part there.

The alien being glided into the pantry area and stopped near the sink, where a partition divided the pantry from the kitchen. Betty watched him raise the larger white glowing ball before him. She gasped as her father shuffled out of the shadows. The entity had partially awakened him from a state of suspended animation.

FRED YOUNGREN Was your father in the kitchen?

BETTY He was in the kitchen, and I didn't see him because

there—uh, where the kitchen sink is, there's a partition with an archway. He was over in the corner there, and I did not see him. But the being went over by the sink and raised his hand like this.

FRED YOUNGREN Is it your impression that your father was there all the time that you were in the ship?

BETTY Yes, that is my impression.

Evidently the ball the entity carried had some effect on Waino Aho's mental state:

He's raising the ball. And he's putting it on the outer part of his hand somehow . . . made it like, roll, over onto the outer part of his hand—top surface, not on the palm. And he's holding it up and pointing toward the window there. That's my father there! And he's just walking like in a daze—coming out and coming over. "What's the matter with him?" I asked him. He said, "He will be fine." And he lowered his hand and my father stopped there now. He doesn't look like he's aware of what's happening. He just sort of trudged out of there. And the being still has that round light on the top of his hand. He's like, gliding over and—he's got his hand down, like a—balance or something. He's balancing somehow, I guess, and he's lowering his hands again—lower . . . And he's, uh, raising it and going into the other room, and my father is following him.

Betty shouted to her father, but received no response as he followed the little man into the living room.

"Are you all right, Daddy? Daddy!" He's not answering me. They're going into the other room, into the other room there. I'm just standing there. I don't hear any noise at all. Just standing in the kitchen. I turned and asked the other one, "What are they doing in there?" He won't answer me. He has that other smaller ball in his hand. He's just holding it out in the palm of his hand. Just standing there, still.

Then the first entity returned from the living room. He was not walking; he glided like a skater.

Here comes the other one back in now—gliding, seems like he's gliding. And he says, "Betty, now will you follow us?" And he got in front of me and turned. And he, too, has both hands holding on to it, both palms of his hands have that large ball. And they're walking into the other room.

Betty glided with them into the living room. Startled, she first saw Becky sitting mutely with a smile frozen on her face. All of her family looked like statues. They were completely unaware of her.

And they're still all sitting there motionless. Becky's sitting there, and she's smiling and grinning. She seems to be awake! She seems as if she's up, standing up, just smiling at me. Oh-h-h. [*Softly*] Just standing there . . . Her expression isn't changing now. She seems to be frozen in that smile. Just standing up there, in the living room.

Betty's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a voice in her mind.

And that one is saying, "Betty, you will have to forget this—you and your family—for the time being." I just keep on seeing Becky standing there smiling. "There are many other things that we have told you. They will come out at the *appointed time*. The book is over there," he says. And the book is over there—it's on the stand.

The entity was referring to the blue book that Quazgaa had given Betty earlier in exchange for her Bible.

The entity said, "We are now going to put you to rest."

"What about all of my children?" Betty asked.

"They have not been harmed," he answered. "We are just going to put them to rest, and they will be relaxed, and asleep."

One of the entities then proceeded to take the children to bed. The white glowing spheres seemed to have been employed as control devices.

And I see that one taking . . . [*Pause*] The little ones are standing up. They're standing up! And they're moving, but their faces seem as if they just don't know what's happening. They're just all getting in line. And they're . . . [*Pause*] The being stopped and said he would be back shortly. The kids are just playing, follow-the-leader there! They are just marching off, through the hall. And I can hear them on the steps, 'cause our stairs are squeaky. They're all going upstairs, except for me and my mother and father. And my mother and father are sitting on two sides here, and just waiting there.

Betty's eyes lighted on the small blue book lying on the stand.

And I turned to the other one and I asked him, "May I see that book while I'm waiting?" He still wouldn't answer. He just held that little ball in his hand. "May I see the book while I'm waiting?"

He just won't answer. I don't even know their names. I don't know why Quazgaa didn't come back.

Suddenly the other entity somehow just appeared in front of Betty.

Oh! That other one is suddenly in front of me. I didn't even see him come in. He's just there . . . He's holding that ball closer to my face . . . [*Sigh*] He's taking my mother and father with him. And he's going . . . into the hall . . . into my bedroom [*softly*]. He's moving over now and wants to get after me now. And suddenly that one is in front of me again. Oop! Appeared, just appeared! He's raising up his hands.

One of the entity's hands held what looked like a glowing green candle. The other held the white glowing ball. Betty demanded to know who he was: "What is your name? What is your name?"

The entity said his name was Joohop.

"What is this all about, Joohop?"

"You will see as time goes by."

"And what about that blue book there," Betty repeated. "Is that for me?"

"For a time," Joohop answered.

"What is this all about?"

"Because of love. It's all about love. Man seeks to find out about our place . . . our ships . . . our knowledge."

"What about that book over there?"

"It is given to you for a while to grasp as much as you might grasp from it. There is writing there that will be discerned only through the spirit. And it's the writing of light. It can be understood only through the spirit. The other writing that is upon that is for man to seek and find out. There are formulas, and riddles, and poems, and writings—for man to understand nature, for he, too, is nature. He is formed from love, and love is the answer for man."

"Why is it man does not seek love all the time, Joohop?" Betty wondered. "Why is it?"

"Because man has separated himself. He has become dual—separation, duality. He has formed that other side. He has made it to happen. It was all good at one time. Even his choice was good at one time. He has separated it. Even in love there is some separation. Betty, follow me."

And he's taking me up into the hall and up the stairs. And I can hear the stairs creaking . . .

This detail puzzled me, and I mentioned it during a later debriefing:

RAYMOND FOWLER What confused me is, if you were floating, how would you explain the stairs creaking?

BETTY I was floating.

RAYMOND FOWLER Were you in control of your movements?

BETTY Until—until we started up the stairs into my room, I didn't seem under my own power. My mind was not under my own power, I don't believe, because I was following. Whatever he was saying, I was doing. When we got to the stairs, I was under my own power.

The entity did not return Betty to her own bedroom:

We are going around and around, and he's taking me into the white and purple room. He's telling me now that I will rest and I will forget all that has happened until the time is ready.

"Why must I forget?" she protested. "Why must I forget?"
"You must forget until the time appointed."

And he's raising that ball, and he's turning it over on the back of his hand again. And—I'm getting undressed and pulling the covers down and I'm crawling in bed just like I was a little child. I'm jumping in and crawling in, just like I remember seeing the little ones do. And I'm covering up and looking up at him, and he still has that big ball of light. And he's bending over me and he's waving his hand over my face. [*Softly*] I'm in bed and I hear whirring and whirring and—um, starting up something like a big motor or roaring. Like a whirring, roaring noise. I don't know. And it's coming over from the right-hand side, by Becky's little bedroom . . . And it's not roaring anymore, just the—like a "*dink-dink-dink*". . . I don't know. There's just a—and I feel very relaxed and rested and, uh, I'm asleep.

Betty fell into a deep sleep. The next thing she knew was that it was the next morning. Familiar voices echoed up the stairs.

It's the next morning. And, uh, I jump out of the bed, and I feel very happy. I can hear the kids up already. They're downstairs. And I can hear my father talking with a couple of the boys. And he's talking in sort of a baby talk to Cindy. He always does that to her. And it's morning.

Betty awoke suddenly from hypnosis without aid from the hypnotist. Harold, in turn, put her back under hypnosis and then brought her out again without any stress.

The reader will recall that 11-year-old Becky had been briefly "awake" when the entities had first entered the living room. Almost immediately, though, Quazgaa had glanced at her, and again Becky lapsed into sleep. As she explained during hypnosis, the next thing she remembers was waking up in bed the next morning. At first, she thought that she had experienced a very frightening dream:

BECKY I'm waking up in the morning.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You didn't see your mother and the beings leave the living room?

BECKY No, I didn't see her going anywhere.

FRED YOUNGREN When you woke up in the morning, were you still in the living room?

BECKY No. I was in bed.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you remember leaving the living room?

BECKY No. I woke up in the morning and came downstairs, and the kids were all fooling around.

FRED YOUNGREN How about the other kids?

BECKY And there's Cindy lying on the couch—no, Bonnie; it's Bonnie lying down on the couch.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you fix breakfast? Or did Mom have breakfast for you? What happened?

BECKY No. Mom must have had it ready for us, 'cause we had pancakes.

DEBBIE VAILLANCOURT Was your mother up?

BECKY Yes, Mom was up. She was in the bathroom—'cause Scotty wanted to get into the bathroom. He was down in front of the door.

FRED YOUNGREN Did you talk about what had happened the night before?

BECKY No. I didn't tell my mom that until about three days later.

We wondered if Betty had noticed any physical marks on her body after her UFO experience.

RAYMOND FOWLER There were no marks on your body, your navel, your nose? You never felt any pain there—anything like that?

BETTY I never checked. I couldn't. With seven kids, I had to keep well.

Some of our questions assumed she had total recall of the experience on the following day. We tended to forget that prior to her recall via hypnotic regression, Betty had remembered little about the UFO incident. Other than vague memories of the creatures entering the house, the rest of the experience had somehow been blocked out of her conscious mind.

RAYMOND FOWLER How much did you remember of what happened when you got up in the morning?

BETTY I don't know. It's too long ago.

FRED YOUNGREN I'm interested in whether you went out the next morning to look in the backyard to see if there were any signs or impressions on the ground.

BETTY No, but I just thought recently about that back hill. We were trying to grow grass there, and grass would not grow on that hill. We thought it was because of the children always passing through from school. And we would stop the kids and ask, "Would you please use the sidewalks?" You know, Becky? Do you remember that?

BECKY Yeah, because they walked through on a path.

FRED YOUNGREN The grass grows there now, doesn't it?

BETTY It's all dug out. The whole hill was dug out. But we even were going to call the principal because the kids just—you know, they had one line. We didn't want to be mad about it or anything, but we were going to call the principal to see if they could somehow speak to the kids to please use the sidewalks. You know, I was making the garden and we were trying to grow grass.

JULES VAILLANCOURT How much of an area was it? Just a path width?

BETTY No, that whole hill would not keep grass.

RAYMOND FOWLER Had it before?

BETTY Yes. There was just the path coming down, and then the whole thing started to get all bare, like patches. That's why we were throwing grass seed on there.

RAYMOND FOWLER So, when you wrote to Dr. Hynek in 1975, how much did you remember about the incident?

BETTY The pulsating light was the first strong thing. That was the strongest thing I remember—the pulsating light. For a long time, that's what I remembered. And then I started to remember the part about them coming in—you know, the beings coming in.

RAYMOND FOWLER And so, that was about when—1967, 1968, 1969?

BETTY I think it was about 1969.

RAYMOND FOWLER How about your father? Did your father ever mention these strange creatures he saw out the window and ask you where they came from, what they were doing, and so forth?

BETTY No.

RAYMOND FOWLER So, the first time you really got any confirmation that he saw anything at all was just recently?

BETTY When I called up and asked him if he remembered anything about the UFOs and about the experience that I had, he said no to begin with. And then afterward, he told me yes, but he did not want to get involved in it. I told him, "Daddy, then why did you tell me no, you didn't see it? Why didn't you tell me at the beginning of it?" And he said, "I don't want to get involved in that stuff!" And my mother is scared stiff of it. When we were down my sister's house and she learned Jules Vaillancourt had come up, she was thinking that an *actual UFO man* was coming up, you know. She said no. She said, "Don't send him up to my place at all!"

RAYMOND FOWLER As far as you know, she doesn't remember anything at all?

BETTY No.

RAYMOND FOWLER What are you going to do now that all of this has been brought to your conscious mind?

BETTY I really don't know what to do about it, Ray, I . . . I'll tell you how I really feel. I feel a little threatened—because of my faith. I don't want it to fall upon my head if it is [pause] . . . I don't know. I feel a great responsibility and, uh, I shouldn't feel a responsibility because my faith is that Jesus takes the burden from me. And yet, there is.

RAYMOND FOWLER If you accept at face value the messages they gave you, why do you feel threatened? They seemed to reassure you that they are part of what you believe.

BETTY Maybe because of—it's just that so many people . . . telling me about coming down to be hypnotized, "Oh, Betty, don't do that. That's against God. It's in the occult realm." It's even stronger in the churches.

RAYMOND FOWLER They told you that you were going to forget about this incident for a while—or for a time, *your time*. Do you feel that we are doing the right thing in trying to bring this out? Do you think that *this* is the right time?

BETTY Well, I feel that when I sent that letter to Dr. Hynek, a whole weight went off my back. I felt that I searched as much as I could search, and it had me in a state of anxiety. I couldn't find out any more—I figured, here's somebody that really is interested in finding out about it. They have the knowledge. They're educated. They are really going to spend time searching out the thing. I felt relieved, I figured, this was it—I just figured at least, the burden was off me and I really felt better before God. I felt as if, "Lord, I've done all that I'm able to do in searching out the thing." Exactly when was the date that I sent that letter to Dr. Allen Hynek?

JULES VAILLANCOURT Here's the letter—August 20, 1975.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you think that we as investigators should be working with you to try to help bring out this knowledge? Is that a desirable thing to do?

BETTY If this is what you would like.

RAYMOND FOWLER You don't feel any inclination to do a book?

BETTY Well, you know, as I said, a book if it can help people. But also I'm worried about the effect on my faith and what people are going to say, and what they're going to think. And religions are going to get uptight about it.

RAYMOND FOWLER Do you think that this is the end of the affair, now that it's all out?

BETTY No, I don't think it's the end of the affair. I know there's so much locked up inside of my mind. I don't know what it is. *I know it's not the end.* I know that there are many things in there, and they probably will just start coming out. I know they are going to be easier to come out now than they ever were before. *I don't know what they are, but I know that it's going to come out when I least expect it.* I don't think I'll be afraid this time.

(I have added emphasis to portions of Betty's last statement—which, as the reader will soon see, was only too accurate!)

If suddenly something comes to me, I'll write it down and get in contact with you. I think that I would rather stay in contact with you than get involved with any new investigators, because I feel as if you are my friends.

Betty was preparing to move to Florida at this time.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Well, even when you're in Florida, I'd like to call you once in a while and see if you've got anything new.

BETTY Fine, that's fine. Well, I'll tell you if I get new things. I will automatically send them to wherever you want me to send them. As things come out, I'm going to write them down.

RAYMOND FOWLER Should we consider this the last session for our report? If something else comes along, fine, but let's get this whole thing documented.

FRED YOUNGREN I think we want to get it down, read it all through, and then ask more questions.

JULES VAILLANCOURT One thing that we should do, if possible, is have her put back under hypnosis and see if she could look at the blue book and come up with some kind of formulas, proof, or . . .

FRED YOUNGREN Yeah, I was hoping you had kept the book for a number of days and had a chance to look at it.

Our debriefing session ended. Betty was exhausted from the ordeal we were putting her through, but agreed to attend two more hypnotic/debriefing sessions. We wanted to find out just how long she had kept the cryptical blue book and how much she had learned from it. But we were to find out that the aliens had other plans for us. They would intervene directly!

CHAPTER NINE

M

essages for Mankind?

It would be a full three weeks before we again submitted Betty to hypnosis. On the following week, tragedy struck when Peter Neurath, one of our investigators, was stricken with a heart attack and died. Needless to say, no session was held that week. Arrangements were made to conduct further lie detector tests with Betty and Becky on July 9, the following Saturday, and the next two hypnosis/debriefing sessions—sessions twelve and thirteen—were scheduled for July 16 and 23.

Of particular interest to us were the little blue book and the messages given Betty by the aliens. On July 16 the twelfth session began with what had now become a rather routine matter. Betty was soon under hypnosis and was regressed to the time when she and the entities were in the living room after her return to the house. We attempted to probe her mind for the messages given her by the aliens. One of the investigators had asked a question:

DAVID WEBB At any time, Betty, did either Joohop or Quazgaa

give you any predictions for the future? Things that would happen on earth?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB Can you reveal these now?

Betty paused. Her face became contorted. It looked as if she were struggling against someone or something that was taking control of her speech facilities!

They—have things—in control. —They—are—in—the heavens. —They—have—powers. —[Sigh] —They—can make—you—think—one thing—and yet—mean—another—I don't like them controlling my words!

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You are still in the living room talking to them.

BETTY I know I'm *there*, but I'm *here* also.

Somehow Betty had been whisked from a past event that she had been reliving to the *present* time. No one in the room had suggested that she do this. Stunned, we could not understand why or how she had abruptly moved into the present time.

DAVID WEBB Do you feel they are controlling your words *now*?

BETTY They were, and I don't like it. I don't like them controlling my hands either. [Sigh] Oh, my arms and hands!

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Are they doing something to your arms and your hands?

BETTY Yes, they are, and I don't like it!

JOSEPH SANTANGELO What are they doing to your arms and hands?

BETTY I don't know. They're doing it just like they had me before.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO They are restraining them?

BETTY Yes.

Her hands and her feet felt restrained, as they had before on the examination table in the UFO.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO What does it feel like, Betty?

BETTY Feels like I can hardly feel them. They are so numb that I don't have any feeling, like I'm stuck to something.

Betty's struggle was in vain. Whatever had sought to control her had the upper hand, and at this point, she started talking in an unknown

language—mechanically, as if someone else were speaking through her! The following phonetic rendition represents the closest approximation of this language that I could derive from listening to the original tape recording. The total passage took about thirty-five seconds to deliver:

BETTY Oh-tookûrah bohûtûtah mawhûlah dûh dûwa ma her dûh okaht tûraht [*sighs*] nûwrlahah-tûtrah aw-hoe-hoe marikoto tûtrah etrah meekohtûtrah etro indra ûkreeahlah [*sigh*].

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, what are you saying to us?

BETTY I'm just saying it. I don't know what they're saying to you.

FRED YOUNGREN Are you repeating things that they are saying to you?

BETTY I don't know what it is. They're just saying it to me. I don't know what they are saying.

Betty again broke into a foreign language. Then:

Base 32 — Base 32 — [*sigh*] Signal Base 32.

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, can you tell us any more about that? Does that refer to a number or a place?

BETTY [*Softly*] I don't know. [*Softly, to herself*] Is it a place? Is it a place? Curvature, curvature. Sombreado. Star Seeso. Sombreado. Star Seeso.

(She continued with more strange language.)

DAVID WEBB Betty, is this a message we are supposed to understand?

BETTY I don't think it's from the book. I think it is coming from something.

FRED YOUNGREN Is this a message that you got then? Or is this a new message?

BETTY No, I didn't get it then. It must be from *now*.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you feel you're in contact with them now?

BETTY I don't know, but my hands feel like it's the same as it was then. So do my feet and my legs.

DAVID WEBB Betty, is there something that they want us to understand right now?

BETTY [*After a pause*] Yes.

DAVID WEBB Do you know what it is? Can you tell us what it is?

BETTY [*Pause*] Something about scientists must bury the past.

FRED YOUNGREN Say some more. Tell us some more!

BETTY There is an even flow. There are waves that are being sent out. And there are old walls that need to be broken down.

DAVID WEBB Can you tell us more?

FRED YOUNGREN Does this relate to the formulas that they gave you, or is this different?

BETTY This is different, something about circling the plain. Circle the plain, P, L, A, I, N. Uh—count three and four, count three and four. Counting three and four is very important.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you tell us what the three and four relate to?

BETTY It's something about a door, and it's going to be opened. Oh, my hands!

JULES VAILLANCOURT Betty, you mentioned Star Seeso. Is that a place?

BETTY Yes.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Is it in our galaxy?

BETTY No.

DAVID WEBB Is that where they're from?

BETTY No.

DAVID WEBB What does that mean to them?

BETTY It means something about a two and a four and zero, zero, line under zero, zero, zero, line under zero, zero, line under—it keeps going on!

DAVID WEBB Betty, did they ever tell you, give you, the name of the place where they are from?

BETTY I can't pronounce it.

DAVID WEBB Did they ever show you a map?

BETTY All I see is a line straight down and—one, two, three, four, five lines. There's something like [*pause*] circled. I don't know what it is.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Can you draw us a sketch of it?

BETTY If I can remember it, I'll try and draw it.

FRED YOUNGREN Try to fix it in your memory so you can draw it for us later.

BETTY There's an anchor there.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Are you still in the living room, Betty?

BETTY No, I'm right here.

While we changed our recording tape, Betty was taken out of hyp-

nosis. While the tapes were changed in several strategically located recorders, we asked a few questions.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you see a map?

BETTY It was a weird thing.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Was it a chart, a map? Where did you see it?

BETTY I've just now seen it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO It's in your mind now, or was it a few minutes ago?

BETTY A few minutes ago, when I was in here, in this room. I was no longer back in that time. I was here. Whatever that was that came out was not from that time. It was now—and there's an anchor.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You mean like a metal anchor? A sea anchor?

BETTY Something. It's an anchor. I can't explain, somehow an anchor.

Betty was then returned to a hypnotic state and was asked if the aliens had anything to do with a recent power blackout in New York City.

BETTY They have powers. They can control the wind, and water and even lightning.

DAVID WEBB Did they tell you what the purpose of the blackout was?

BETTY It was to reveal to man his true nature.

DAVID WEBB What is man's true nature?

BETTY Man seeks to destroy himself. Greed, greed, greed, greed. And because of greed, it draws all foul things. Everything has been provided for man. Simple things. He could be advanced so far, but greed gets in the way. Freely it will be given to those that have loved.

(Again Betty spoke in a strange tongue.)

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, is this a message for us?

A feeling of tension filled the crowded office as again Betty's face became twisted and words forced themselves out through her reluctant lips.

BETTY Even—now—you—cannot—see.—Even—now—we speak.

DAVID WEBB We are trying to see. Do you have a message for us?

BETTY You—try—to—seek—in—wrong—directions.—Simplicity—'round about you.—Air—you breathe—water—you drink—[sigh]—fire—that—warms—earth—that—heals.—Simplicity—ashes—things—that—are—necessary—taken—for—granted.—Powers—within them—overlooked.—Why—think—you—are—able—to live? Simplicity.

DAVID WEBB Betty, are you telling us this? Are you interpreting this for us?

BETTY No, I'm not telling you those things.

DAVID WEBB How do your arms and legs feel right now?

BETTY Terrible . . . That feeling in my hands—to hold my hands down.

DAVID WEBB Do you feel that the beings are using you?

BETTY Yes, they are. [Softly] And I don't know how they're doing it.

DAVID WEBB What do they want us, as seekers of the truth, to understand right now?

BETTY The truth—freedom—love—to understand man's hatred—to deal with it righteously.

DAVID WEBB Are they trying to protect man from himself? Is that true?

BETTY No, and yes. No, because—because other worlds are involved in man's world. Man—is very—arrogant—and greedy—and he thinks—that all worlds—revolve around—him.

DAVID WEBB But not all men think this way.

BETTY Only—because—love is present.

FRED YOUNGREN Will the blue book help us to understand the message?

BETTY You—would—be—in—just—as—much—darkness—about—the—blue—book.—First—seek—out—the—simple forms—of—your—selves.—Man is—arrogant—because—his—image—makes up—everything—that—is—condensed—and—pride—dwells—there—because—of—the—image—that—man—has—been—given. [Sigh]

FRED YOUNGREN Do the beings want us to understand? Does Quazgaa want us to understand?

BETTY Quazgaa—is—just—an—official officer—under—the—clan—like—many—others.

FRED YOUNGREN But my question is, do they want us to understand and to gain knowledge?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB What is the clan?

BETTY It will not be told right now, they said.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Where is Seeso?

BETTY Far, far, past, twenty-four zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero, zero. I don't know how many zeros.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Betty, where are they from?

BETTY They said, you will know the truth, and you will know once you find the truth.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Betty, what is the truth?

BETTY I've told you the truth before. Jesus Christ is the truth. He is the answer for mankind. He's the only answer.

The investigator had asked Betty, not the alien, what the truth was. Betty, predictably, answered the question from the perspective of her religious faith. Fred quickly realized Joseph's mistake and addressed his question to the entities who seemed to be controlling Betty.

FRED YOUNGREN I have a question for the beings. I would like to know if they are willing to help us to find knowledge. Can we find out if they are willing to help us?

The apparent answer via Betty had chilling implications:

You—would—not—have—gotten—this far—nor—gained—this—much—information—had—we—not—desired—to—help—you.

FRED YOUNGREN Then I would like to have some indication of their help for us to proceed further. What must we do for the next step? How do we proceed further?

BETTY Search.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO In what direction?

BETTY That—which has been given to you—seek—search. We—shall—help—reveal—certain—pieces—of—the—puzzle—will—be—fitted.—Try—to—understand—yourselves.—Seek—spiritually.—Seek.—Doors—have—been—left—open—to—you.—The—great door—shall guide.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO What is the great door?

BETTY It is the entrance into the other world. The world where light is.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Is that available to us as well as to you, Betty?

BETTY No, not yet.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Is it available to you?

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Do you understand what is on the other side of the great door?

BETTY Yes, I understand and believe in it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Can you help us to understand?

BETTY If you will accept it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Will they permit you to guide us?

BETTY No, they want to guide.

DAVID WEBB Betty, we would like to try, then, to pursue this truth. We would like you to go back again to the evening of the incident . . . Pick up the story where, ah, Joohop was taking your mother and father to bed. Do you remember that point?

BETTY I remember it, Dave, but I can't go back there right now.

DAVID WEBB You can't?

BETTY They have my hands and my feet and my legs.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Are you being requested to continue the conversation?

BETTY It must be, because they're applying more pressure on my hands and my feet.

DAVID WEBB Okay, then. You don't have to go back right now.

JULES VAILLANCOURT The twenty-four zero, zero, continuous zeros. Is that in miles, meters, light-years?

BETTY It is in sunbursts.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO What does the term "sunburst" mean, so we can understand it?

BETTY It is something about the darkness that is left there after the sun has been exploded, I guess, or something or other. I don't know. [*Weakly*] They won't tell me.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Are they referring to our sun as we know it?

BETTY Yes, our sun. Sunbursts.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Is the sun a key to the truth?

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Is this sun explosion in the future or in the past?

BETTY The future and the past are the same as today to them.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Does time exist?

BETTY Time to them is not like our time, but they know about our time.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO They recognize time as our dimension, but they have something else, through time?

BETTY Yes, they can reverse time.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO They can reverse our time?

BETTY Uh-huh.

FRED YOUNGREN Are the beings able to come here again?

BETTY They travel freely. They travel freely throughout our whole earth.

DAVID WEBB Can they travel inside the earth?

BETTY Yes, their density is much different, although they have metals that they cannot penetrate. They have to have those metals.

DAVID WEBB Are those metals in the earth?

BETTY [Softly] Some of them.

DAVID WEBB Is that one reason they're here?

BETTY Mmm, no. But some of the metals in the earth are enough to carry man to where they are. Then, when they get to their certain station, they are able to subtract ores from that planet for the use of going on further.

DAVID WEBB Have they been visiting the earth for very long?

BETTY Since the beginning of time.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Our time?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB Can they travel freely throughout the stars?

BETTY Certain ones.

DAVID WEBB Are these stars nearby to the sun and the earth?

BETTY Yes, and they are beyond.

DAVID WEBB What do you mean by "beyond"?

BETTY Beyond ours there are others, but they are in a different plane. They're in a heavier space.

DAVID WEBB What do you mean by "a heavier space"?

BETTY They're in a heavier space than we are.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Why are they restricted to some stars and not others?

BETTY Why are we restricted to earth and able to go only to certain stars, and not others?

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Is that the answer or is that another question?

BETTY That is the answer and the question.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Betty, do they have enemies as we have enemies?

BETTY There is one planet that is an enemy, and also many men are enemies, only because they do not understand.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Men of this earth, you mean?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB Betty, are there many of these clans or races visiting the earth right now from many planets?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB How many?

BETTY Seventy.

DAVID WEBB Seventy different planets or races?

BETTY Races.

DAVID WEBB Do these races work together?

BETTY Yes, except for the offensive one.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO They come from different planets, then? They don't come from the same planet? Is that correct?

BETTY Some. Some come from realms where you cannot see their hiding place. Some come from the very earth.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO This very earth?

BETTY Yes, there is a place on this very earth that you do not know of.

FRED YOUNGREN Can they see the future?

BETTY Definitely.

FRED YOUNGREN Can they tell whether we are going to come up with an answer?

BETTY The answer is here already.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO When will we recognize it in our time?

BETTY When you give your heart over.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Does that mean that each individual being will recognize it at a different period?

BETTY When the heart is given over, each one will see it.

JULES VAILLANCOURT When the heart is given over to what?

BETTY To love and truth.

JOSEPH VAILLANCOURT Does that mean that some people have already seen this since many, many years gone by, and some will never see it?

BETTY Yes, and it is sad, because it was there for all mankind.

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, what is your personal function in revealing this?

BETTY They said that they have chosen me to reveal it because of the initiation, because of going through what I had gone through, because it was planned.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Why were you chosen?

BETTY Because I did not object.

DAVID WEBB Betty, have other people like yourself been involved in being taken on board their craft and examined?

BETTY Yes, but they quiet them. They tell them to be still. It's hidden within them. As time goes by, mysteries are going to be unlocked from man. These people are very afraid.

DAVID WEBB Did they tell you how many such cases there have been of people being taken on board?

BETTY Many, many, many, many, many. Many, many cases. Many, but only a few have gone to the fullness.

DAVID WEBB Have some of these people been taken back to the planets of the beings? Have some earth people been taken back?

BETTY Yes, and they're going to return, and people are going to be afraid because of it.

DAVID WEBB Were you taken to their home planet?

BETTY [Long pause and weak voice] I was taken to the high place, higher than their home planet.

DAVID WEBB You mean a more important planet?

BETTY It is not a planet, it is a *place*.

Since Betty was showing signs of fatigue, Harold released her from the hypnotic trance, and we proceeded to question her. We were curious as to why she had not remained reliving the past as she had been instructed.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How did you get back to today? You were back ten years ago.

BETTY I know. I was back there in the living room, and suddenly I was in here.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Was that because of our questions, or don't you know?

BETTY I don't know.

DAVID WEBB Betty, I tried to get you back to the time of the blue book, and you felt that *they* wouldn't let you?

BETTY I couldn't.

DAVID WEBB You couldn't? You felt that they were preventing you?

BETTY Uh-huh.

It seemed as if the aliens had prevented us from learning certain information by intervening directly in Harold's office!

DAVID WEBB What else did you feel at that time?

BETTY Just that they had hold of me and they pressured me. Somehow—holding me down. It was pressure.

DAVID WEBB That was in addition to the weight in your arms and legs. Was that with you at other times when you were under hypnosis?

BETTY No, at certain times.

DAVID WEBB During these times, was it at all similar to the weight you felt in the craft?

BETTY Yeah.

DAVID WEBB Do you feel as if that weight is an indication of them controlling you somehow?

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Would that be an indication that *every time* you feel that weight, you are getting a message directly from them?

BETTY I don't know, 'cause I don't feel that weight. I didn't feel that weight when I was lying down.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO But that was communicated to you directly. In all other cases when you felt the weight, you were communicating to other people. You were communicating with *us*.

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Perhaps, when you are talking to us, you are being used as a translator. You are conveying a message.

BETTY This isn't a message to me.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO It isn't?

DAVID WEBB Is it a message to us?

BETTY It must be. It isn't to me.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Do you remember anything about this alien planet?

BETTY No.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You just know somehow that it was alien to the beings?

BETTY They said there is one planet that is alien.

JULES VAILLANCOURT It is hostile toward them?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB Do you feel that we are on the right track, as far as our questions go? Trying to get them to talk to us through you? Do you feel that they want that to happen?

BETTY I don't know.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you feel uncomfortable during that?

BETTY Just when they put the pressure on me, or whatever it is.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Do you feel mentally comfortable?

BETTY No, I feel tired.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Yes, but that's because of hypnosis.

DR. EDELSTEIN How are you feeling, Betty?

BETTY Pretty good.

DAVID WEBB Do you have any apprehension right now about us trying to regress you to a time immediately after the incident so that we can pursue information about the blue book?

BETTY No, I don't have any problem.

DAVID WEBB But at the time, you felt that they were preventing you from going back.

BETTY I couldn't go back.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Was that because in asking the questions, we reverted you back to *now*?

BETTY I don't know. I wish I had the answers.

DAVID WEBB Is this it for today as far as hypnosis goes?

DR. EDELSTEIN She has had enough hypnosis.

At this point, we decided to go after more "hard" data.

FRED YOUNGREN The Bible that you handed to the leader, Quazgaa—what happened? Did they give you back your Bible?

BETTY I don't know, because all I remember seeing is that blue book there. So they must have kept it.

FRED YOUNGREN They must have kept your Bible?

BETTY Well, I don't know if it's my Bible. We had many Bibles. Becky couldn't find her Bible afterward.

BECKY I told my mom that it was missing.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you remember when?

BECKY Sunday school. I took it to Sunday school every Sunday.

FRED YOUNGREN It could have been her Bible, and they probably took it. Is that what you think?

BETTY This could be, because I didn't see it back on the end table. Only the blue book was on the, uh, end table.

In other words, the blue book had remained in Betty's house *after* the aliens' departure! In the next session, we decided to go back in Betty's memory to see what, if anything, she could recall of this mysterious document.

CHAPTER TEN

The Blue Book

We remembered that three days after the event, Becky had approached her mother with her own memories of the incident:

BETTY It was about two days later that Becky came to me with her dream, and she—two or three days later, she told me about it.

DR. EDELSTEIN Why did you wait so long, Becky?

BECKY Because I thought it was a dream. And then I thought, well, with dreams, something in here will get over it. It's just a dream. But it upset me, and after three days it was upsetting me so much I had to tell Mom, 'cause it was just bothering me too much. I was scared.

RAYMOND FOWLER Did you remember that something had happened?

BECKY I told her that I had a dream. I told my dream, and she told me that was true, that really happened . . . but not to tell anyone about it, and don't worry about it.

BETTY And it hit me then that "That was no dream, honey. That really happened, but don't tell anybody."

Now, in the thirteenth session, we returned the hypnotized Betty to the moment when Becky first related her dream.

DAVID WEBB Becky first mentioned the dream she had that related to your incident. Can you go back to that time now?

BETTY It was about three days later she mentioned it. She came to me and she said, "Mommy, I've had a strange dream."

DAVID WEBB When was this? In the morning?

BETTY Yes, and she told me what she had seen. I said, "Shush, shush, quiet. Don't scare the kids." And she said "Why?" And I said, "Come here." And I brought her into the bedroom and said, "Mommy is going to tell you that it wasn't any dream, honey. It really happened. There were some strange things in the house, but don't tell anybody, will you?" And she looked at me funny and she said, "You mean what I dreamed was true?" I said, "Yeah, but don't be afraid, 'cause Jesus is with us." I said, "I'll show you." And I did take the blue book out . . . I'm feeling very cold right now.

DAVID WEBB Are you feeling cold when you touch the book?

BETTY No, I just feel cold because of telling you about it. It gives me goose bumps. I'm all right now. Maybe it's because I wasn't supposed to show anybody the book.

DAVID WEBB Do you remember showing it to anybody other than Becky?

BETTY No, I just see us—she sitting on my bed, and I'm going to the closet.

DAVID WEBB Is this the closet in your bedroom, where you kept the book?

BETTY Yes, and there is a noise in the kitchen, and so I put it back and I closed the closet. I went out into the kitchen and I told her, "Shush, just wait a minute, honey, I'll be right back." I went out into the kitchen, and it was just Jimmy and Mark coming in for a drink of water—I went to get the book again and showed Becky. I told her, "Now, don't tell anybody, will you, honey, because it's very important. It's from Jesus." Becky's face just lit right up. She was beaming. She was so happy and excited over it.

DAVID WEBB Did she say anything about seeing the blue book earlier?

BETTY Yes, she said, "That's what they gave you, Mommy. I remember, that's what they gave you." And I'm getting the chills again for some reason.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Do you think that they wanted you to show Becky the book?

BETTY I wasn't supposed to show anybody.

DAVID WEBB See if you can remember as clearly as you can the last time that you saw the thin blue book they gave you. Can you try to remember that?

BETTY The last time I saw it?

DAVID WEBB Yes.

BETTY The last time I saw it all alone?

Once again, we realized we had "called" for the wrong time period and decided to follow Betty's lead.

DAVID WEBB You're all alone? Where were you?

BETTY In my house.

DAVID WEBB Can you tell us about this time?

BETTY I have just locked the front door, 'cause the kids have gone to school, and my mother and father have gone back home, and I'm sitting at the table and I'm opening it up.

FRED YOUNGREN How long after the sighting was this day when you last saw the blue book?

BETTY Ah, I think it was . . . [pause] I think it was nine days.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you know what day of the week it was?

BETTY It was a weekday, because I know I went to get it, and it wasn't there, and I was shook up. I thought maybe the kids had gotten a hold of it. I couldn't touch the book on Sunday because they were around. When they went out to play, like on Saturday, I could take a look. It was really bothering me 'cause I wanted to study that so much and to see what it was. My father and mother went home, and that Monday they were gone and my kids were in school, and I felt, now I can do it.

RAYMOND FOWLER Betty, where had you kept the book prior to locking the door and going to the kitchen table to look at it?

BETTY I hid it in the closet.

RAYMOND FOWLER Why did you hide it in the closet?

BETTY I don't know.

DAVID WEBB Did they tell you to hide it in the closet, or to keep it hidden?

BETTY Yes, they said that.

DAVID WEBB Did they tell you why they wanted you to keep it hidden?

BETTY It must not be seen by any that were not worthy.

DAVID WEBB Did they give you a reason why they didn't want you to show the blue book to anyone?

BETTY Because it was for initiation, and Becky was too young and had to go through too many things yet in order to see it.

DAVID WEBB Why did they pick you?

BETTY It was a book of initiation of mysteries of everything that is. It is because of things I have gone through and yet have stood fast.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Were you supposed to study it?

BETTY I was supposed to look at it and grasp as much as I could possibly grasp for the future.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Is that the information that you have locked in your memory that you were to release in time?

BETTY It is a portion of it, but the biggest portion is what was told me from Quazgaa and Joohop.

DAVID WEBB After your parents had left and you were able to sit down with the book, what did you first do?

BETTY I was just at the kitchen table there and I was just opening up the book.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Did you look at the cover to see if there is any symbol on the cover?

BETTY There is something there. [*Whisper*] What is it? It's like in the very center. It's very thin. Thin gold. It just looks Egyptian.

FRED YOUNGREN How many pages are in the blue book, and did you look through all of them to see how large it was?

BETTY Around forty thin, thin papers.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Are they numbered?

BETTY No.

FRED YOUNGREN Are they printed on both sides of the sheet?

BETTY No, that's what's strange. On the other side, it's a glowing white.

DAVID WEBB The other side of every page?

BETTY It seems it from here, but it seems as you get toward the black writing, it seems as if . . . [*pause*] unless it just comes through from the other page. It's so thin. For some reason, I'm very close to the book. I'm looking down about ten or twelve inches from the book, and there is strange writing in it and numbers.

DAVID WEBB Is this writing you're describing on the first page?

BETTY No. I'm in between the pages.

DAVID WEBB What do you mean—that the symbols are *in between* the pages?

BETTY It's maybe about the fourth or fifth page.

DAVID WEBB Had you just opened the book up to this page?

BETTY I opened it to more pages than the beginning, because the first three pages were just white light—glowing. There're all sorts of symbols.

Betty attempted to describe the strange script in terms of familiar things:

One comma-dash like a curleque of some kind. A sweeping under in a circle, and then two lines close to each other with a kind of a rounded line on top like a—you know, like a . . . with two sides. A zero with a dot and some kind of a line on an angle going through that with a little flag-type thing on the line.

FRED YOUNGREN Are there pictures in the blue book? Illustrations? Or is there only writing?

BETTY No. There're diamonds with a dot in the middle. There is something like a staff and there are arrows. There is, uh, something that is on an angle and—it's a rectangle on a side, and it goes out.

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, can you understand this writing that you see?

BETTY No, I'm just looking at it.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you feel that the blue book is giving you information? What is the value of the blue book to you in terms of what does it do?

BETTY It's mysterious because of the strangeness of it.

DAVID WEBB Were you able, then, at this time to look at every page in the blue book?

BETTY At this time, I'm just seeing a pyramid again.

FRED YOUNGREN Is that in the book?

BETTY Yes, a pyramid, but a strange-type pyramid. It has a chute on it, and it has an arrow, some type of an arrow. It's all strange. All strange. It's like, ah, takeoff things for airplanes or something like pyramids with, uh—it's just hard to explain it.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you fix this in your memory so you can draw it for us later?

BETTY I'll try to.

DAVID WEBB Try to remember what was on each page of the blue book. Try to write it down and draw it for us after the session.

BETTY I will try. I would prefer if possible to do it now while I am seeing it.

JULES VAILLANCOURT You mean now while you are under hypnosis?

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You want to do that now, Betty?

BETTY Yes, if I can have the power in my hand.

(Her hands were rigid while under hypnosis.)

JULES VAILLANCOURT Here is a pen. Would you rather have a pencil?

BETTY I will have to first somehow be released. My hand.

Harold released Betty's hand as requested. Betty proceeded to draw symbols on a pad of paper held by the hypnotist's assistant. She kept her eyes closed while writing.

DAVID WEBB Are all these symbols that you are drawing on one page?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB Do you remember which page it is?

BETTY No.

DAVID WEBB Are you feeling right now that any of these symbols are more important than other ones?

BETTY There is a mechanical thing that I couldn't draw.

DAVID WEBB That's okay. Maybe you can draw it later. Are there any other symbols that are important? More important than others?

BETTY The written meaning to it cannot be written by our words . . . It's unspeakable in words, our words. It can only be seen through symbols.

DAVID WEBB After you were through looking at the book, what did you do with it?

BETTY I put it up, and I took my Bible and lay down on the sofa.

DAVID WEBB Where did you put the book?

BETTY I put it back up in the closet, underneath a box.

DAVID WEBB That's where you had been keeping it?

BETTY Yeah.

DAVID WEBB Okay then, proceed. You took your Bible and lay down on the sofa.

BETTY Yeah, and I was praying to God to reveal to me what it

was all about. I prayed to Jesus that I didn't understand and that He would have to help me . . . [Pause] And then certain words started coming, and at first I didn't do anything about it.

DAVID WEBB Is this the first time that you got these words or knowledge when you'd been sitting with your Bible?

BETTY I started getting those things like different words.

DAVID WEBB But was this the first time?

BETTY Yeah.

DAVID WEBB When did you next look in the closet for the blue book? Was it the same day?

BETTY No, I think it was the next day, and I was scared 'cause it was gone and it had been entrusted in my care.

DAVID WEBB This bothered you?

BETTY Yes.

DAVID WEBB Didn't they tell you that you would only have it for a period of time?

BETTY Yes, that's right. They did tell me that.

DAVID WEBB Did they tell you how long it would be?

BETTY They said it would be ten days . . . [Pause] That's right, they said it would be ten days that I would have to look at it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did they tell you they were going to take it back?

BETTY Yes, they said that they would give me so many days to look at it.

DAVID WEBB On this day that you looked in the closet and found that it wasn't there, do you remember what day it was? What day of the week?

BETTY It seems like— [pause] It seems to me like a Tuesday. It could have been a Thursday.

DAVID WEBB Why do you say Tuesday?

BETTY Because the day before, the kids were at school.

DAVID WEBB Couldn't it have been a Wednesday?

BETTY Wednesdays I went shopping because I would always look for Wednesday bargain days to save money.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Well, when was the last time that you went to pick up groceries—before you lost the book?

BETTY It seems as if I stayed in the house. It seems as if I didn't want to leave it. I didn't want to leave that book alone there.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO So then you didn't do any shopping until after the book was gone?

BETTY That's right. I don't think I did because it was too important. I wouldn't leave that alone.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you go shopping the following week?

BETTY I must have, but my heart wasn't in it.

DAVID WEBB Did you spend a lot of time with the blue book each day until you found it was missing?

BETTY Yes, I did spend time with the blue book. It's strange, because it was mostly my Bible that I usually spent time with, and why I would spend as much time on that blue book is strange because the Bible is all-important to me.

FRED YOUNGREN Did you go to church between the time of the sighting and the date at which you last had the blue book?

BETTY [*Softly*] No.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO How did they recover the book?

BETTY I don't know. It's gone.

DAVID WEBB Betty, on the day that Becky mentioned the dream to you—did you actually hand the book to Becky?

BETTY She touched one of the white pages. Her hand seemed to glow from it. She touched the second white page of the three white pages of the beginning of the book, and her little hand glowed from it.

DAVID WEBB What did she say?

BETTY She just said, "Look, Momma!" And I said, "I know, I know." And again, I'm getting goose bumps.

DAVID WEBB Are you getting cold?

BETTY A little cold now.

DAVID WEBB And after you and Becky were finished looking at the blue book, what did you do with it then?

BETTY My hands and my feet are beginning to feel that feeling!

DAVID WEBB Are they?

BETTY That feeling in my hands again. Oh-h-h-h! They're starting to hold my hands down again!

Betty realized that the aliens were again taking control of her. Were there some things about the blue book that the aliens did not want us to know? We attempted to find out if this was the case.

DAVID WEBB Do you feel as if they have a reason for doing this, Betty?

BETTY I don't know what it is, but they're doing something to me again.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Now?

BETTY Right now!

Betty suddenly began speaking in an unknown tongue and sighed deeply.

FRED YOUNGREN Betty, can we contact the beings today?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Will you ask them if they'll answer some questions for us?

BETTY They said, "If it is in the scope of realism."

FRED YOUNGREN Okay, would you ask the being you're in communication with what his name is?

BETTY Andantio.

FRED YOUNGREN Andantio?

BETTY That's what he says, or what the word is.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Where is he from?

BETTY He is from the same place as those that have been before him.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO What is the name of the place?

BETTY I can't pronounce it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Can you write it? Can you spell it?

BETTY It begins with a Z . . . [*Pause*] It isn't like ours. There's too many consonants and very few vowels in it, and I can't pronounce it.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Can you spell it? Can you see it? Can you see the word?

BETTY No, he's saying it.

DAVID WEBB Is it one word, or two or more, or can't you tell?

BETTY It's one word.

Again, Betty started speaking in the strange tongue.

FRED YOUNGREN Andantio, may we speak with you *directly*?

BETTY Not at this time, he says.

DAVID WEBB Does he give you a reason why not at this time?

BETTY Because you are not ready.

DAVID WEBB Can he tell you why we're not ready, or what we need to do to prepare ourselves to be able to communicate with him?

BETTY He can see that you are serious. Simplicity has got to be there. Minds are open, but there are walls there—walls that have been caused by knowledge. We would not understand what he

would tell you, and it would be a waste until you find the simple things.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Can he tell us something that we would understand?

BETTY Know yourselves. Please, please, please know yourselves.

VIRGINIA NEURATH Betty, could I ask you about the symbols you described last week which you got from this being?

BETTY Yes. Is it the line down with the lines through and the circles with the anchor to the right?

FRED YOUNGREN I have a question for Andantio. I want to know if he is familiar with the formulas that were given to you.

BETTY Those formulas are very simple . . . They are the building blocks to a higher way.

FRED YOUNGREN I'd like to ask some questions regarding the first formula.

BETTY It has to do with a liquid that life has been removed from. It is stillness. Are you able to understand this? It has stillness within it. It will not wave or move—no vibrations. It's pure.

FRED YOUNGREN I would like Andantio to come here so we could talk with him directly. Andantio, will you come here *now*?

Betty did not say a word. The room was silent and we glanced about apprehensively, half expecting Andantio to materialize! Finally, Betty broke the eerie silence:

BETTY I asked him if he would be willing to, and he will not answer.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What are the walls and barriers that we have to overcome in order to communicate with him?

BETTY Again, [*softly*] know yourself. You think that you know yourselves, but you do not know yourselves. You do not know what you are made up of. You do not know the powers that you possess. You do not know the extensions of love.

FRED YOUNGREN I don't understand what Andantio would have us do in order to better communicate with him. I think he will have to come here if we are going to have better communication. I'd like to understand more about how to bring that about.

BETTY You would worship him if he was to come here, and that is not his way. You would be in awe of him. It is his way because he is just a servant and a messenger.

RAYMOND FOWLER Can he show us some proof that he is real-

ly communicating through you in this room—something that we would accept without hesitation as proof that he actually exists and is talking through you?

BETTY The world seeks proof. They cannot see with the spiritual eye. Only those that are worthy will see.

RAYMOND FOWLER But man's mind has been so created that in every other area of life, he has to accept or reject what he feels is reality on the basis of some type of proof. Can he understand the limitations and show us some kind of proof?

BETTY He understands the limitations. The proof came long ago and still is—he could do all sorts of tricks, but it would not be his way.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO We're not looking for tricks. We don't want tricks. We're looking for information.

BETTY He knows that you are looking for information.

DAVID WEBB Betty, is Andantio of the same race as Quazgaa?

BETTY Yes, he is.

DAVID WEBB Do you feel that they are messengers of the Lord?

BETTY I believe it now, yes. If I did not believe that they were messengers of the Lord, then I would not give my will over to be used.

FRED YOUNGREN Andantio, is there a more favorable time or place to communicate with you?

BETTY I can communicate with you when you are sitting at work, when you are driving in your car.

FRED YOUNGREN What is the most favorable time and place?

BETTY Time with us is not your time. The place with you is localized. It is not with us. Cannot you see it?

FRED YOUNGREN I still would like to have you come directly to communicate with us telepathically now. Won't you please do that?

BETTY Would the vessel tell the maker what it prefers to have in it?

This cat-and-mouse game continued until it was quite apparent that no further information could be obtained from the quizzical Andantio. It was obvious, too, that he was deliberately blocking our efforts to secure further information from Betty pertaining to the blue book.

The question remained as to whether we had actually communicated with an alien, or with Betty's subconscious mind. But in any event, Betty and her family were in the process of moving to Florida, and reluctantly we decided to call the sessions to a halt.

Betty Andreasson is a simple, unsophisticated country girl. Her childhood was happy and carefree, but the years that followed her marriage had been alternately laced with joy and sorrow. A marital problem developed early that Betty patiently bore for years. Shortly after her 1975 letter to Dr. Hynek, the marital problem intensified, and she and her husband agreed to separate. When we first met Betty, she had shouldered the responsibility of raising her remaining family single-handedly for well over a year.

She had hoped for the problem's solution and eventual reconciliation, but it did not work out. Reluctantly, Betty had initiated divorce proceedings. Now she sought a new life and was preparing to move her family to be near relatives in Florida.

The round trip to Dr. Edelstein's office was over four hours. The long hypnosis and debriefing sessions, coupled with the burden of remembering the unnatural experience, left Betty mentally and physically exhausted. But packing, leasing her house, and managing everyday household affairs had not dissuaded her from cheerfully attending each hypnosis/debriefing session.

We marveled at the tenacity of this woman. In spite of the pressures of a busy schedule, it was obvious that she was determined to find out what had happened to her.

Then, after sessions had been discontinued and just several days before Betty was to depart for Florida, her father was hospitalized with cancer. After going into shock during kidney dialysis, Waino Aho died on August 27. After the funeral, Betty sadly left for Florida to look for a new home for her family. I would not see her again until October.

It was time, as they say in the intelligence community, to make an estimate of the situation and begin the task of evaluating the immense amount of data collected thus far.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

P

reliminary Correlations

The reliving of the traumatic experience by hypnosis and the occurrence of several family tragedies, coupled with Betty's impending divorce, had affected the life-style of the principal witness. Nonetheless, this had not negated our overall character check which provided ample evidence that both she and Becky are honest and emotionally stable persons.

Harold Edelstein had no previous experience with UFO investigation. As the series of hypnotic/debriefing sessions progressed, he seemed genuinely impressed. But for the most part, he kept himself in the background and became directly involved only when necessary. He was careful not to let his words and thoughts influence Betty in any way.

It wasn't until session 12, on July 16, 1977, that Harold made any definitive statement concerning the provocative case. After this session, he took the investigators aside.

"Okay," Harold said. "I'm going to tell you what I honestly think. I think there is substance here, but it can't be pushed because you'll frighten her."

That wasn't the question on Fred Youngren's mind. "What do you think we can believe of what we're hearing here?"

"I don't know if you can believe everything, but I believe wholeheartedly that in many instances, she believes what she's telling you. The facial expressions and breathing can be changed," Harold explained, "but a person has to really *believe* in what they are telling you in order for them to change. Play that tape back. Now at certain points, when I said to you, 'Get a picture,' her face was twisted up on the side. It didn't even look like Betty. Am I right?"

"Yes," Joseph Santangelo admitted. "She looked like she was in agony."

"Now, these things are very important. Another thing that leads me to believe that a good share of this may be true is that she comes up with different things at different times. As she goes over it, it is just as though she were having a recollection of something."

In sum, Harold concluded that at times, Betty and Becky appeared to be reliving an experience that was very real to them, and he advised us to make sample video-tapes at some of the sessions. He believed that a good portion of the experience reflected actual reality, but he confessed he could not deduce how much was real or imagined. This deduction, he stressed, could only be made by comparing the Andreasson Affair with other reports for similarities. Such a comparison would be an intricate part of the last procedure employed in our investigation—analyzing all collected data pertaining to the case.

At the beginning of our investigation, all we knew was that Betty's alleged experience had occurred early some time in 1967—and interestingly enough, 1967 was a vintage year for UFOs!

The longest sustained UFO sighting wave in recorded history had begun in the spring of 1964. At the time, I was chairman of the Massachusetts Investigating Subcommittee for NICAP. For the year 1966 alone, our subcommittee had logged a record number of 43 local reports evaluated in the unidentified category. In fact, UFO researchers all over the country shared a common frustration: There were too many high-quality reports and not enough trained investigators to document them. By January 1, 1967, local reports dropped off to a few per month, and it appeared that the long-lived UFO wave was

diminishing. Then, without warning, UFO activity again increased dramatically.

On January 15, 1967, a bright red oval object ringed with a white halo circled a home in Boxford, Massachusetts, at 3:00 A.M.

Three days later, shortly before midnight, a bright flash lit up the skies over the sleeping village of Williamstown, Massachusetts, just as an electrical power failure crippled the area. Four persons approaching the darkened town sighted a domed glowing object hovering just off the highway. As they passed by, the object rose into the air and buzzed their car.

Two nights later at Methuen, Massachusetts, three persons—Kim, Janice, and Ellen—were on their way to pick up a friend for a local basketball game. The lonely street was bordered by woods, fields, and very few houses. Reaching the top of a hill, they were shocked to see up ahead a string of about ten bright glowing red lights that were moving over a field just off the road to their left.

"What's that?" Janice asked.

"It must be a helicopter," Ellen replied.

Kim laughed, "It must be a UFO or a flying saucer!"

During my interview with the witnesses, Ellen remarked to me that at this point, "all of a sudden, it wasn't funny anymore." The object stopped moving, and they were closing on it rapidly. Kim slowed the car. Simultaneously, the object seemed to swing around, as if it were "spinning on its axis," and revealed lights of a different color and configuration.

At this point Kim pulled the car over. Janice said, "Let's go look at the helicopter." She and Kim wanted to get out of the car, but Ellen didn't. All of a sudden, the car stalled and the lights went off. Then *nobody* wanted to get out of the car! "Truthfully," Ellen told me, "I was too scared to carefully observe the object."

Kim told me that during this juncture in the sighting, she had opened her side window in order to get a better look at the object: "The lights and our radio all went off at the same time. After this, I tried to start the car twice while the object remained stationary. Thinking that the lights and radio would be drawing too much power from the battery, I shut the light switch and the radio off. Then I tried to start the car again. It did not start."

In the meantime, the house-sized object hovered a mere three hun-

dred feet away. Kim told me that "it was like the color and texture of Erector Set material," and formed an inverted bowl shape around the lights. Ellen cowered in the back seat. (Curiously, the generator panel lamp dimly pulsed off and on until the craft began to move away slowly.) Abruptly, it picked up speed and streaked away along its original flight path—where it was seen by another car full of people. The whole incident had lasted only a few minutes.

The strange sightings continued. On February 16 two policemen at Amherst, Massachusetts, responded to a UFO sighting reported to the station. Dumbfounded, they watched a glowing object like a bright white light bulb hovering in the night sky. A weird "swishing sound" emanated from it. Amazed, they watched it eject a small red object before accelerating out of sight over the horizon.

On February 17, at about 7:00 P.M., a salesman for Flying Tiger Airlines was driving along Route 93 near the junction of Route 495 at Andover, Massachusetts. Cars slowed down and warily passed under a huge lighted object hovering directly over the road. Frightened, he, too, passed under the silent craft, which was larger than the width of the entire superhighway! In the early morning hours on that same date, shortly after 1:00, several people residing in Dorchester, Massachusetts, were awakened by an extraordinary whirring sound. Glancing out windows, they sighted an object that looked like a "cymbal" with a dome on top, with purplish lights around its perimeter. It hovered at treetop level over an elderly peoples' project before moving away and out of sight.

On February 26, at Marlboro, Massachusetts, a husband and wife were awakened at 2:00 A.M. by a strange sound. When they got out of bed to investigate, they sighted a white glowing egg-shaped object swinging like a pendulum in the sky.

On March 1, at 7:25 P.M., witnesses at Sharon, Massachusetts, were amazed to witness a noiseless white glowing oval object that maneuvered near their home. It left a white glowing fuzzy trail in its wake.

According to the U. S. Weather Service, March 8, 1967, was a clear, cool night. Visibility was twelve miles. In Boston the thermometers read 28° F. A recent snowstorm had left a beautiful blanket of white velvet draped over the fields and trees. A couple I'll call Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts of Leominster, Massachusetts, got a sudden

inspiration to go for a late night scenic drive through the countryside. After driving for an hour and a half, they started home.

At about 1:00 A.M., they entered the town of Leominster where, as Mrs. Roberts later told investigator Frank Pechulis, "We suddenly came across a very thick fog and had to slow our car to a real low speed for safety reasons."

"As we passed the cemetery," Mr. Roberts continued, "I noticed what looked like a large light to my left. I asked my wife if she saw anything, and she said no. I was certain that I had, and decided I would look again." Mr. Roberts, thinking that the light might be a fire and that the fog was smoke, turned his car around and drove back into the mist. This time, they both saw the light. The bright glow was not from a fire, but from an object glowing in the air directly above the cemetery! At this point, Mr. Roberts lowered his window and excitedly told his wife, "I think we have something here!"

He parked the car broadside to the hovering object, which hung in the air a bare two hundred yards away. Bright as an acetylene torch, it was shaped like a flattened egg and emitted a sound like a dynamo.

Against his wife's wishes, William got out of the car. Excitedly, he raised his hand and pointed it at the blazing object. Simultaneously, the automobile lights, radio, and engine ceased functioning. At the same time, Mr. Roberts received an electrical shock. Almost instantaneously, his body became numb and immobilized from head to foot, and his arm was thrust back against the car by some unseen force, hitting the roof so hard that an imprint was made in the ice and snow.

"When the car went dead," Mrs. Roberts interjected, "I was yelling for Bill to get back in the car, but he did not move."

"I was unable to move," Mr. Roberts told the investigator. "My wife was in a panic. My mind was not at all affected. I just couldn't move!"

When he did not respond to her screams, she slid across the seat and tugged at his jacket through the open window. He could hear her begging him to come back inside, but couldn't move a muscle. He was totally paralyzed from head to foot.

Mr. Roberts recalled, "I was there thirty to forty seconds before the object moved away. It moved quickly at an ever-increasing speed, not instantly." Abruptly, their car's lights and radio came back on. The humming object had accelerated upward and out of sight above the

dense fog patch. (On the following day, at Andover, Massachusetts, witnesses would sight a strangely-lit silent object hovering about one thousand feet above the grounds of a country club.)

Incredible reports by credible people poured in. Later on in the year—on July 27, about 1:00 A.M.—a group of amateur astronomers saw a wingless, cylindrical object maneuvering over the darkened countryside of Newton, New Hampshire. (Two of the witnesses were trained observers and had received training in aircraft identification in the military.) As the object moved back and forth near the field in which they had set up a telescope, it responded exactly to signals flashed to it with a flashlight by one of the three witnesses.

Some UFO reports included the sighting of occupants by the witnesses. Several months prior to the Newton, New Hampshire, sighting, a former U. S. Coast Guard pilot and owner of a small airport in eastern Massachusetts was awakened by a weird humming sound. Thinking that an aircraft might be attempting an emergency landing, he leaped out of bed, flung on robe and slippers, turned on a bright yard light, and hurried outdoors to investigate.

The half-awake—but highly trained—man was totally unprepared for what greeted him. Hovering just twenty-five feet over a small pond between the house and the airport was a strange, silent aircraft. It was not a helicopter. He later told me it looked like “two shallow metallic saucers, one inverted upon the other, with a transparent canopy situated on its topside.” Elongated ventlike holes spaced evenly around the object’s rim emitted a soft orange glow. A softer, greener light bathed the interior of the canopy, revealing two humanoid creatures who stared down at him!

Thinking that it must be an experimental aircraft in trouble, he cautiously walked toward it, yelling and waving his arms. Instantaneously, it moved smoothly and silently away from him, stopping again over some gasoline pumps and aircraft at the edge of the runway. The curious witness ran around the pond and again headed toward the hovering craft, waving his hands at it as he approached. Abruptly, a swishing and loud whirring sound came from the object, and the orange lights began spinning around its circumference. Slowly and deliberately it tilted back before shooting away at fantastic speed. Simultaneously, the bright yard light dimmed to practically nothing during the object’s initial acceleration, but quickly returned to normal

as it moved away. All that was left behind was a smell like “burned matches” lingering in the night air.

Others were to have similar experiences. On November 2, 1967, two Indian youths were driving south on Highway 26 near Ririe, Idaho. At about 9:30 P.M., a blinding flash of light erupted in front of their car, then quickly dimmed to reveal an oval object with a central dome. The dome was transparent, and they saw that it contained two small humanoid creatures who stared down at them.

About a month later, on December 8, 1967, at Idaho Falls, Idaho, a young woman stepped outside to look for a friend who was on her way over to pick her up. She noticed a patch of light reflected off the snow. Glancing up to see where it was coming from, she was horrified to see a circular object hovering silently in the overcast sky. As she stood awestruck at the sight of it, the object tipped and rotated, revealing a central transparent dome. In the dome she could make out the distinct outline of two humanoid figures gazing down at her. As the object moved away, she panicked and ran into the house. At its closest, she estimated that it was only about three hundred feet away and about one hundred feet off the ground.

Significantly, a great number of 1967 UFO reports involved sightings in upper central Massachusetts. A number of reports of objects hovering over freshwater ponds came from Phillipston, Royalston, Orange, and Tully, Massachusetts. Several objects were reported to have had a central dome. But the surge of UFO activity that reverberated into 1967 merely bracketed the incredible experience of the Andreasson family. What they had experienced was but a logical extension of all other aspects of the UFO phenomena, that is, a CE-III—contact!

At that time, all we knew was the year of the sighting—1967. But later, during the course of the hypnosis/debriefing sessions and other interviews, attempts were made to determine the actual date of the experience from the witnesses’ statements. From Betty’s overall testimony, we were able to start narrowing down the exact day:

BETTY It is 1967 . . . the lights went out. My father and mother were staying with me. Husband in the hospital from a car accident. Snow, little bit . . . it’s cool, misty . . . fog rising from the ground . . .

With this information in hand, we checked hospital records, local

power company records, and detailed weather records kept by a weather station in Ashburnham. The hospital records show that Betty's husband was transferred from a local hospital to a Veterans Administration Hospital near Boston on January 23, 1967. He was not released until March 17 of that year.

The Ashburnham Municipal Light Company records show that a power failure occurred in Betty's neighborhood on January 25, 1967. It was traced to a defective primary loop cutoff which was replaced on the following day. (Unfortunately, the *time* of the failure was not recorded.)

The U. S. Department of Commerce weather station at Ashburnham recorded that a *trace* of snow was present on the ground between January 23 and 27, 1967. (The ground was *covered* with snow from January 28 through March 17, 1967. Depths ranged from two to twenty-nine inches.) Weather records also revealed that the night of January 25, 1967, was misty.

BETTY Three days later, on a Saturday, Becky mentioned a strange dream. Mother and father went home that Monday.

Saturday would have been three days after a Wednesday. The evidence was strong that the UFO experience had taken place on Wednesday night, January 25, 1967. Much of Becky's later testimony under hypnosis substantiated this date:

Father in hospital . . . It got real dark. Think I'm eleven. Birthday long time ago . . . cold outside . . . ground cool and damp . . . Traces of snow . . . grass dead . . . Path was muddy . . . Bozo on TV . . . Saturday was three days after.

Weather records indicated that on January 25 there was a thaw with temperatures rising to 54° F. This would explain why the path was muddy. And a check of TV records confirms Becky's statement that *Bozo the Clown* was indeed on television the evening of January 25.

During Becky's initial recall, it was very disconcerting to us when she described herself and her friend eating *apples* from the orchard!

BECKY We both climbed up and sat down in the tree talking and eating apples.

DR. EDELSTEIN Are the apples hard?

BECKY Yeah, real hard.

Apples seemed hardly in season during January, and we felt that Becky was imagining or mixing up this aspect of the account. Even though she talked like an eleven-year-old while regressed by hypnosis, we sometimes treated her as the twenty-two-year-old adult we saw at the present time—and in doing so, perhaps we expected too much of her. In this instance, however, she may have been giving us an accurate description.

On December 24, 1977, I visited a local apple orchard during a thaw. It was a balmy day with a temperature of about 50° F. There were dried-up apples *on* some of the trees, and piles of both decayed and *firm* apples *under* the trees.

I picked one up and took a bite out of it. It tasted all right. Later, on January 28, 1978, I sent field investigator Jules Vaillancourt to the orchard behind the house formerly owned by the Andreasson family. Under the tree, Jules found apples that had frozen and thawed—and they were edible. It looks as if we underestimated Becky.

While under hypnosis, both Betty and Becky were asked what *time* the incident started. Since Betty had not noticed the time, she could only guess:

I don't know, but seven o'clock keeps going through my mind.

Becky, however, could see the clock in the living room when the lights began flashing through the kitchen window:

They got there at twenty-five of seven.

When Betty was returned to the house and entered the living room with the entities, she had noticed the clock:

It is ten-forty . . . It's dim, but the hands look like ten-forty—in between ten forty-five and ten-forty.

Enquiries revealed that the Andreasson family had eaten early suppers, between 4:00 and 4:30 P.M., during this period, in order that the children might be fed and prepared for bed before Betty left to make her nightly visit to her husband at the local hospital. Betty ceased these visits when her husband was transferred to the V.A. Hospital near Boston on January 23, 1967, but the habit of early suppers was still maintained on January 25. Using information extracted from the hypnosis sessions, the following scenario could be constructed:

TIME (P.M.)		CONSTRAINTS/CIRCUMSTANCES
<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	Becky
	4:00	I was outside playing and we had to come in . . .
4:10	4:35	for supper . . .
4:35	4:55	After supper . . . had to do dishes
4:55	5:05	After I did <i>my</i> dishes, I could go outside
	[Sunset, 4:48]	. . . just a little bit longer before it was real dark . . . I had to stay in the yard.
	5:10	And then Mom called us in . . . and then we just stayed in the house . . . The TV was on . . . I went upstairs to my room.
5:10	5:20	I was probably there about ten minutes
	[Bozo program ran from 4:30 to 5:30]	and I came downstairs and I was watching TV. The kids were watching <i>Bozo the Clown</i> .
5:30	6:35	We were just watching TV . . . And then Grammy was saying something . . . Mom broke in saying "hush, hush" . . .
	6:35	And there was that reddish light outside.
		Betty
6:35	6:55	We were in the kitchen . . . about twenty to twenty-five minutes.
	6:55	I went in the living room . . . they followed.
6:55	7:00	I passed . . . Bible to the leader . . . He gave me a book.
		Becky
	7:00	When I woke up again, it could have been seven.
		Quazga
	7:00	Would you follow us?
		Betty
	7:00	All right.
7:00	10:40	[The abduction period]
	10:40	[The return] It is ten-forty . . . by that clock.

Another aspect tending to verify the account of the witnesses was that some portions of the story would be correlated with real-time events. We have just seen that their description of environmental conditions and circumstances corresponded to reality. Of course, the date and time of the incident were derived from this data. Interestingly enough, the present owner of the house in Ashburnham confirmed that because of the lay of the land, a dense, local fog tended to form behind the house. Weather conditions on January 25, 1967, were conducive to the misty conditions Betty described. Indeed, if not for the dense fog on that evening, the landed UFO could have been observed by others from neighboring houses.

In addition, measurements of the backyard demonstrated that an object of the dimensions Betty described could have landed only where she had reported seeing it on the ground. True to her statement, at the reported landing site, it would have needed adjustable landing gear. A check of the interior of the house (granting allowances for known renovations) also corresponded to the descriptions given under hypnosis.

Having established the estimated date and time of the Andreasson Affair, we continued on to complete a detailed analysis of the remaining data. During this study, we encountered startling similarities with other Close Encounter UFO reports, in over a dozen important categories:

1. The vacuumlike stillness at the outset of the UFO experience

The sudden stillness that enveloped the Andreasson house has been reported in connection with other UFO reports as far back as 1933 (that is, *prior* to the influx of modern UFO sightings in the 1940s). APRO reported a sighting from the year 1933 that took place between Leighton and Nazareth, Pennsylvania. A male motorist stopped his car to examine a strange violet glow in a field. Approaching the eerie light source, he found it to be emanating from a round object resting on the ground. While in the vicinity of the object, he neither saw nor heard a living thing and stated that the silence was "deadly."¹

Another report from this period comes from Canadian UFO researcher John Brent Musgrave, who documented a sighting which took place in the summer of 1933 at Nipawin, Saskatchewan. Several

¹APRO Bulletin, July 1964, p. 8.

persons jumped into a truck and drove to an area where strange lights had been seen to descend. In a field they sighted a large oval-shaped object, supported by legs, with a central dome. About a dozen short figures could be seen moving around the craft. They reported that "all was a strange sort of quiet."²

We see this same peculiarity manifested in some modern sightings. On November 5, 1974, about noon, Harry Pinhorn observed a strange gray object hover over the factory at which he worked in Lisarow, Wyoming. He stated that a strange silence that engulfed the area caused him to notice the object: "I looked up at the trees because the birds had all suddenly gone quiet and there it was."³

At 8:45, on a clear night, January 21, 1977, Robert Melerine was paddling his boat quietly up the Dike Canal in St. Bernard Parish, Louisiana. Abruptly a glowing object moved rapidly toward him and hovered overhead, engulfing him in warm light. He stated that there was a complete silence: "No wind. No frogs croaking or ducks calling. Silence."⁴ Three boys at Salisbury North, Australia, had a similar experience shortly after. A low-flying object cast a beam of light at their bicycles on May 27, 1977. Investigator Colin Norris stated that "the stillness that the boys noticed . . . is consistent with many other reported sightings."⁵

At 5:00 A.M., June 24, 1977, a married couple living in Lubbock, Texas, were awakened by the sudden movement of their dog. Puzzled by the dog's antics, the wife got up and went to the door. She stated, "When I first woke, I could hear the sound of about a million crickets in all the trees here. But almost immediately, it was just deathly quiet—not a sound." A glowing object hovered outside over her neighbor's house.⁶ Still another case of this sort occurred on October 9, 1977, 8:30 P.M., at Walcott, Iowa. Holly Prunchak, a security guard at the French-Hecht plant, watched a strange, lighted oval object descend over farm property across the street. The Center for UFO Studies dispatched veteran investigator Ralph DeGraw to conduct an inquiry. DeGraw learned that "all the ambient animal noises (cattle and crickets) went quiet when the object was in view."⁷

An identical effect was noticed by witnesses to a sighting that took

place a decade earlier at Brookfield, Wisconsin. On August 12, 1967, at 2:30 A.M., a sleepy man and wife glanced out the window to see what their German shepherd was barking about. Shocked, they saw an oval object hovering at ground level over an adjoining pasture. A sharply defined beam of light emanated from the craft and the dog stopped barking. Everything became strangely silent. The usual night sounds of insects and animals ceased abruptly. "There was dead silence outside."⁸

Note that the reported silencing effect appears to be connected with certain lights from the UFO, just as it seems to have been in the Andreasson Affair.

2. The concurrent electrical failure

Earlier in this chapter, I mentioned the localized power failures sometimes associated with UFO sightings. These included the area surrounding Williamstown, Massachusetts, on January 18, 1967, and the case involving the manager of a small airport in eastern Massachusetts when his yard light dimmed concurrently with a Close Encounter UFO sighting.

Our local team of investigators have investigated a number of these so-called electromagnetic (E-M) effect cases, some of which have been quite spectacular. Walter Webb, assistant director of Boston's Hayden Planetarium, documented such an event that took place in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on April 24, 1966, at 5:00 A.M. An oval domed object, encircled with red lights, hit and shook an apartment complex. A simultaneous power failure was traced to a burned cable near the object's flight path.

3. The concurrent TV interference

UFO interference with radio and TV has been a common occurrence over the years. Two cases will suffice to illustrate this effect:

A. November 5, 1957, Ringwood, Illinois. UFO followed car to town. TV sets in town dimmed, finally lost picture and sound during same period of time.

B. November 10, 1957, Hammond, Virginia. Police chased UFO. TV blackout in city.⁹

²Idem, March 1977, pp. 1, 7.

³Central Coast Express, Gosford NSW, Australia, November 14, 1974.

⁴MUFON UFO Journal, February 1977, p. 3.

⁵Anne-Marie Strickland, Sunday Mail, Adelaide, Australia.

⁶Pat Patrick, Lubbock Avalanche Journal, Lubbock, Texas, June 25, 1977.

⁷International UFO Reporter, December 1977, pp. 4, 8.

⁸APRO Bulletin, September-October 1967, p. 11.

⁹NICAP, The UFO Evidence, VIII (E-M Cases), pp. 74, 75.

4. The physical appearance of the entities

In 1971, I managed to secure a number of pages from a thought-provoking textbook employed by the United States Air Force Academy for a course relating to UFOs. In a section captioned "Alien Visitors," the following excerpt seems highly pertinent to the discussion at hand:

The most stimulating theory for us is that the UFOs are material objects which are either manned or remote-controlled by beings who are alien to this planet. . . . The most commonly described alien is about three and one-half feet tall, has a round head, arms reaching to or below his knees, and is wearing a silvery space suit or coveralls. They have particularly wide (wrap-around) eyes and mouths with very thin lips.¹⁰

This description is also borne out in civilian sources. Concerning height, an analysis of UFO occupant reports prepared for the Center for UFO Studies¹¹ states that twenty-seven such "dwarf" cases were reported in 1973. One such case allegedly involved another family's CE-III on October 16, 1973, at Lehi, Utah. Using hypnosis, Dr. James Harder, consultant for the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), elicited from one of the witnesses the following description: The beings were slightly over four feet tall, very thin, with large slanted eyes. Their arms were long and their hands gloved and clawlike, with a diminutive thumb. They were wearing what appeared to be glowing clothing with Sam Brown belts!

5. The entities' ability to float

A number of UFO reports describe *floating* entities associated with the observed craft. The Ririe, Idaho, case (alluded to earlier) involved two UFO occupants gazing down at the witnesses from the object's transparent central dome. One of the humanoid creatures left the hovering craft, and "with a *floating* movement like a bird" descended to the door at the driver's side of the automobile.¹²

At Brands Flats, Virginia, on January 19, 1965, the witness reported seeing three small beings float down to him from a hovering object. This case will be discussed further later as it bears other similarities to the Andreasson report.

Air Force Sergeant Charles L. Moody is a member in high standing of the United States Air Force's Human Reliability Program. Can-

¹⁰Major Donald G. Carpenter, *Introductory Space Science*, Vol. II. (1968), p. 461.

¹¹David Webb, *An Analysis of the Fall 1973 UFO/Humanoid Wave* (Evanston, Ill.: Center for UFO Studies, 1976), p. 52.

¹²Gordon Lore, *Strange Effects from UFOs*, NICAP Special Report, 1969, p. 24.

didates for this program are carefully screened by psychiatrists for emotional disorders during the process of selection for this elite group. I mention this because Moody reported to APRO that he was abducted from his automobile outside of Alamogordo, New Mexico, during the early morning hours of August 13, 1975. He said of his dwarflike captors: "It's going to sound ridiculous and I hope nobody sends me a straightjacket, but these beings did not walk, they *glided*."

6. The luminosity of the entities' uniforms

While Betty did not remark on the glow emitted by the entities' uniforms until later, when she was inside the dark tunnel, other witnesses have reported the same thing under ordinary nighttime conditions. For example, the aforementioned Lehi, Utah, incident also involved small beings with glowing clothes.

Another case involved a young man on March 28, 1967. At about 2:25 A.M., he was returning home to Munroe Falls, Ohio, from the night shift at the Lamb Electric Company at Kent, Ohio, when he spotted a luminescent UFO hovering off the left side of the road. Shocked, he saw four or five small creatures moving "extremely rapidly back and forth across the road." They were like "midgets," with heads "disproportionally large" and no distinguishable features. They were emitting the same colored glow as the UFO.

Yet another report of this type originated at Goffstown, New Hampshire, on November 4, 1973. While investigating another incident in that area which had occurred a few days previously, UFO field investigator John Oswald and I were checking the police blotter for other reports. We came across a file card that read, in part: "Subject called this H.Q. and reported that there were small silver subjects running about his yard. . . . Patrolman Wike advised that Mr. Snow had seen something and that this was not a figment of his imagination."¹³

What did Mr. Snow see? We investigated and found out.

Shortly after midnight, the Snows were startled by a brushing sound against their house. Their German shepherd began whining. Mr. Snow got up to let the dog out and was surprised to see light shining under the bedroom door from the corridor outside. Opening the door, he found the light was coming through the kitchen window from the outside.

Miko was crouched on the floor near the door, emitting a low

¹³Raymond E. Fowler, *UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors* (New York: Exposition Press, 1974), p. 324.

growl. Her teeth were bared and the hair on her back bristled. Mr. Snow told me that his first thought was that there was a fire burning outside. He walked up to the back door, parted the curtains, and peered out. What he saw so amazed him that he just backed away from the door in utter astonishment. Looking out again, he saw that the diffuse white glow was emanating from two *self-luminous*, small silver-suited creatures gathering something from the ground at the edge of the nearby woods.

7. The physiological effects: suspended animation, numbness, prickling, etc.

Another recurring characteristic of UFO Close Encounters is the temporary paralysis of witnesses. On June 15, 1964, at Lynn, Massachusetts, an intermittent roaring sound caused the witness to run outside to investigate. A bare twenty feet away from him, a domed oval object was slowly ascending over the driveway. He stopped dead in his tracks. Concurrently, he felt a tingling sensation that began from his feet and ran upward through his body. He wanted to move but found himself completely immobilized until the object left the area.

Just one day before, miles away at Dale, Indiana, Charles Englebrecht was watching TV. At about 8:55 P.M., a brilliant light source passed by the kitchen window. As he got up to investigate, the TV and house lights went out. Going outside, he was astounded to see a glowing object hovering at the edge of the backyard. As he started to approach it, he abruptly became immobilized by what he described as "being shocked by a small electrical charge."¹⁴ The Leominster, Massachusetts, case described in the first chapter involved a similar effect upon the witness as he left his automobile and pointed at a nearby hovering object.

One of the most sensational sightings of this type was investigated by NICAP and actually evoked a visit to NICAP headquarters by a CIA agent requesting information on the case. On January 19, 1965, a man then living in Waynesboro, Virginia, was working by himself at the Augusta County Archery Club off Route 250, near Brands Flats. At about 5:40 P.M., he sighted two silvery oval objects approaching in the sky. One quickly descended and landed about fifty feet away from him. From it emerged three humanoid beings dressed in silvery suits. As the entities approached him, he found that he could

¹⁴Lore, *Strange Effects*, pp. 61, 62.

not move a muscle. After looking him over, the creatures reentered the object through a door that appeared to "mold itself into the ship." The object then ascended and flew off.¹⁵

8. The telepathic communication with the entities

While returning home from work during the early morning hours of November 2, 1973, Mrs. Lyndia Morel also had a Close Encounter while passing through Goffstown, New Hampshire. A UFO paced her car. It came so close that she could see a figure with slanted eyes staring at her from a transparent section of the craft. As she told investigator John Oswald: "I can remember seeing a pair of eyes staring at me and saying, 'Don't be afraid' [not audibly, but in her head]. I covered my eyes and yanked the wheel. I was petrified."¹⁶

The Sergeant Moody case also contained this peculiarity. He described this mode of communication with the aliens as "almost like you are thinking something in your own head."

The classic Barney and Betty Hill abduction case of September 19, 1961, near Woodstock, New Hampshire, also involved this type of communication.¹⁷ Barney reported that the UFO's occupants spoke to him by mental telepathy from the hovering object: "He's just telling me, 'don't be afraid.'" Later, when the craft reportedly landed and the entities approached their car, he reported: "the eyes are talking to me . . . telling me, 'don't be afraid.'" Betty also stated that she "knew what they were thinking."

This phenomenon was also an integral part of the already cited Lehi, Utah, case. One of the witnesses described the small entities as having "thought at me with their heads."

Interestingly enough, some pertinent remarks about this type of communication were discussed at a Military Electronics Conference on Communication with Extraterrestrial Intelligence held from September 22 to 24, 1965, in Washington, D.C. One of the panel members, Dr. William O. Davis, director of research, Huyck Corporation, Stamford, Connecticut, stated the following concerning this fascinating subject:

How do we communicate? Well, we have talked about the linguistic approach. We have talked about Dr. Lilly's approach with nonhuman

¹⁵Major Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC (Ret.), and Gordon Lore, *UFOs: A New Look*, NICAP, 1969, p. 30.

¹⁶Raymond E. Fowler, *UFOs: Interplanetary Visitors* (New York: Exposition Press, 1974), p. 323.

¹⁷John G. Fuller, *The Interrupted Journey* (New York: Dial Press, 1966).

forms. I think I would like to break the problem down a little more.

There are really three different cases we should worry about. *First* of all is an encounter with a lower order of intelligence than our own. This would be the case if we should land on a planet and find it occupied with life at the level of bees or cows and presumably nonintelligent, or at least not yet at our level. In this particular case, I think that the best we could hope for would be the type of communication we establish with dogs and horses, a symbiosis or—and this is disputable—a telepathic rapport with them. It would be unlikely that we could establish communication at the verbal level or at the level of symbology.

The *second* case is where we find people of precisely equal evolution. Now, this is very improbable. . . . Even 15 years in our history would make a tremendous difference, either backwards or forwards. If you look at the technological trend curves, for example, you find that by the year 2000 everything is asymptotic, and it is extremely likely that technological revolution *per se* will have played itself out by that time. Other trends indicate that from here on, increasing emphasis is going to be on understanding the mind and how it operates. Some of the work that Dr. Puharich has done is a little controversial, too, such as studying extrasensory perception with people having extreme talents, which indicates that there are relationships between these ESP talents and other natural phenomena, and indicates that as we go on we may be able to learn how to improve our ability to communicate, at least at the symbolic level, by ESP means. Certainly even today we do a great deal, I suspect, of our communication at the emotional level by extrasensory means.

If we were to encounter somebody of equal intelligence, I think we would have a problem. We would undoubtedly fight them. This, to my way of thinking, is the least probable and the most dangerous of the three cases.

The *third* case is that the *most probable encounter* is with a *higher* form of life, or at least a more advanced form, because these beings would be more likely to reach us first than vice versa. If we assume that they understand more about the mind than we do—and let's say they understand more about ESP or it turns out to be a human-type phenomenon—they should be able to detect us. After all, we know all kinds of fields associated with the physical world, the world of entropy. It is not illogical to assume that life may have as yet undetected fields and radiation associated with it. They wouldn't have to scour the whole universe for us. They would simply focus their life-detecting device. The nice thing about this hypothetical contact is that communication would be their problem. We wouldn't have to worry about it. They would come to us. As a matter of fact, I strongly suspect that the first communication is very likely to be telepathic.¹⁸

¹⁸IEE Spectrum, "Communication with Extraterrestrial Intelligence," March 1966, pp. 161-62.

9. The general configuration of the craft and noises associated with it

Sergeant Moody also described an *elevator* in the craft he was taken into: "The floor seemed to give way like an elevator." One of the remarkable internal consistencies of this particular case concerned Betty's detailed drawings of things she had witnessed during the reported experience. The amount of detail in these drawings appeared to have been in direct proportion to the length of observing time Betty was allowed during the alleged abduction.

Investigator Fred Youngren performed a fascinating analysis of Betty's sketches of the UFO's interior. Fred has a master's degree in aerospace engineering and holds a managerial position within the defense industry. He obtained estimated dimensions of various segments of the object from Betty, then combined her drawings and narrative data to produce a feasible floor plan of the UFO.¹⁹

10. The physical examination

There are a number of similarities between the physical examination administered to Betty Andreasson and those allegedly given to other abductees. Sergeant Moody, for example, states that he woke up lying on a metallic table—a solid block sitting on the floor. He looked up and saw one of the small creatures standing beside him. His first impulse was to jump up and hit it, but he found that he was being totally restrained by an unseen force: "I couldn't move. I just couldn't do anything."

11. The laying on of hands to relieve pain

Betty Hill also reported being probed by long needles, including one that was inserted into her navel for a *pregnancy* test. When she screamed out in pain, the leader of the entities "comes over and he puts his hands in front of my eyes and says it will be all right. I won't feel it."

12. The eyelike lens in the examining room

The eyelike lens mentioned by Betty seems to have its counterpart in

¹⁹Youngren's annotated drawings are included in Appendix C.

other cases. On October 11, 1973, Charles Hickson and Calvin Parker reported that two creatures had floated from a hovering craft and grabbed them off a pier at Pascagoula, Mississippi. The creatures floated them into the craft, where Hickson claimed to have been examined by a device that reminded him of a big eye. Betty Hill also described a device which the aliens used to examine her as being like a microscope with a big lens.

13. The immersion of Betty's body in a fluid during transit

The Brazilian newspaper *O Dia* of April 22, 1976, mentions a Mario Restier, who reported that he had been abducted by three creatures from a disc-shaped object who communicated with him by telepathic means. After being taken aboard the craft, he claims the aliens ordered him to get into a *glass box filled with liquid*. They explained to him that this was the only method by which the human body could be protected against the effects of their form of travel. Perhaps the immersion chair that Betty was placed in was for this very same purpose. Could it be possible that this strange chair was in reality a liquid-filled high-g acceleration chamber to protect her from the high acceleration involved during the trip to the alien place?

Betty had the distinct impression that while her body was immersed in one of the tanklike seats, the oval craft brought her to an alien place. It is possible that the seat was designed to protect humans from the effects of acceleration and speed beyond our comprehension. Liquid would cushion the pressures by distributing stresses evenly over Betty's body. (Water is also used in nuclear plants as a shield against radiation—which is also known to exist in earth's Van Allen belts.) Lastly, the syrup fed to Betty through a tube seems to have been some form of tranquilizer that made her "feel good."

Looking back on the incident, it would seem that Betty experienced the same weightlessness that our own astronauts did. She seems to have been artificially held down, except when the aliens floated her at will from one position to another. The heavy feeling that she felt while on the UFO may have been an induced localized gravitational force that counteracted the weightlessness—or a by-product of extreme acceleration. A similar applied force probably kept her upright on the black track transportation system.

Even the small globes carried by the aliens may not be entirely unprecedented in the annals of UFO history. Early in 1967, NICAP received a startling report from a gentleman who refused to give his

name and address. Although this case could not be properly investigated, it nonetheless bears a striking similarity to this aspect of the Andreasson Affair.

On the evening of February 5, 1967 (interestingly enough, only eleven days after Betty's experience), a young man in Hilliard, Ohio, said he heard a "strange noise" and a dog barking. Looking up, he saw a UFO 75 feet long and about 75 feet high come in low over a road shoulder. The object, he said, landed on three legs in a field, and "beings" emerged. They were carrying *small circular balls* which they placed on the ground around the sides of the ship. Then the witness stepped on a twig that snapped, which immediately caught the attention of the "beings." Their leader ran after the observer who, badly frightened, attempted to run. However, the creature caught him by the back of the neck, immediately leaving a burned wound that, according to the witness, was later confirmed by unnamed Air Force officers investigating the incident. He said still another of the creatures approached, and both dragged him back to the saucer. As they got almost to the door of the craft, the humanoids looked at each other as if panic-stricken. They dropped the scared witness, gathered up the balls, and took off in the UFO.²⁰

Thus, there are a number of interesting parallels between the Andreasson Affair and other CE-III reports on record. There seem to be too many such similarities, cast in a logical structure within her account, to dismiss them all as products of cryptoamnesia—a term that refers to the mind's ability to record and subconsciously store all sorts of data from daily experience. Information culled from books, magazines, newspapers, radio, TV, recordings, and conversations all contribute to our subconscious memory bank.

This, of course, could include data on other UFO cases. In fact, Betty admitted having read books and articles on UFOs following her 1967 experience, and her initial letter to Dr. Hynek reflected theories and ideas obviously gleaned from a reading of uncritical UFO literature. Yet some of the subtle details she related—while *extremely* uncommon—do correlate with other unpublished UFO cases we have investigated. (These particular characteristics must remain confidential so as not to compromise our investigations into future cases.)

How could Betty's subconscious have "remembered" details from cases that have not yet been printed? If we grant that *some* other reported UFO experiences are grounded in reality, these common and

²⁰UFO Investigator, NICAP, May-June 1967, p. 6.

not-so-common characteristics of *other* UFO reports add support for the authenticity of Betty Andreasson's report. I personally found it very hard not to accept that the Andreasson family had a bona fide UFO experience.

In retrospect, the Andreasson Affair can be divided into five segments:

Segment 1—The flashing lights and power failure were experienced and consciously remembered by Betty, Becky, and Waino and Eva Aho. The younger children did not remember anything.

Segment 2—Alien entities were observed by Betty, Becky, and Waino Aho.

Segment 3—Betty alone experienced the UFO episode.

Segment 4—Betty alone experienced a visit to an alien realm.

Segment 5—Betty alone experienced the return to her home.

Since Segments 1 and 2 were witnessed by more than one person, they logically receive higher credibility ratings than Segments 3 through 5, which essentially involved Betty alone.

The controversial Segment 4, during which Betty saw the huge bird, presented the greatest dilemma to the field investigators, the hypnotist, and the psychiatrist. Where *was* Betty taken? Were the red and green areas part of an underground colony on earth, on the moon, or on one of our neighboring planets? Was the alien colony located within a hollowed-out asteroid, or did Betty visit a vast artificial mother ship? Did Betty leave our solar system entirely, via an acceleration and technology entirely beyond our ken? These and many other questions remain unanswered. And because of its uniqueness within UFO literature and its strong religious overtones, the phoenix episode was difficult to accept as a *physical* experience.

Segment 4 seemed just as real to Betty as the other segments, but because of the high degree of strangeness associated with it, one does tend to want to disassociate it from the rest of the report. Regarding the bird and the voice, our attitudes varied: this segment was a nonrelated vision instigated by Betty's own religious beliefs; this episode was a programmed vision induced by the entities; it could have been a staged, symbolic (yet physical) initiation rite as described by Betty; it was a deliberate deception on the part of the aliens to make human beings believe in a UFO/religion connection. And lastly, perhaps there *was* a possible link between UFOs and religion. In any case, the phoenix episode remains a puzzle.

If taken at face value, however, the other segments of the Andreasson Affair are incredible enough, in both their content and their implications. If we accept Betty and Becky's account as true, then an actual alien craft landed or appeared in the Andreasson's backyard. The strange craft contained aliens of unknown origin. Their paranormal powers indicate that no one is exempt from a CE-III.

It is especially unnerving to realize that the glasslike chairs in the half-cylinder room were shaped to the stature of a *human* body. The tubes connected to Betty's nostrils and mouth were designed for *air-breathing* persons. The entire operation seems to have been tailored for human beings!

Indeed, according to Quazgaa, Betty is just one of many persons who have undergone such an experience. And before bringing this comparative analysis to an end, we must turn to one of the most striking similarities discovered during our investigation of the Andreasson Affair. It has to do with the needle and possibly implanted BB-like object in Betty's nose.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Hints of an Earlier Encounter

Other cases seem to have parallels to Betty's experience of having a needle inserted into her nose—for example, the Lehi, Utah, case mentioned earlier. When APRO hypnosis consultant Dr. Harder asked the abductee, "Where was the needle?" she replied, "I could see it coming toward me . . . to the front of me."

Dr. Harder tried unsuccessfully to break through an apparent mental block instilled by the entities which prevented any further details about the needles. APRO consultant Dr. Leo Sprinkle was more successful concerning a case at Fargo, North Dakota. Under hypnosis, the abductee, Mrs. Sandra Larson, described a portion of the physical examination administered to her by the aliens: "It was like somebody took a knife and made the inside of my nose sore." Since her eyes were closed during the examination, she could describe only what she was feeling. When asked to describe the instrument being used, she continued by saying that it felt like a "little knife" placed in her nose.¹

¹Coral and Jim Lorenzen, *Abducted* (New York: Berkley Publishing Corporation, 1977) p. 58.

One of our most provocative questions concerns the BB-like object at the end of the needlelike probe that was apparently *removed* from Betty's nose. How did it get there? What was its purpose? The answer to this puzzle may very well be connected with the following case. It is of high significance for comparison purposes, because it has not been published outside of a certain circle of investigators who specialize in the study of UFO occupant reports.

To the best of my knowledge, it is the only other report on record describing this particular procedure. The following is quoted from the investigators' report on this fascinating case. (The witnesses' and investigators' names are on file, but must be kept confidential at this time.)

WITNESS And they released this little tiny thing, like a buckshot.

INVESTIGATOR What did they release it from?

WITNESS From the needle.

INVESTIGATOR What was the needle like?

WITNESS It was sort of like a long needle that was sticking in my side.

INVESTIGATOR Was it a hollow needle, and then ejected through the hollow needle, or attached to the—

WITNESS I didn't see the needle [*i.e., when the tiny device was released*]. They had my arm up over my head, like that, so I couldn't see what they were doing here. And then they said, "I hope your body doesn't reject it. With this implant we're putting in there is going to come better communications and power, and we hope your body doesn't reject it. If it doesn't reject it, we'll activate it in, uh, three or four weeks." And then they turned me over on my back and said, "Now you're going to sleep."

Was this object Betty described, then, an implant? And how did it get there in the first place? The answer seems couched in an astounding revelation by Betty during our last hypnotic session.

At one time, Betty's captors had mentioned to her where they had come from. But Betty couldn't pronounce it. We attempted to obtain the phonetic pronunciation of their place of origin.

FRED YOUNGREN In one of the previous sessions, you told us a little bit about a place where the beings came from. You had trouble spelling or saying it. Would you try once again to recall that?

BETTY It's a Z . . . [*pause*] some S's and a P in it.

FRED YOUNGREN Are there more than four letters in that?

BETTY There's a lot more than that, yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you recall it well enough to spell the whole word?

BETTY I don't know. They talk it funny.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you say it the way they talk it?

BETTY No.

FRED YOUNGREN Mimic it?

BETTY Uh, mimic it. Let's see—um . . . [*attempts to pronounce it without success, sighs*] I can't do it.

FRED YOUNGREN All right. Where did you get the information?

BETTY He told me it.

FRED YOUNGREN Who told you?

BETTY The beings told me it.

FRED YOUNGREN Do you know which one told you?

BETTY [*Sighs*] There're so many of them.

FRED YOUNGREN Was it one that you've told us about?

BETTY No.

FRED YOUNGREN Then when did you get the information?

BETTY When I was there.

FRED YOUNGREN When you were *there*?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN How long ago was that?

BETTY A long time ago.

Betty's answer caused quite a stir in the room. It came as a complete surprise, although we should have expected it when she had described the removal of the object through her nose.

FRED YOUNGREN You mean in 1967? Is that when you got the information? [*25-second pause*] Was it before 1967, Betty?

BETTY Yes.

JULES VAILLANCOURT It was! Do you remember how long before 1967? [*25-second pause*] Can you tell us any more about it? Maybe you can't remember the date, but can you tell us any more about that?

BETTY No.

FRED YOUNGREN How do you know that that is the place where the beings come from?

BETTY That is where they come from.

FRED YOUNGREN I didn't hear you. Did you say that *is* where they come from?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Why do you—how do you know that? Why do you know that is where they come from? Because they told you?

BETTY Yes, they told me. *And I was there.*

JOSEPH SANTANGELO You went to the place where they came from?

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you see other ships still there?

BETTY Yes, there's other ships there. They live in a gray atmosphere, hazy all the time.

FRED YOUNGREN Can you recall anything about the occasion?

BETTY Seems very gray and dark.

FRED YOUNGREN How old were you at the time that this happened?

At this point Betty became very upset.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What are you upset about, Betty?

BETTY I don't like this place. It's so dark and gray.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Which place? Are you back there now?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN You don't know how old you are?

BETTY No.

FRED YOUNGREN Was it before 1967?

BETTY Yes.

JOSEPH SANTANGELO Are you frightened of the place?

BETTY Yes.

FRED YOUNGREN Would you like to leave that place?

BETTY Yes.

When we tried to bring her back to relive what appeared to have been a pre-1967 UFO abduction experience, Betty became literally terrified. Harold strongly suggested that we should not inquire further because it upset Betty too much.

A prior UFO experience would solve several puzzling aspects in this case. First, in an earlier session, Betty inadvertently gave us information that could not have been obtained during the 1967 abduction. It hinted of an earlier incident:

RAYMOND FOWLER Betty, you indicate that the ship was sectioned off and had different levels. Somehow the lower section whirled, and the top section remained stationary. At times the top also moved—especially when there was to be a change in direction.

What confuses me is, at what point during your experience did you actually see something like this? As far as I can remember, you have never seen the object in flight or at a distance.

BETTY I really don't know, Ray, when I saw it. But I know it.

Moreover, psychic phenomena have played a part in the lives of many who have had a Close Encounter UFO experience. And the Andreasson family was no exception. Several months after her harrowing UFO experience of January 1967, Betty stood at the sink doing dishes. Abruptly and without warning, something took control of her mind:

BETTY It was as if the infinite opened up to me. And it scared me to death, because I was seeing inventions so far advanced—thousands of years advanced—and yet it seemed just a pinpoint or scratch in the infinite. I was afraid 'cause it wasn't me controlling it. It was something else. As soon as I became fearful, it shut off.

For several years after the incident, Betty received similar flashes of insight, some of which may have been connected with her UFO experience. One of these involved a being of light in her home:

I was lying there, and I turned my head toward my husband, who was asleep. And then, I heard noises like somebody opening and closing drawers. I turned my head to the direction and I saw this "light-being." This was a bright, illuminated being about four to five feet tall. It wasn't fat or slim. It was just right. The hands were there, the arms, the legs, and the head, but it had no features. It was just all light. It leaped down the stairs.

One night in 1975, Becky had an experience of her own. As Betty tells it:

The upstairs kitchen of our house was not as yet finished. Only the bedrooms were finished which we were using. We were cooking and eating in the cellar kitchen until the new one was ready. Becky had been awakened by her new baby in the early morning hours and had gone to the cellar apartment to heat the baby's bottle on the gas stove. Before going down to the cellar, she flicked on all the lights. Suddenly all the lights went out and huge glowing eyes peered at her from the cellar window. She screamed and ran upstairs, leaving the gas burning. There was a power failure that night *only* in our area. We learned the next day that the lights had come on by themselves,

and the power company did not know what had caused the failure just in our area.

Hallucination? Imagination? Paranormal phenomena? Who can tell for sure? Prior to the UFO encounter recalled under hypnosis, the Andreasson family had considered these odd but still isolated events. Now they took on a new meaning, as did the several strange events that occurred when Betty lived at Westminster, Massachusetts, way *before* the 1967 UFO encounter.

One evening in the mid-1950s, when Betty was very young, she was lying in bed. Suddenly she had a feeling that someone was staring at her through a second-story window. She was so fearful that she couldn't force herself to look at the window. On the following morning, she noticed that small trees near the window were bent over.

On an evening during the early 1960s, Betty had another strange experience. She was reading her Bible on the sofa when again she had the same strong feeling of being watched. Looking up slowly, she was startled to see a face staring at her through the window. The figure had red hair, red eyebrows, and black piercing eyes. His gaze was fixed and appeared malevolent. She forced her eyes away from his hypnotic expression and looked back down at her Bible. Then she slowly got up and left the room before running to the front door and shouting to her father for help. (Her parents lived next door.) When her father arrived, the Peeping Tom had vanished. Betty said he looked like a normal person except for the penetrating black eyes.

The final incident in Westminster—the only one recalled when something akin to a UFO was involved—occurred when Becky was about eight years old, which would place it around 1964. One night Becky woke up to see a glowing yellow-orange ball hovering outside her bedroom window. The object had directed a narrow beam of light at her. Becky's screams of terror caused Betty to rush upstairs to her aid, but by the time she arrived, the strange phenomenon had disappeared. Shortly after this, Becky developed the uncanny ability to automatically write page after page of strange symbols. The strange script was found to be very similar to the so-called spirit writing practiced by the Shakers, an early American religious sect.

Strange incidents also occurred after the family moved to South Ashburnham. Whether or not they were connected with an *earlier* UFO abduction must remain in the realm of speculation. But the fact remains that a pre-1967 abduction would explain why the entities registered surprise at Betty's having "parts missing," the result of the

1965 hysterectomy. It would also explain the presence of the tiny object in Betty's head. It is interesting to note that the entities made a puzzling statement just prior to its removal: They told Betty that they were *awakening* something. Perhaps this bristled object was a highly sophisticated monitoring device emplaced within her during an earlier abduction!

This theory brings to mind some experiments that man is conducting with lower life forms here on earth. We go to great lengths to study habits, environment, and idiosyncracies. Consider the following analogy:

A black bear is out rummaging for food in a heavily wooded area that he shares with a goodly number of other wild creatures. Sniffing the air cautiously, he cuts across a large field on the way to a river to fish for salmon. Suddenly, a foreign noise coming from above causes him to look up. Terrified, he sees a strange, noisy, whirring, birdlike thing hovering directly above him. He starts to run back to the woods with the huge "bird" in hot pursuit. Suddenly, a sharp, brief pain stabs into his side. He continues to run, but an inexplicable feeling of drowsiness overwhelms him. The bear slumps to the ground in a sound sleep.

The "bird" lands. It is a helicopter, and out of it step several scientists. One still holds the rifle that has just fired a tranquilizer-filled dart into the fleeing bear. Carefully, a wildlife biologist tags the bear and places a radio transmitter collar and temperature probe about the sleeping bear's neck. The scientists then board the helicopter and depart.

Later, the bear stirs. Perhaps vague images of the frightening chase still linger in his mind. Most likely they are dismissed as a bad dream brought on by eating decayed rabbit meat earlier that morning. He is hungry. So he lumbers off to the river, where there are fat migrating salmon just waiting to be caught.

Seven hundred miles above him, a highly sophisticated satellite dubbed *Nimbus* wheels around the planet in a predetermined course. It signals the radio transmitter attached to the bear. It, in turn, begins to transmit data gathered by special sensors. *Nimbus* then retransmits the signals to a ground radio station in Fairbanks, Alaska.² Then the data is sent to Goddard Space Flight Center at Maryland, where it emerges as a computer readout.

Meanwhile, the bear continues to fish, hunt, sleep, and hibernate.

²"Studying Wildlife by Satellite," *The National Geographic*, January 1973, pp. 120-23.

He remains completely oblivious to the fact that his bodily functions and exact whereabouts are being monitored by a superintelligent species—man.

How could a bear even begin to comprehend such a thing? Similarly, how could a human even begin to understand how a superintelligent race might similarly monitor man's doings? Could it be that the little BB-shaped object that the entities were "awakening" was a monitoring device?

The entities knew where to find Betty at Ashburnham. They knew her name and told her that they had known all of the trouble she had been going through. This could be ascribed to the "mind reading" aspect of telepathy, except that the entities seemed *surprised* to find "parts missing"—evidently the result of Betty's hysterectomy, which would, of course, have taken place *after* Betty's first abduction.

This also brings to mind a statement made by an alien to Betty Hill, another abductee, back in 1961. In the book *Interrupted Journey*, Betty Hill is quoted in a conversation with her alien captor:

But there are other people in this country who . . . would be most happy to talk with him, and they could answer all his questions. And, maybe if he could come back, all his questions would have answers. But if I did, I wouldn't know where to meet him. And he [the alien] said, "Don't worry. If we decide to come back, we will be able to find you, all right. We always find those we want to."

Perhaps even now, individuals like Betty Hill and Betty Andreasson are being monitored by instruments far out in space. In any case, succeeding events were to prove that the entities *were* keeping a most unsettlingly close check on Betty's activities.

³John G. Fuller, *The Interrupted Journey* (New York: Dial Press, 1966), p. 177.

EPILOGUE

A New Investigation

Our original investigation of the Andreasson Affair was to end on yet another inexplicable note—a tragic one.

Betty and her family had arrived at her sister's home in Florida on August 31. Determined not to be a burden, she found work as a waitress at a local restaurant.

What happened next is most curious. Betty met a very special fellow. Betty described the circumstances surrounding her meeting during a telephone call which was duly taped and transcribed.

DAVID WEBB Betty? This is Dave Webb. Ray just called me and mentioned that you had talked to somebody in Florida who had a contact like yours.

BETTY Yes, yes, I really think he has. Bob Luca is his name and he's interested in getting hold of a MUFON investigator and tell his story to get it off his chest.

DAVID WEBB I see. Okay. Do you have an address for him?

BETTY I'll have to ask him if he wants his address given. He lives in Connecticut. Can he get in touch with someone, do you suppose?

DAVID WEBB Yeah, we have an investigator near there.

BETTY Beautiful! He's going to be calling tonight, Dave. I think he would like to talk with you.

DAVID WEBB And this all occurred in Connecticut?

BETTY I think it was Connecticut. He was going to the beach—I forget the name of the beach . . .

Bob, like Betty, had experienced a CE-III. It, too, had occurred in 1967—just several months after Betty's experience—and had involved a period of forgotten time.

BETTY It's been ten years. He's been searching all that time to find answers to what he saw.

DAVID WEBB Did he ever try and get in touch with anyone before?

BETTY I don't really know. It's just since he learned that I had been in touch with MUFON investigators that he thought, "Well, do you suppose that they would be able to speak with me about it?"

His meeting with Betty may have been sheer coincidence, but then again . . .

DAVID WEBB Could I ask as to how you met this fellow, or how he came across you?

BETTY What's strange, Dave, is our meeting. He and a friend had planned a trip for over a year. Finally the time came for him to go, and he went all the way to Oregon, through California and then to Texas. They were not going to Florida, but for some reason they went to Florida. That was not on their plans whatsoever. But he met me through people he was staying with. His friend Eddie has a wife, Dolly. Dolly has a sister named Katherine. Katherine is a very good friend of mine—it was through her that he found out about me.

DAVID WEBB You knew her before him?

BETTY Yeah, I knew her before him. She is a cook at the Clock, where I work. They stopped at Katherine's house, and during supper, Katherine mentioned me and my UFO experience because I did tell her. She mentioned it to him and he said, "I've got to meet her and talk with her about the experience I've had."

DAVID WEBB Now, did he know at that time through this other woman that you had had an actual abduction?

BETTY I don't know. I don't think Katherine mentioned the whole case because later, much later, I told him about it. I think she mentioned just that I had had an experience with UFOs. Katherine

didn't know, for sure, anything about Bob having an experience—just that Bob immediately said, "I've got to speak to this woman about it." He just knew that he had had the experience, and for ten years he's been trying to search and seek what it's all about. He's been trying everything to find out what happened.

And so he came to the Clock to talk to Betty. Having misunderstood, he thought she was a blond-headed girl. He walked over to Betty and asked, "Can you please tell me who Betty is?"

"That's me," Betty admitted.

He said he had had an experience with UFOs, and that Katherine had said I had too. He asked if I were willing to talk with him about it, because for ten years he's been searching to find out what happened to him. He has been searching all these years, and he's sort of frustrated from trying to find out.

At first Betty was hesitant, because Katherine, who would have confirmed Bob's story, wasn't on duty in the kitchen at the time. And we had warned her about relating her story to reporters.

"I don't know," she replied. "Are you sure you're not any kind of a reporter for any kind of newspaper?"

"No, really, believe me. I'm not. I had an experience," he answered.

And he began to explain the experience, but I couldn't stay there. It wasn't too busy in there, but there were people starting to come in, so I had to stop. And he said, "Could you have dinner with me so we could talk about it? So I could tell you what happened to me?" And I was kind of leery, but then, I thought, "Well, gee, maybe this man does need help or something," because he seemed very sincere and took the time to come right down to meet me because he had had a similar experience to mine. I can understand how he felt. I really can because most people think you're a nut.

DAVID WEBB Another of the strange coincidences that seem to crop up with these things. Does he have religious beliefs, say, similar to your own?

BETTY No, he didn't have. I believe he must have been a Catholic at first, but now he has started into the Rosicrucians. He wasn't before. During that time he had no particular religious beliefs. He loves people. He wants to help people. This is the way he is, and you can tell by meeting him.

DAVID WEBB So, you talked to him at length about the case?

BETTY Off and on. We talked about God, and we talked about life and about different things. I knew his frustration 'cause I went through it. Right now, I'm at ease. I'm at peace with it. I just figure if and when they want to contact me, they're going to do it again.

DAVID WEBB It's nice to know that you have other people around who have experienced something similar. That you're not going crazy or something like that.

BETTY That's right. At one point when I was going through hypnosis, I was all set to throw in the towel because it seemed like science fiction to me. I thought I was going out of my mind. Really! I thought, "What is this?"

DAVID WEBB And yet you know it's real?

BETTY Yeah, I do. I know it's real. I know it's happened.

This chance meeting between Betty and Bob so soon after our investigation is remarkable. It would seem as if some unseen hand had drawn them together. (They would marry in the fall of 1978.) Betty Andreasson's meeting with Bob Luca now seemed yet another mysterious bead added to a long string of inexplicable events.

Betty did accept Bob's invitation to dinner and continued to see him afterward. In October Betty returned to Massachusetts to try to sell her house; Bob returned home to Connecticut. On October 19, shortly after he arrived in Connecticut, Bob Luca was interviewed by our field investigators. The conscious recollection of his UFO sighting was intriguing. In June of 1967, about 10:30 in the morning, he had been driving alone from his home to Hammonasset Beach. The sky was clear; it was top-notch beach weather. The familiar drive normally took about a half hour.

As he drove by a wooded area, his eye caught something in the sky reflecting sunlight. Glancing up, he was shocked to see two large bright cigar-shaped objects outlined against the blue, cloudless sky.

Amazed, he watched two smaller oval objects drop out of one of the larger craft. One of them quickly sped off, but the other headed toward him. It appeared metallic with a dull finish. It descended slowly like a falling leaf and disappeared behind trees about a quarter of a mile away. He remembered feeling very anxious as he drove alone and thinking, "They are coming after me!"

The next thing that Bob remembered was arriving at the beach shortly before 2:00 P.M. He had no recollection of what had happened in over three hours of missing time!

Preliminary data extracted later, during a hypnotic session on

December 3, indicated that Bob believed he had been taken aboard a strange craft, forced to remove his clothes, and given a physical examination on a table. His abductors had large bald heads and huge eyes. If Bob decides to continue the hypnotic sessions, future investigation may reveal more data.

Earlier, however, on the evening of October 19, Bob phoned Betty to tell her about the preliminary interview.

As they chatted cordially about the UFO investigation, someone or something interrupted their telephone conversation. Suddenly a male voice, livid with anger, spoke to them in an unintelligible tongue. Peculiar clickings and tones could be heard. Vivid mental impressions overwhelmed Betty's mind, causing her great sorrow. Frightened, she and Bob terminated the phone call and phoned their respective UFO investigators to report the weird happening.

On October 21 Bob drove Betty, Cindy, and Bonnie Andreasson to my home. I was curious to see what Bob was like, and also I wanted to hear firsthand about the peculiar telephone episode. Bob confirmed what Betty had related to us. I took Betty aside to my office and taped her story.

RAYMOND FOWLER Can you describe in detail the latest events?

BETTY Bob had called me up and was talking about general things. Then he went on to tell about how his interview was. He was talking about it when suddenly we were interrupted by a voice, and I knew right away it was *them*.

RAYMOND FOWLER Was it in English?

BETTY No, it was like a different language. There was a lot of L's and a lot of T's in it and a lot of rolling sounds. It was fast, like a record was put on fast speed, but even though it was fast, the words were very clear. It was like somebody very excited and quick. The words were really clear.

RAYMOND FOWLER But *you* could understand what they were saying, and Bob couldn't?

BETTY I understood that they were speaking to us. They just started talking, and Bob was quiet and I was quiet. I told him they were speaking, and he was just quiet and listening. They were sort of off in the distance. I asked them to speak louder to let Bob hear it.

RAYMOND FOWLER You wanted Bob to hear it?

BETTY Yeah, I told them to speak up louder and—ah, my knees

are shaking right now from it. I asked them to speak up louder, and suddenly they sort of cut in somehow and spoke up louder for him to hear. Bob couldn't distinguish what they were saying anyway, and so they cut back out and went to their same tone. They were talking, and I started talking to them. Then I started getting very nervous and upset, and I wanted to cry because they said something about "it is done" and "it is finished." Bob immediately felt the sorrow or whatever it was from my voice, and he tried to calm me. They kept on, and they were very angry.

RAYMOND FOWLER What were they angry about, do you think?

BETTY They said something about "the people." They were very angry, and then they started to set up something, and I knew they were setting up something. I could hear sort of a noise like some kind of heavy machinery was being set up.

RAYMOND FOWLER Like bangs or clanks or—?

BETTY Yeah, clickings and noises like they were putting things in order or to start something rolling. Then that stopped, and they started talking again—and they were *angry*, just like an insect. It was like you would picture a mad hornet or an ant gouging away at something. The words just kept on going and repeating over and over.

RAYMOND FOWLER Repeating what? Could you understand what they were saying?

BETTY I was talking to them but, ah—consciously I couldn't tell what they were saying, but I knew they were mad. And then again I heard them setting it up, whatever it was to happen. Something to happen. [*Much emotion in voice*] They kept on talking, and I think Bob was getting a little shook up over it. He said that the investigators had said if anything strange happened, to get in contact with them right away. Anyway, he said we should hang up, but before we started to hang up, I was hearing the tones again.

Betty had once heard similar tones interrupt her car radio. Now she went on to describe the extraordinary events that happened in her home later on that night on October 19: "I went into the room where Todd and Becky were, and I said, 'Becky and Todd, the beings were just on the telephone and they were really mad. They were ripping mad.' Betty's voice was shaking.

"And Becky got really scared. She jumped up and said, 'Mommy, don't say things like that! That scares me, you know! I'm not sleeping

in this room by myself now.' So we all slept in the living room—we have some beds in there because I've been selling all my furniture to get ready to go down to Florida."

At about three o'clock, Becky woke up screaming, "Ma, Ma!"

Betty woke up and said, "It's all right, Becky, I know it is here. It's okay, don't be afraid."

And there were lights all through the living room. We were all in there, but everybody didn't wake up somehow. All the lights were all through the living room, and suddenly a big, huge ball of light swooshed right over my bed and disappeared.

RAYMOND FOWLER You didn't see where it disappeared to?

BETTY It just went over and was gone.

RAYMOND FOWLER Any noises?

BETTY There was a roaring. There was a combination of noises like cars, trains, and airplanes—all sorts of noises in that room.

After my interview with her, Betty and I walked soberly back into the living room, where other investigators were busily questioning Betty's daughters and Bob. Betty's words about "going crazy" still echoed in my ears. Who *would* believe such a story? I myself could scarcely accept the possibility that all of these things were happening.

Before Betty left us that evening, she expressed anxiety about the future. She felt that during her UFO experience, she had made a choice to serve the alien creatures. Now she wanted to break this bond, but there seemed to be no way out. Why was the voice angry? Was it a message from her previous abductors or someone else? What was going to happen? What had they arranged? Were the strange phenomena that terrorized the Andreasson home the forerunner of some terrible tragedy? We tried to reassure Betty that all would be well, but silently wondered to ourselves about what was going on. Bob, Betty, and the children drove off into the night.

Twenty-four hours later, Betty's fears were realized. The bold headlines of the *Sentinel and Enterprise* newspaper spelled out the news in terse fashion: WESTMINSTER CRASH KILLS TWO BROTHERS. Shortly before midnight, Betty's sons—James, age 21, and Todd, 17, were killed in an automobile accident!

We were shocked and saddened by the news. This brought to four the death toll of people who had been associated with our investigation. As objective investigators, we tried to convince ourselves that the angry voice on the telephone and the later effect on Betty's life was

merely a coincidence. But fact number one is that I personally tape-recorded her account of the telephone warning. Fact number two is that the tragedy struck within twenty-four hours of the interview. Fact number three is that a similar sequence of events was reported in the Syracuse, New York, *Herald Journal* on December 21, 1967. During a terrifying Close Encounter UFO experience, voices gave the witness a prophetic warning of a fatal automobile accident! UFO researcher/author John Keel followed up the news item and summarized the bizarre account in his book *Why UFOs?*

On December 12, 1967, at about 7:00 P.M., Mrs. Rita Malley was driving along Route 34 to Ithaca, New York, with her five-year-old son, Dana, in the back seat when a humming, domed disc-shaped object took control of her car and eased it into a field. Simultaneously, her son was somehow put into a state of suspended animation—"It was as if he were in some kind of a trance"—and a bright light flashed down from the object. As Mrs. Malley related it:

Then I began to hear voices. They didn't sound like male or female voices, but were weird, the words broken and jerky . . . like a weird chorus of several voices. . . . The voices named someone I knew and said that at that moment, my friend's brother was involved in a terrible accident miles away. They said my son would not remember any of this.¹

Then, abruptly, the car was eased back onto the road, where Mrs. Malley took control of it once again. She speeded home in a near state of shock. The very next day, Mrs. Malley received word that on the night of her encounter with the UFO, her friend's brother, Paul Donalds, *had* been killed in a serious automobile accident. When interviewed by the *Herald Journal*, her husband confirmed the story and stated, "I knew something was wrong the moment she walked into the house. I thought she had had an accident with the car or something." A detailed investigation of this CE-III was written up in the July 1968 issue of *Science & Mechanics* by Lloyd Mallan.

Our investigation into the deaths of Betty's sons is confidential, but a logical reason was found. The question still remained, though—was the accident a coincidence?

Betty believed differently. She was convinced that the alien voice on the phone was that of a fallen or evil angel who hinted at—and caused—the tragic deaths of her sons. She felt that because of her decision to help Quazgaa and his companions, she was caught in the midst of a supernatural battle between good and evil.

¹John A. Keel, *Why UFOs?* (New York: Manor Books, Inc., 1970), pp. 58, 59.

Thus, once again, Betty sought a rationale for the inexplicable within the context of her Christian faith. Whether or not she is correct is a moot point. I am convinced that only Betty's strong religious faith kept her mind intact in the days that followed her tragic loss.

On the other hand, Betty's faith may be the final *key* to the UFO solution. Excerpts from Quazgaa's farewell message to Betty still ring in my ears:

We are coming to the earth. Man is going to fear because of it. We love the human race. We have come to help the human race. We do not want to hurt anybody, but because of great love we cannot let man continue in the footsteps he is going. It is better to lose some than to lose all. It is through the spirit, but men will not search out that portion.

If authentic, Quazgaa's message has a familiar ring. It calls to mind similar messages recorded in centuries gone by. The sacred books of mankind contain many accounts of aerial phenomena, yet their messages often concerned things of the spirit. And indeed, in the past several years, a number of writers have compared modern UFO sightings with biblical accounts of aerial phenomena and associated religious messengers (angels) from the sky.

Such statements are also causing religious leaders to ponder anew the existence and purpose of angels (messengers). Billy Graham, in his best-selling book, *Angels*, makes a rather startling statement when one considers his staunch evangelical Christian background.

Some . . . have speculated that UFOs could very well be a part of God's angelic host who preside over the physical affairs of universal creation. While we cannot assert such a view with certainty . . . nothing can hide the fact that these unexplained events are occurring with greater frequency around the entire world. . . . Some . . . take the detailed descriptions of a highly credible airline crew and lay them alongside Ezekiel and put forth a strong case . . . such theories are now being given serious attention even by people who make no claim to believe in the God of the Bible. . . . UFOs are astonishingly angel-like in some of their reported appearances.²

Strangely enough, such far-out concepts have been voiced by some of our leading scientists. Dr. Frank Drake, currently director of the world's largest radio telescope installation at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, is

²Billy Graham, *Angels: God's Secret Agents* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday & Company, Inc.), pp. 9, 11, 12, 14.

a pioneer in the search for extraterrestrial life via radio astronomy. Drake has suggested that the biblical account in the book of Ezekiel may represent early contact between extraterrestrials and mankind.³

Perhaps our ancestors' lack of technological understanding has cloaked extraterrestrial visitation with a purely supernatural interpretation. The renowned Russian astrophysicist I. S. Shklovskii speculates that this may have been the case: "Such an unusual occurrence would be described in legends. The astronauts would probably be portrayed as possessing supernatural powers. Emphasis would be placed on their arrival and departure into the sky."⁴

Conversely, we should be careful not to repeat the mistake of our ancestors. Perhaps our present materialistic, technologically oriented minds would strip reported modern-day visitations of all *spiritual* significance. Our present interpretation of such events might be purely mechanistic. We would probably accept the possibility of the visitors, but would filter out purported *religious* messages as irrelevant.

Such was certainly the case during portions of our investigation of the Andreasson Affair. In Chapter Eleven I've already documented our uneasiness over the obvious religious overtones of Segment 4 of Betty's account—her encounter with the phoenix. Nor would those overtones go away. The voice was an obvious link between the UFO experience and religion. I am not about to speculate as to who or what the voice was, except that its brief message gave Betty some meaning and context for her overall experience.

This religious link was further indicated during hypnosis sessions twelve and thirteen. When the entities apparently spoke through Betty to us, I deliberately asked them religious-oriented questions, through Betty, to see what their response would be:

RAYMOND FOWLER Have they anything to do with what we call the second coming of Christ?

BETTY They definitely do.

RAYMOND FOWLER When is this going to occur?

BETTY It is not for them to tell you.

RAYMOND FOWLER Do they know?

BETTY They know the Master is getting ready, and very close.

RAYMOND FOWLER But do they know the date?

BETTY No.

³Walter Sullivan, *We Are Not Alone* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1964), p. 241.

⁴I. S. Shklovskii and Carl Sagan, *Intelligent Life in the Universe* (San Francisco: Holden-Day, Inc., 1966), p. 454.

RAYMOND FOWLER Who does know the date?

BETTY The Father.

The answers to these and other questions also exhibited a high strangeness factor. They could very well have come from Betty's own Christocentric subconscious mind, rather than from actual alien entities. Not everyone within the investigation team would accept the possibility of a real religious connection with UFOs. And yet it is only too obvious that the aliens had brought Betty to the bird as the focal point of her whole experience; it seemed to be the *purpose* for her travel through the red and green spaces. In reality, the extraterrestrial phenomena may be a combination of advanced technology and theology.

A slightly more sinister possibility suggests itself, of course. When researching the life-style of primitive peoples, modern-day anthropologists are careful to respect the beliefs of local tribes, sometimes even going so far as to let themselves be "initiated" into their secret societies. It did occur to the investigators that Quazgaa may have paid lip service to Betty's religious convictions simply in order to ensure her compliance. Again and again, Betty had been about to resist the entities' requests, but invariably acquiesced when she was assured (however obliquely) that her abductors were, indeed, on the side of the angels. And yet much of what these beings made Betty undergo (particularly her examination ordeal) hardly seems in the spirit of true Christian charity!

Indeed, this hypothesis makes a bit more sense of the baffling phoenix episode. Betty assured us that Quazgaa and his associates' sense of time was far different from ours; and the phoenix was apparently a meaningful symbol to members of the early Christian Church. Supposing that these entities went out of their way to stage-manage a religious experience as a "reward" for Betty, it's not inconceivable that they might have picked a symbol that was obsolete by some 1,500 years!

But the more we try to extrapolate the motives of Quazgaa and his crew, the more we have to depart into the realm of pure conjecture. The whole concept of communication with superintelligent aliens is so novel and so outside of man's past and contemporary experience that we find it hard to visualize, much less even take the possibility seriously. Part of the reason may be our own limited experience in communicating with other species. Although man has evolved along with a myriad of other creatures on this planet, he has yet to truly com-

municate with any of them except in the family pet sense. We do not know how to communicate with other species, and we do not *want* to. Perhaps this is because we believe that other so-called lower life forms are not capable of overt communication—in the human sense of the word. This is not to say that we are not intellectually interested in these animals. We do take great pains to train dogs, cats, horses, bears, and other circus animals—and "domesticate" them by attempting to restrain their aggressive behavior.

But who is to say that the principle does not operate in reverse? Again and again, Quazgaa pointed out humanity's shortcomings. Could it be possible that visiting extraterrestrials might in actuality be interstellar missionaries?

Such thoughts are not necessarily limited to wild-eyed visionaries. Dr. Carl Sagan, our nation's leading authority on the question of extraterrestrial life, sought to find a rationale for the *reason* that might lie behind such visitations in his excellent book *Intelligent Life in the Universe*. After critically analyzing a number of possible motives, he stated quite bluntly: "One of the primary motivations for the exploration of the new world was to convert the inhabitants to Christianity. Can we exclude the possibility of an extraterrestrial evangelism?"

CE-III's are being reported all over the world. Some, like the Andreasson Affair, involve associated paranormal phenomena. If we accept such cases at full face value, one overriding question emerges: How many UFO abductees are there? How many, like Betty Andreasson and Bob Luca, have "lost" a few hours of time and had information locked in their minds for future release?

Betty has commented that she feels like a "loaded bomb." Others like her may exist, primed subconsciously with knowledge and messages from an extraterrestrial civilization. For Betty and many others like her from all over the world, the time appointed could be arriving. What would happen if this information dam were to burst into the conscious minds of thousands of people all over the planet? What would it accomplish? Could it perhaps be mankind's final conditioning process prior to the greatest CE-III of all time—overt alien contact with all the peoples of this planet earth?

Are such speculations too extreme? Possibly, but what we desperately need is proof. As we have seen in this book, the process of trying to verify evidence has been carried farther in the Andreasson case than in any previous CE-III. If the evidence falls short of being

¹Ibid. p. 463.

conclusive, it nevertheless comes so disturbingly close that it would be foolish for us not to do everything in our power to search for more and better data.

Thus, in a very real sense, the Andreasson Affair remains an open-ended case.

Just how much of the Andreasson Affair corresponds to physical reality remains a matter for continued study and speculation. Perhaps UFOs represent a much-needed bridge between science and religion. If so, let us hope that the "footsteps" of mankind that Quazgaa referred to may be able to cross that bridge. It could very well be our last chance.

Appendices

ADDITIONAL BIOGRAPHICAL DATA FOR PRINCIPALS IN "THE ANDREASSON AFFAIR"

Extracted from tape-recorded interview with Betty Ann Andreasson on the afternoon of April 30, 1978, at the home of Raymond E. Fowler

Name	Date of Birth/Death	Relationship	Color/Hair	Color/Eyes	Approximate Height/Build
*Waino Aho	July 27, 1906- Aug. 27, 1977	Grandfather	Dark Brown	Amber	5'10"/Large
Eva Aho	July 11, 1909	Grandmother	Black	Hazel	5'/Small
Waino Aho, Jr.	1930	Betty's brother			
Agnes Aho	1928	Waino's wife			
Shirley Rettberg	1928	Betty's sister			
Betty Andreasson	Jan. 7, 1937	Mother	Black	Amber	5'4"/Medium
James Andreasson, Sr.	May 9, 1933	Father	Sandy blond	Brown	6'2"/Large
Rebecca (Becky) Andreasson	May 8, 1955	Daughter	Strawberry blond	Brown	5'2"/Medium
*James Andreasson, Jr.	Apr. 25, 1956- Oct. 23, 1977	Son	Blond	Blue	5'7"/Medium
Mark Andreasson	Sept. 24, 1957	Son	Brown	Brown	5'8"/Medium
Scott Andreasson	Feb. 16, 1959	Son	Dark brown	Dark brown	6'/Medium
*Todd Andreasson	Aug. 12, 1960- Oct. 23, 1977	Son	Dark brown	Dark brown	5'10"/Medium
Bonnie Andreasson	Apr. 10, 1962	Daughter	Golden brown	Brown	5'5"/Medium
Cindy Andreasson	Dec. 9, 1963	Daughter	Blond	Blue	5'7"/Medium

*Deceased

APPENDIX A

Establishing Witness Credibility

Nocturnal Light, Daylight Disc, Radar/Visual, and CE-I sightings all deal with witnesses who consciously see, remember, and report a UFO. Evidence for such reports is necessarily limited to a careful analysis of the witnesses' background and of their accounts.

CE-II's provide more than just anecdotal data to the investigator. In such cases, the visual sighting of a UFO is supported by supplementary evidences. This might include a recorded radar track that coincides with the location and maneuvers of a sighted UFO; a verifiable photographic image that corresponds with the eyewitness' description; and measurable ground effects left behind in a UFO's wake. Such supplementary evidence, when properly analyzed, aids in establishing the physical reality of a sighted UFO.

Close Encounters of the *Third* Kind sometimes present a problem when there is no supporting physical evidence and when, for some inexplicable reason, the witness' conscious memory has been blocked, as with the Andreasson Affair. Such circumstances prohibit investigators from scientifically establishing that a real physical event took place as described.

Does this mean that such cases are not worth investigating? Not necessarily. There is a standard investigative procedure applicable to CE-III cases such as the Andreasson Affair. It includes: establishing witness credibility, extracting the forgotten experience through hypnosis, and finally, thoroughly analyzing all collected data pertaining to the case at hand.

When analyzing and evaluating any given UFO sighting case, knowledge of the witnesses' character is essential. It is of special value when dealing with a single witness or with exceptionally bizarre reports. Alleged incidents involving UFO landings, the sighting of alien entities, communication with alien entities, abduction by alien

entities, etc., are all examples of cases exhibiting a high element of strangeness. In such cases, the background of the witnesses must be established.

Betty seems to have passed a relatively happy, secure, healthy childhood, as her tomboy ways would seem to suggest. She delighted in catching snakes, tadpoles, shiners, and trout: "I remember going through the tunnel beneath our road with a barrel hoop and burlap sack attached to it, swishing a stick, as my friend Eddie stood at the other end with another hooded sack. We got more trout and snakes that way." For sports, she enjoyed swimming, hiking, sliding, skating, basketball, hitting baseballs, football, and hunting. (Later in life, she still enjoyed playing on a woman's softball team.)

The Aho family lived variously in Fitchburg, Leominster, and Westminster, and Betty did fairly well in Westminster Elementary School. A check of the educational background of Betty Andreasson and her daughter Becky revealed that neither had fully completed high school, nor did they obtain special training of any kind. Becky had also married young, as had her mother, and had now become equally engrossed in homemaking. Information was also sought concerning the witnesses' community reputation, attitudes, and personality traits.

In establishing the community reputation of a witness, one is basically concerned about honesty and basic human relations. Such information is obtained by questioning present friends, neighbors, teachers, ministers, and business associates. The principal witnesses—Betty and Becky—scored high in this category. The general impression gained was that they were "good neighbors," "very stable," "honest," and that Betty was "hardworking," "dependable," "good mother," and "good homemaker." Each person questioned had no reason to doubt the witnesses' integrity.

The witnesses' attitudes—their philosophical beliefs and biases—were quite similar. Betty's parents were exceptionally devout people. Betty and her brother and sisters were raised in a homelife centered around a vibrant Christian faith. Waino loved fishing, but both he and Eva devoted a great deal of time to studying the Bible. (Though he spoke English with no accent, he retained a command of his native Finnish.) They were both very active in the Pentecostal Church.

Shortly before she turned 17, Betty started attending the Pentecostal and Baptist churches. She did not smoke or drink—"could not stand the taste of beer or liquor"—but while in her

teens, she had begun attending the Friday night dances at the local Youth Center. Discovering her talent for jitterbugs and waltzes, she was briefly torn between a career in art or dance. Not until she was married and pregnant with her second child, James, Jr., did Betty give her "heart willingly over to Jesus and was born again, praise God!" The family initially lived in Westminster, renting Betty's father-in-law's house, where she pored over her Bible continuously. Later, she took pains to instill the same faith in her own children. Thus, both Betty and Becky could be classed as fundamentalist Christians who accept a very literal interpretation of the Bible and believe it to be the Word of God.

Such biases provide both potential strengths and weaknesses to the witnesses' credibility. On the one hand, experience has shown that such people are usually exceptionally honest. Interest in UFOs and paranormal phenomena are usually frowned upon by this wing of the Christian Church. On the other hand, a mystical person who interprets everything in terms of his or her preconceptions may not be an objective witness.

Nonetheless, Betty's powers of visual recall seemed unusually acute. Her husband, trained as a welder and pipe fitter, and able to read blueprints, was employed via Union Local 92 for many companies such as Borden Chemical and Industrial Pipe of Leominster. On December 9, 1966, Betty was sitting in the family Volkswagen bus, waiting to pick up her husband's paycheck from the Catalytic Construction Company, when she witnessed a robbery of the union payroll.

Before jumping into the getaway car, one of the bandits ripped off his face mask, revealing a distinctive scar on his face. The robbers were shocked to realize that Betty had witnessed everything, but they drove off in a hurry without harming her. When police arrived, Betty was able to recall such details as the robbers' clothing, the interior of their car, and the license number, and her description led to the criminals' arrest in a matter of minutes.

Neither she nor Becky exhibited personality traits that would downgrade their credibility. Both were well dressed, orderly, courteous, and modest. Betty Andreasson voluntarily submitted to a psychiatric interview by a professional doctor, whose examination made no attempt to explore the reported UFO experience. Instead, he concentrated on Betty herself in order to establish an informal psychological profile. The doctor found no symptoms of active

thought disorders or obvious psychiatric problems. He concluded that she believed in the reality of her experience. (It was his opinion, however, that her strong involvement in religion may have compromised her objectivity as a witness.)

Another investigative tool employed in establishing the credibility of the principal witnesses was the Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), an instrument developed by the Dektor Company¹ to detect, measure, and display certain stress-related components of the human voice.

When a person speaks, the human voice exhibits two types of modulation. The first type is that which we hear, and over which a person has conscious control. The second type, which cannot be heard, results from stress-related micro-muscle tremors that are beyond the control of the person who is speaking. In times of stress—especially when a person is deliberately lying—this second type of modulation disappears from the human voice. The greater the stress, the greater the suppressive effect on the micro-muscle tremors. The PSE graphically displays when this second modulation is missing or is being suppressed.

A PSE test consists of preparing a list of simple, selected questions, keyed to the person being tested. As in other sensor tests, like the polygraph or "lie detector," questions are selected to differentiate between normal, truthful answers and those that are blatantly false. In doing so, the test subject's voice pattern is firmly established. When compared to the norm, evasive or false answers reveal obvious stress patterns. It is important to note that the PSE has the ability to accept both narrative and yes/no answers from the test subject. The instrument is being used by law enforcement officials, doctors, and lawyers, as well as by commercial organizations for preemployment screening. In recent years, UFO investigators have enlisted the services of the professional PSE analyst as part of an overall inquiry into the credibility of certain UFO witnesses.

The PSE analysis was performed by Ernest C. Reid, a certified stress analyst. He has conducted (among others) a major security check of facilities at Atlanta International Airport in 1972, under the auspices of the Boston-based Interstate Detective Bureau.² PSE tests were administered to both Betty and Becky, during which many pertinent questions were asked about their alleged UFO experience. The

analyst concluded that "they were telling the truth with regards to the 1967 incident." In his report, Mr. Reid stated:

It is extremely unusual . . . that we would render an opinion as definitive as we would in this particular instance. . . . The seriousness of the situation . . . led us to analyze these charts with full respect for the rights of the subjects, the examiners and the validity of the instrumentation being used. . . . In the opinion of this analyst, the results are conclusive.

Among the investigators, no one doubted that a UFO experience of some kind had occurred. Everyone felt that the witnesses were telling the truth as they knew it to be. Most believed that the witnesses' motives for reporting the event were pure (though a minority believed that the witnesses' motivation was financial gain—but following a real experience). A graphical representation of his PSE tests, with a listing of the questions and answers, is reproduced on the following pages.

¹Dektor Counterintelligence and Security, Inc., P.O. Box 238, Linwood, N.J. 08221.

²Robert L. Ward, *Boston Evening Globe*, March 9, 1972.

THE DATE IS JULY 7, 1977. THE TIME IS 8:00 P.M. EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME. THE RECORDING WAS MADE AT THE HOME OF JULES VAILLANCOURT, 37 WILLIAMS ROAD, ASHBURNHAM, MASSACHUSETTS. THE EQUIPMENT IS A "MAGNECORD" WITH FULL-TRACK HEADS RUN AT 7 1/2 INCHES PER SECOND. THE MICROPHONE IS AN "ELECTRET" MINIATURE. THE QUESTIONS ARE DIRECTED TO BETTY ANN ANDREASSON BY JULES VAILLANCOURT, MUFON INVESTIGATOR. THE RECORDING TAPE USED IS VIRGIN TAPE (600' ON A 5" REEL) MYLAR BASE, RADIO SHACK PART #44-735.

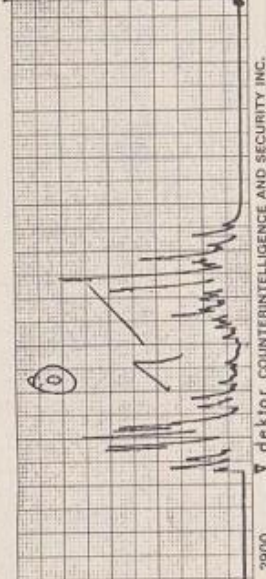
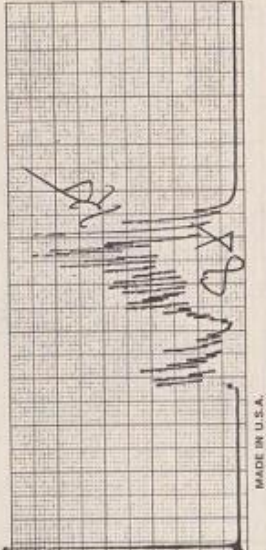

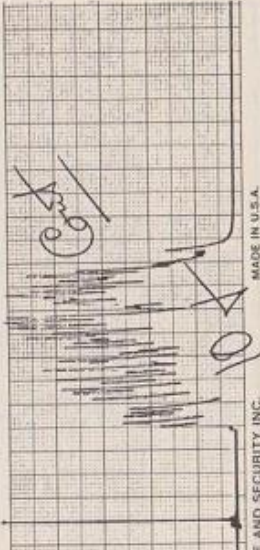
(1) IS YOUR FIRST NAME BETTY? (YES)	
CHART NO. 2900	
MADE IN U.S.A.	
(1a) DO YOU LIVE IN MASSACHUSETTS? (YES)	(2) DO YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO OUR CONVERSATION BEING RECORDED ON TAPE? (NO)
CHART NO. 2900	
MADE IN U.S.A.	

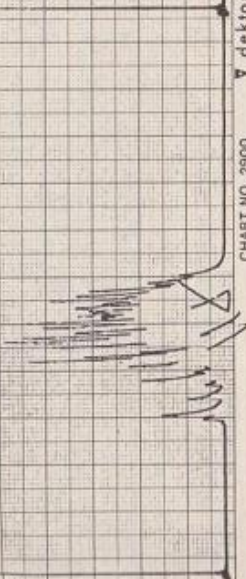
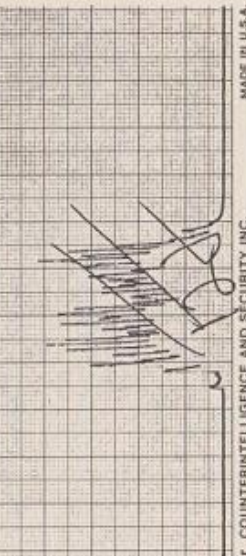
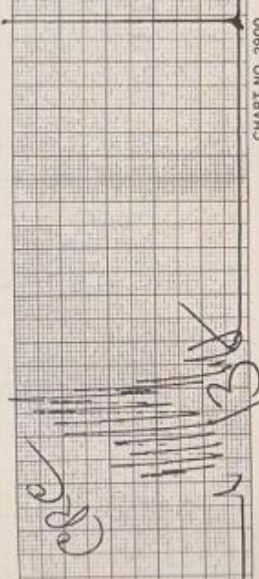

(3) HAVE YOU ANY OBJECTIONS TO AN ANALYSIS BEING MADE OF THIS TAPE RECORDING? (NO)		(4) ARE YOU CONCERNED THAT I WILL ASK YOU A QUESTION WE HAVE NOT ALREADY DISCUSSED? (NO)	
MADE IN U.S.A.		CHART NO. 2900	
(5) REGARDING YOUR UFO EXPERIENCE IN 1967 - WILL YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS? (YES)		(6) DO YOU LIKE THE COLOR BLUE? (YES)	
MADE IN U.S.A.		MADE IN U.S.A.	

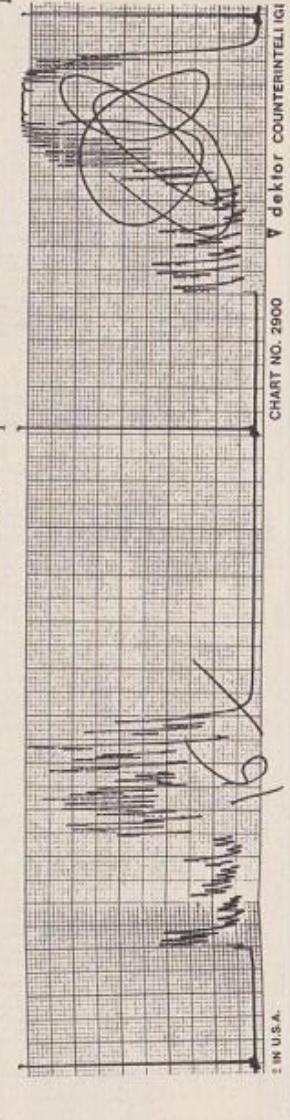
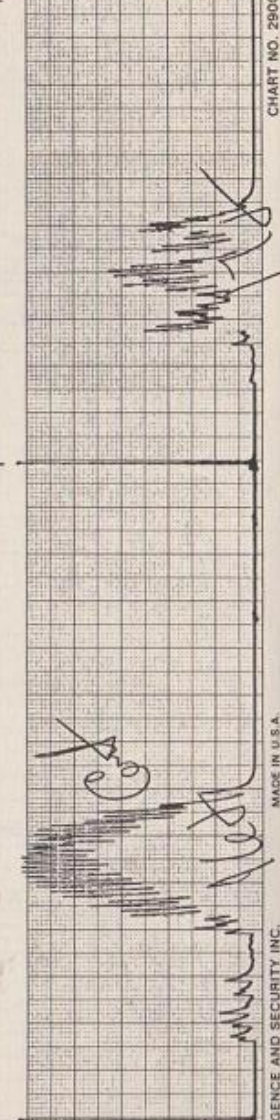
MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MADE IN U.S.A.

<p>(7) ARE YOU ATTEMPTING TO PERPETRATE A HOAX ABOUT SEEING A UFO AND ITS OCCUPANTS? (NO)</p>	<p>(8) DO YOU KNOW A PERSON NAMED RAY FOWLER? (YES)</p>
 <p>2900 A dektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.</p>	 <p>MADE IN U.S.A.</p>
<p>(9) DID YOU SEE SMALL, ALIEN BEINGS PASS RIGHT THROUGH YOUR CLOSED KITCHEN DOOR? (YES)</p>	<p>(10) DO YOU REALLY LIKE THE COLOR BLUE? (YES)</p>
 <p>CHART NO. 2900 A dektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.</p>	 <p>MADE IN U.S.A.</p>

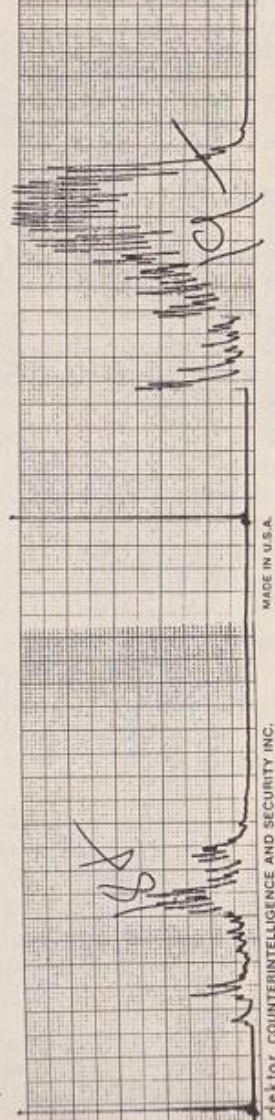
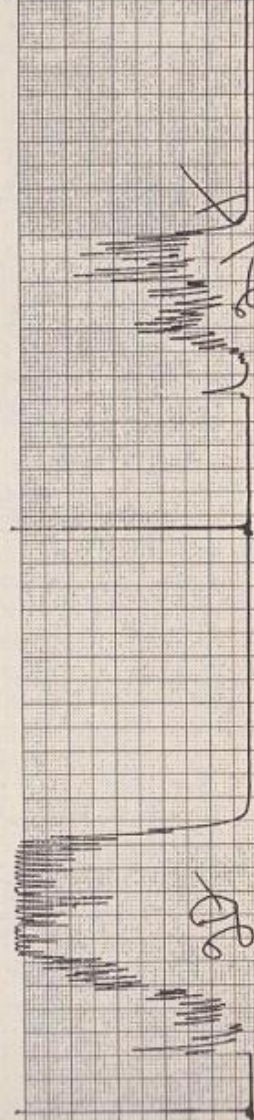

<p>(11) DID YOU SEE A PULSATING LIGHT SHINE THROUGH YOUR KITCHEN WINDOW PRIOR TO THE SMALL ALIEN BEINGS ENTERING YOUR HOUSE? (YES)</p>	<p>(12) DO YOU KNOW JOE SANTANGELO? (YES)</p>
 <p>CHART NO. 2900 A dektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.</p>	 <p>MADE IN U.S.A.</p>
<p>(13) DID YOUR HOUSE LIGHTS GO OUT DURING YOUR SIGHTING OF THE PULSATING LIGHT THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW? (YES)</p>	<p>(14) DO YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO MY RECORDING AND ANALYZING THIS CONVERSATION? (NO)</p>
 <p>CHART NO. 2900 A dektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.</p>	

<p>(15) DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO IS NOT TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS 1967 UFO ENCOUNTER? (NO)</p>	
<p>CHART NO. 2900 Vektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE</p>	
<p>(16) DO YOU ACTUALLY LIKE THE COLOR BLUE? (YES)</p>	<p>(17) WERE YOU TAKEN ABOARD A SPACECRAFT AND GIVEN AN EXAMINATION BY ALIEN BEINGS? (YES)</p> 
<p>CHART NO. 2900 Vektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE</p>	

MADE IN U.S.A.

Vektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.

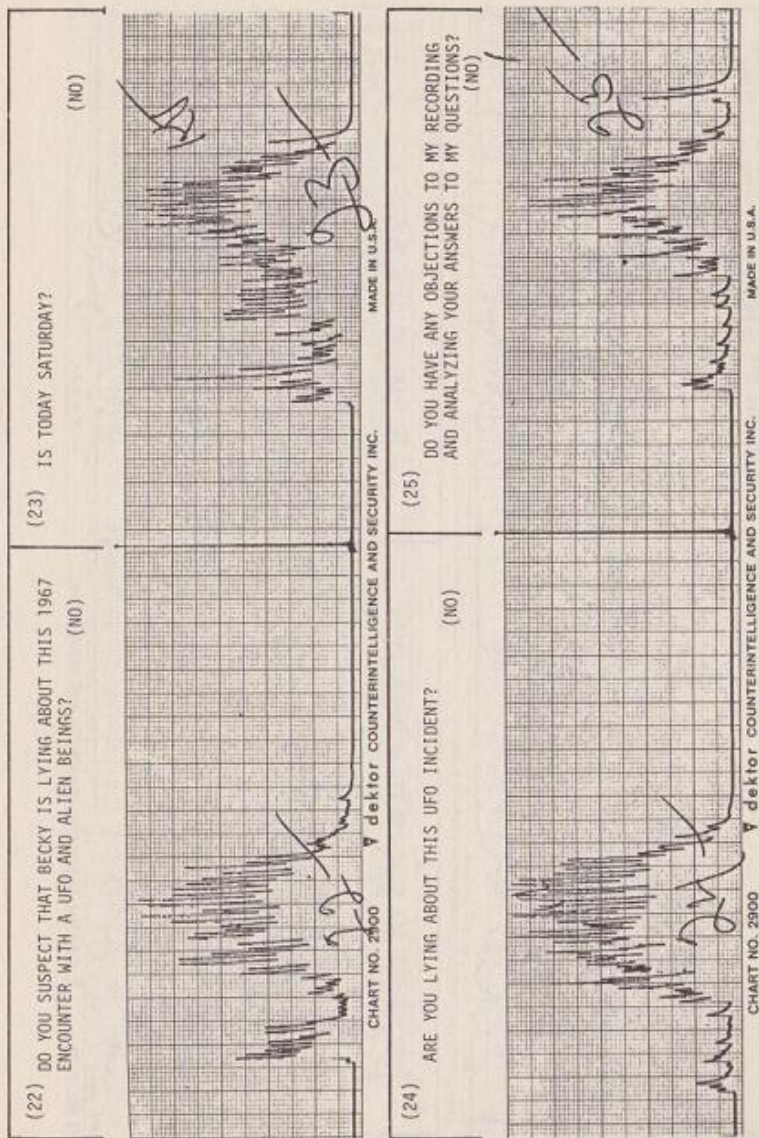
CHART NO. 2900

<p>(18) DID YOU WRITE DR. HYNK ABOUT YOUR UFO ENCOUNTER? (YES)</p>	
<p>CHART NO. 2900 Vektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.</p>	
<p>(19) ARE YOU AFRAID THAT I WILL ASK YOU A QUESTION WE HAVE NOT ALREADY DISCUSSED? (NO)</p>	<p>(20) DID YOU ALSO SEE A UFO AND ITS OCCUPANTS IN THE YEAR 1970? (NO)</p> 
<p>CHART NO. 2900 Vektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.</p>	
<p>(21) DO YOU LIKE THE COLOR BLUE? (YES)</p>	

MADE IN U.S.A.

Vektor COUNTERINTELLIGENCE AND SECURITY INC.

CHART NO. 2900



NOTE: QUESTIONS WERE FORMULATED BY RAYMOND E. FOWLER, 13 FRIEND COURT, WENHAM, MA. WITH ASSISTANCE FROM ERNEST C. REID, CERTIFIED STRESS ANALYST, 46 TURNER STREET, DEDHAM, MA. WHO ALSO PERFORMED THE PSE ANALYSIS OF THE TAPE RECORDING.

SAMPLE QUESTIONS ASKED FOR PSE TEST

selected from ninety-seven questions asked Betty and Becky Andreasson. Certain questions designed to establish a stress pattern are not included in this sample.

QUESTION

ANSWER

Regarding your UFO experience in 1967—Will you tell me the truth about this?

Are you attempting to perpetrate a hoax about seeing a UFO and its occupants?

Did you see small, alien beings pass right through your closed kitchen door?

Did you see a pulsating light shine through your kitchen window prior to the small alien beings entering your house?

Did your house lights go out during your sighting of the pulsating light through the kitchen window?

Do you know of anyone who is not telling the truth about this 1967 UFO encounter?

Were you taken aboard a spacecraft and given an examination by alien beings?

Do your drawings represent things or pictures that you actually saw during the 1967 UFO encounter?

Do you have any objections to my recording and analyzing this conversation?

Had you read about UFO abduction cases prior to your experience in 1967?

Had you heard about Betty and Barney Hill prior to your experience in 1967?

Has someone hypnotized you to make you believe the 1967 UFO experience really happened?

Did you make up a story about an experience with a UFO in 1967 from other stories that you have read about?

Yes

No

Yes

Yes

Yes

No

Yes

Yes

No

No

No

No

No

No

Rekindled Memories

The combined results of the character checks and PSE tests had strongly established witness credibility. Our next step concerned extraction of the forgotten experience through hypnosis.

Although no one theory has explained the phenomenon of hypnosis to the satisfaction of all researchers, its existence has been known for thousands of years. In the past, it was largely confined to the occult, parlor games, and the stage. In recent years, however, it has found practical usage among doctors, dentists, and criminologists. One of its applications involves the recall of memories repressed or forgotten by the conscious mind. Thus, it is a logical tool for cases like the Andresson Affair.

Psychiatrist Benjamin Simon, M.D., used hypnotic regression to help Betty and Barney Hill consciously recall their missing hours. Author John G. Fuller documented the results in *The Interrupted Journey*, and in the introduction to this fascinating book, Dr. Simon made an interesting statement:

Hypnosis is a useful procedure in psychiatry to direct concentrated attention on some particular point in the course of the whole therapeutic procedure. In cases like the Hills', it can be the key to the locked room, the amnesic period. Under hypnosis, experiences buried in amnesia may be recalled in much shorter time than in the normal course of psychotherapeutic process.¹

Dr. Simon stressed that hypnosis was not necessarily a magical road to truth:

In one sense this is so, but it must be understood that hypnosis is a pathway to truth as it is felt and understood by the . . . participant. The truth is *what he believes to be the truth*. This may or may not be consonant with the ultimate truth. *Most frequently it is.*²

¹New York: Dial Press, 1966, p. xi.

²Ibid. Emphasis added.

Since the Hills' UFO experience in 1961, hypnosis has been used by a number of UFO researchers, especially when investigating CE-III's. The most prominent of these researchers is Dr. R. L. Sprinkle, University of Wyoming and consultant in psychology to the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO).³ Dr. Sprinkle has written:

Further emphasis should be given to the uses of hypnotic time regression procedures for investigation of UFO experiences. An exciting possibility exists that these procedures can provide more information about these *loss of time* experiences, including possible cases of abduction and examination by UFO occupants. Hypnotic procedures can be used to assist UFO witnesses in decreasing anxiety and gaining more confidence in the (personal) reality of their experiences; further, these procedures can be helpful to UFO investigators by providing them with more information about UFO witnesses and their unusual experiences. Further studies may lead to an outline or pattern of UFO abduction cases and the significance of these experiences in understanding the puzzle of UFO phenomena.⁴

It was with these thoughts in mind that Becky and Betty were brought to the offices of the New England Institute of Hypnosis directed by Harold Edelstein, our local MUFON hypnosis consultant. On May 8, 1978, the Boston *Herald American* newspaper ran a front-page story on Dr. Edelstein's involvement in police investigation. The article, written by staff writer Laura White, is worth quoting from since it aptly illustrates how hypnosis is being used in the investigative process:

Twenty police officers, some with service revolvers and handcuffs dangling from their belts, sat in the classroom at Pine Manor Junior College eyeballing the goateed man standing before them.

Dr. Harold Edelstein was going to introduce the seasoned officers to a new investigative technique: Hypnosis . . . is a relatively new tool for local police. Methuen police detective Bill Rayno was introduced to hypnosis last May and used it on a case that was at a standstill after two years investigation. Three Combat Zone prostitutes had been found murdered north of Boston, one in Rayno's jurisdiction.

"We'd exhausted all leads," admits Rayno. "Then a witness agreed to hypnosis and was able to recall time and details of a vehicle seen in the area where one of the victims had disappeared." Today, Rayno is working on new leads. . . . During the Chowchilla kidnapping investigation in 1976, the driver of the school bus

³APRO: 3910 E. Kleindale Rd., Tucson, Ariz. 85712.

⁴Coral and Jim Lorenzen, *Abducted* (New York: Berkley Publishing Corporation, 1977), p. 216.

underwent hypnosis and recalled the descriptions of the three abductors, their van and five of the six numbers on the van's license plate. California, Oregon, and Alaska courts have ruled information obtained under hypnosis as admissible.

. . . The key to hypnosis is developing a bond of confidence between the subject and hypnotist. Edelstein doesn't use the stereotypical swinging pendulum to put a subject in a "trance." Instead, he prefers to have a subject concentrate on a focal point about eye-level as he counts backwards from five. At the numeral one, the subject's eyes are closed. Then Edelstein begins a monotone series of suggestions to relax the muscles in the body starting with the head. "By the time the whole body is relaxed, the subject should be ready to respond to commands," said Edelstein.

. . . For witnesses or victims who might be traumatized by recalling an event blotted out of their consciousness, Edelstein advises police to use the hypnotic suggestion of viewing events through a TV screen. "He feels like a spectator of what occurred instead of having been 'personally involved,'" says detective Rayno. . . . "Hypnosis doesn't put you in a trance," said Sgt. Sid Goodman, of the Boston Police Academy, an early student of Edelstein's. . . . John Peters, staff executive to the Braintree Police Chief . . . says hypnosis aids officers to relax, build confidence, heighten sensitivities, and lower anxieties. . . . Apparently, police departments around the state agree with Peters. Wednesday, 23 detectives will begin Massachusetts Training Council classes in hypnosis conducted by Dr. Edelstein at the Braintree Police Academy.

DATES OF HYPNOTIC/DEBRIEFING SESSIONS

Extracted from Volume I, Section V, pp. 1, 2
of UFO Report CE-III/MA-77 (67-41A)

SESSION	DATE	
1	April 3, 1977	
2	April 9, 1977	
3	April 23, 1977	
4	April 30, 1977	
5	May 7, 1977	
6	May 14, 1977	
7	May 21, 1977	
8	June 4, 1977	(Ray Fowler begins attending.)
9	June 18, 1977	
10	June 23, 1977	
11	June 25, 1977	
12	July 16, 1977	(Dave Webb begins attending.)
13	July 23, 1977	
14	July 28, 1977	

Fred Youngren's Reconstructions

Betty's artistic ability, coupled with a vivid hypnotic recall of the experience, enabled her to reconstruct the bizarre episode pictorially. Some of the remarkable drawings reproduced earlier in this book depicted the physical appearance of her captors. We decided to go a step further. In early June plans were made to attempt to construct a three-dimensional head and shoulder bust of Quazgaa.

Since Fred Youngren's daughter, Faith, was skilled in the art of sculpting, she was asked to perform this task. Betty's drawing were employed as an initial guide in the preparation of a preliminary model. This was completed late in June. Soon after, Fred visited Betty at her home in Ashburnham to obtain her comments. Betty recommended changes be made to the eyes and to the cheek contour.

On July 16, Quazgaa's evolving head was unceremoniously carried to session twelve in a mop bucket for further examination and suggested modifications by Betty. Fred performed the necessary changes during the session, with Betty's guidance and final approval. By the next session, Fred had been able to make a hollow rubber mold from which he would be able to cast a number of plaster duplicates. A plaster outer mold was constructed to support the rubber mold.

By the end of July, plaster casts of the model began rolling off the assembly line. Sandpaper applied in the correct places shaped and smoothed the tiny busts in preparation for painting, the final step which would transform each into the fetuslike, staring image of Quazgaa.

Fred experimented with a number of shades of gray spray paint in order to obtain the right color and *wet* look for the skin. Obtaining the proper color of blue for the suit also was a problem. Finally, by the end of August, all colors had been selected and approved by Betty. A total of twelve busts were carefully painted. Betty, Becky, and each of

the principal investigators were given one. It was an apt memento of the strangest case that I have ever investigated.

In addition, Fred Youngren discovered that the various rooms and corridors logically fit within an object of the size and shape Betty had described (see Figure 42).

In his final report, Fred stated:

The internal consistency in the sketches that Mrs. Andreasson made for us over a period of months is great and provides them with a degree of self-validation. Even more important, however, is the fact that the combination of these sketches into a *coherent* craft has produced a powerful corroboration of the witness' account.

It should be noted, however, that Fred's drawing assumes that Betty remained in the *same* craft. If she boarded a smaller vehicle that ascended and merged with a larger craft, Betty would have thought she was merely moving from one room to another within the same vehicle.

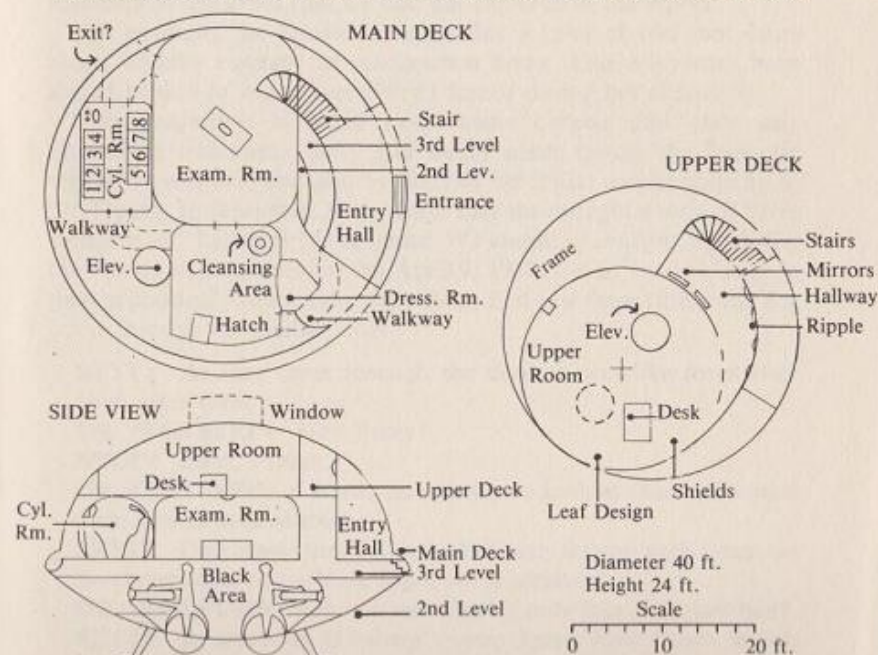


Figure 42. Fred R. Youngren's reconstruction of the craft (drawn December 28, 1977)

There are some hints of this—first, Betty's description of the size of the craft in the backyard retrieved under hypnosis during session three on April 23, 1977. When field investigator Jules Vaillancourt asked Betty, "How big is the ship?" Betty replied, "It looks small." A craft of the size drawn by Fred would have just barely fit behind Betty's former house and would have been very conspicuous; thus, it is more logical to assume that Betty boarded a small shuttle craft.

Betty recalled the craft that she initially entered as a small room with curved walls. Upon entering, she felt weightless ("I feel weightless and icky") for a considerable time ("I'm tired of just standing there"). It could very well be that during this time, Betty was experiencing the effects of rapid acceleration upward to rendezvous with a larger craft containing chambers of the size and dimensions pictured by Fred Youngren. Betty then would have been examined, placed in the liquid-filled chair, and brought to the alien place by this larger craft.

APPENDIX D

A Fifth Entity?

The Andreasson case is an ongoing investigation. There are bits and pieces that we are still trying to fit together. Dr. Edelstein warned us that once the basic event was remembered via hypnosis we could expect further things to be remembered. And indeed, over the months, both Betty and Becky have been experiencing flashbacks of memory of segments of the event that we had not explored in the report.

For example, the possibility exists that a total of *five* (not four) aliens initially entered the Andreasson home. One alien may have stayed behind to watch over Betty's family during her abduction.

This conjecture is based upon some curious and previously unresolved statements Betty and Becky made during the hypnotic regression sessions, and also by Betty in her initial correspondence to Dr. Hynek. In this letter, Betty stated that she thought a total of "five beings in all" had entered her house. We sought to confirm this during the second hypnosis session on April 9, 1977. Let us now go back in time hypnotically to the time when Betty first saw the entities enter her home through the kitchen door.

BETTY As they came through the door, it was like form after form after form.

DR. EDELSTEIN How many?

BETTY Four, I think.

DR. EDELSTEIN I want you actually to look at them and count them as you look at them.

BETTY One, one—they're kind of directly behind each other, so it—there's one, two, three, four, but it seems—

DR. EDELSTEIN Are you sure there's only four, and not five?

BETTY It seems as if—there's—you know how steam is left behind? That's still there.

DR. EDELSTEIN Is that another being, or isn't it?
BETTY I don't think it's another being. I think it's vapor.

Later, when Betty led the aliens from the kitchen into the living room to show them the Bible, she noticed that this "vaporous form" accompanied the entities.

BETTY The Bible was right there on the end table.
JOSEPH SANTANGELO Did you hand this to the leader?
BETTY Yes, I took that—the leader came in, and the others came in with him, and they stood at an angle to the right of him, and I—
DR. EDELSTEIN When they stood at an angle to the right of him, they're all in view? Am I correct?
BETTY Yeh, they're all in view.
DR. EDELSTEIN I want you to look at them and count them, and tell me how many there are.
BETTY There's something strange there all the time because there seems to be a "shade" [a dark shape] or something I can't make out. I don't know if it stands directly in back of the leader, or what it is. It seems to be a shade or something. I don't know.

Under hypnosis, as it turned out, Betty could only see *four* entities in the kitchen and the living room at any one time. *Four* accompanied her to the craft. To further add to her confusion, when she entered the craft into the half-bubble-shaped room, there were a total of five. One was probably already in there waiting for them. She was very puzzled about this. Recent memory flashbacks during the ongoing investigation paralleling the writing of this book have provided further information on this matter. Later, during a memory flashback to her experience, she came to believe that a *fifth* alien in the group had entered the house through the kitchen door. During an interview on June 8, 1978, Betty was asked to sum up her thoughts about this for the record.

BETTY When they [aliens] came in, remember Dr. Edelstein kept on telling me, "Count them"? There was an additional one, but he disappeared over to the side. Remember the *shadow*?
JULES VAILLANCOURT Yeah, we thought it might be the mist.
BETTY The vapor? But it was *his* vapor, *his* slot, *his* place, or whatever. I just saw them come through, and I knew there were five, but it was confusing because when they were standing there, there were four. When Dr. Edelstein kept on about counting them,

I knew I had seen five, but I only counted four, and then there was a form [the shade] and this troubled me for a long time, you know? The *form* behind Quazgaa. There was a *form* there, not a person, but a *slot*. The other being had gone where my father was.

In other words, Betty thinks the "shade" was the vacated slot that the fifth entity had traveled in and which she had entered when she moved out of the house with the other aliens.

See, what happened was, the *other* being stayed in the house. A lot of different things are coming back, and I was mentioning it to Becky. She says that for months now, things have come back to her and there *was* a being left behind in the house.

Under hypnosis, Becky had originally told us that when she woke up temporarily from suspended animation, she saw her mother looking at the blue book with the aliens. Then she remembered waking up in bed the next morning. However, she also remembered seeing one of the aliens holding a white glowing ball of light—at that time, she could not recall when.

I had assumed that she must have awakened briefly when one of the aliens with the glowing ball put her to bed. This made sense because during session twelve, on June 25, 1977, as Betty described her family's state after being returned to her house, she seemed to describe Becky's brief awakening.

BETTY And they're still all sitting there motionless. Becky's sitting there and she's smiling and grinning. She seems to be *awake*—she's up, standing up, just smiling at me.

Then, abruptly, Becky's facial muscles stiffened again.

Oh-h-h [*softly*]— Her expression isn't changing now. She seems *frozen* in that smile. Just standing up there in the living room.

Over the months following the hypnotic sessions, Becky began recalling some very interesting things. Apparently, one of the aliens was left behind as a baby-sitter for the family during Betty's absence! During a follow-up interview of June 8, 1978, investigator Jules Vaillancourt made a tape recording of Becky's account:

BECKY It kept on popping up in my mind—that there was a being in the house that stayed there when Mom and all the other beings left. I was thinking, "That can't be, because they all went out with

Mom. So how could there have been one with me and the kids and grandparents?" I couldn't believe it was true. During daily chores, it kept reoccurring and reoccurring in my mind and bugging me. There was a being that stayed there because he was talking with me. I took him through the house to show him the rooms where everybody slept and one room I was afraid to go in, which was the cellar.

They did not go into the cellar.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What did he look like? Was he similar to Quazgaa, or was he like the other three?

(All the beings were identical in appearance except for Quazgaa, who was a bit taller.)

BECKY No, he was like the other three. He was shorter and he was showing me balls of light in the air. Like, he—you know, if you played tic-tac-toe on the ground, right? Well, he made it up in the air, and balls of light were going wherever he made them—like a juggler. He was showing me games, a lot of new things. It was a good feeling. I was having a lot of fun. I wasn't even afraid of the dark.

Apparently, the alien kept Becky awake only long enough to obtain certain information about the house, during which time he kept her happy by amusing her with the lights in the air.

BECKY It didn't seem very long, and I saw my brothers and sisters on the couch and everything.

JULES VAILLANCOURT What were they doing?

BECKY Just sitting there.

JULES VAILLANCOURT Were they moving around?

BECKY No, but they had a—um—when they were just sitting there, they had a very peaceful, nonafraid—something I can't explain—so that there was no fear connected with looking at them—you know, frozen like that. Then, ah, besides the games, one time I was going to *talk*—I had been talking through mind telepathy, and I went to speak out a word audibly. And when I did, the word "warbled." It went *whrew-whrew-whrew*, and it startled me. He put his hand on my shoulder and I wasn't afraid anymore. I just continued to talk through the mind.

If an entity were indeed left behind during Betty's absence, it would help explain a certain strange occurrence she had reported upon her return. When Betty was with the aliens, she obviously was under some type of mind control and did not remember that there had been an alien left behind in the house. During the hypnosis session covering the period of time, when she returned with her two companions, Betty never specifically stated that she saw three entities in the house. She did, however, make some puzzling statements in a portion of session eleven (June 25, 1977). Betty was in the living room, watching one of the two aliens going out the door with her children to bring them to bed. Her other companion stood silently beside her. Suddenly, she was startled to find another alien being standing beside her!

BETTY Oh! That other one is just suddenly in front of me. *I didn't even see him come in.* He's just there.

Betty assumed that this was the same being that had left the room with her children. But she had not seen him reenter the living room. He could have come in another door, but it would have meant walking way out of his way around the house. Interestingly enough, the same thing occurred when this being left the room with her mother and father. Again, Betty seemed to be left in the room with just one alien. However, no sooner had he left than Betty stated: "And suddenly that one is in front of me again!"

Was Betty unknowingly involved with *three* instead of *two* aliens? This would make it seem as if the second being kept appearing out of nowhere. If not, where was the *third* entity that both Betty and Becky think remained behind to guard the family? Had he returned to the ship after his two companions came back with Betty? Are Betty and Becky experiencing a true recall of events, or are their minds playing tricks on them? Since both Betty and Becky were in bed when the aliens left the house, we'll probably never know.

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